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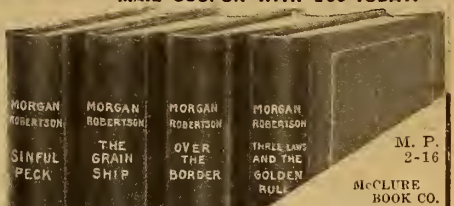

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¶ We wont attempt to describe the March Magazine, nor its contents, but we ask you to take our word for it that it will be "a winner"—one that you must have, and must order early. If you dont order early you will hear the newsdealer say, as he did last month, "Sold Out!" Over 7,600 stands were completely sold out of the January number before it had been on sale two weeks, and could not get any more. Better place your order now for the

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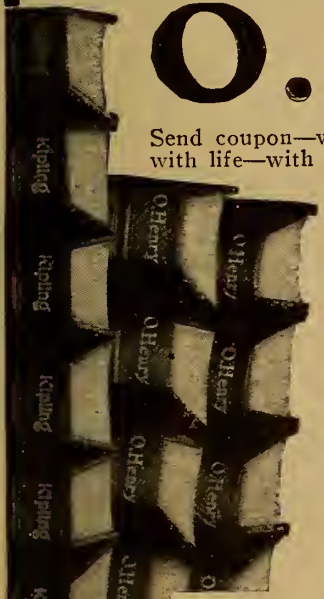

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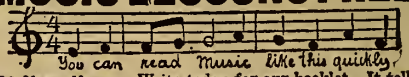

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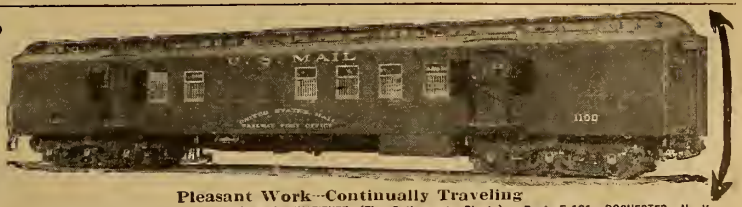

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All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should be addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

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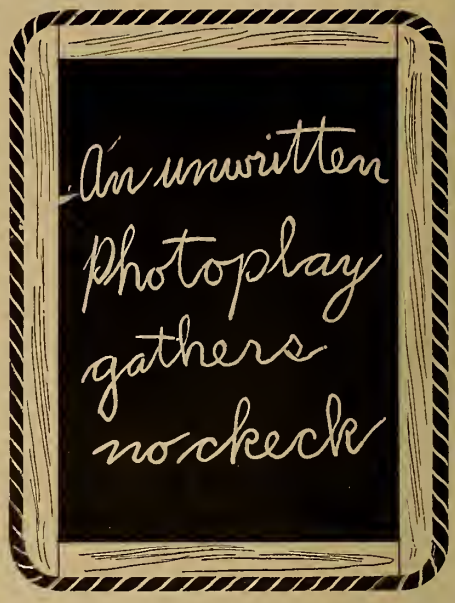

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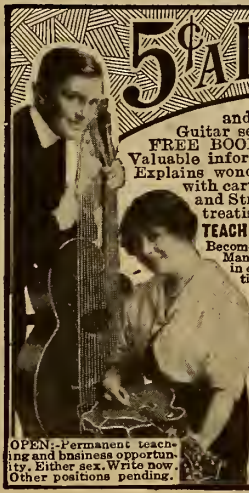

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March Motion Picture Magazine

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MARCH MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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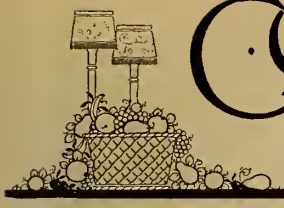

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XI FEBRUARY No. 1

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175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N.Y.

The Dark Corner

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

I've heard it said that everywhere
There are dark corners which no man
May e'er behold; where 'tis God's plan
To stage occasions and prepare
Each move beyond the ken of prayer.

Aye, it is true! Yet have I seen
Behind God's shrouding, shimmering veil:
For once a little sheltered dale,
All flower-flecked and grassy-green,
Was flashed upon a picture screen.

Came soldiers, clad in gray and red,
In blue and motley and in brown;
Ah! how they battled up and down!
Dear Father! how they fell and bled,
And how they huddled, torn and dead!

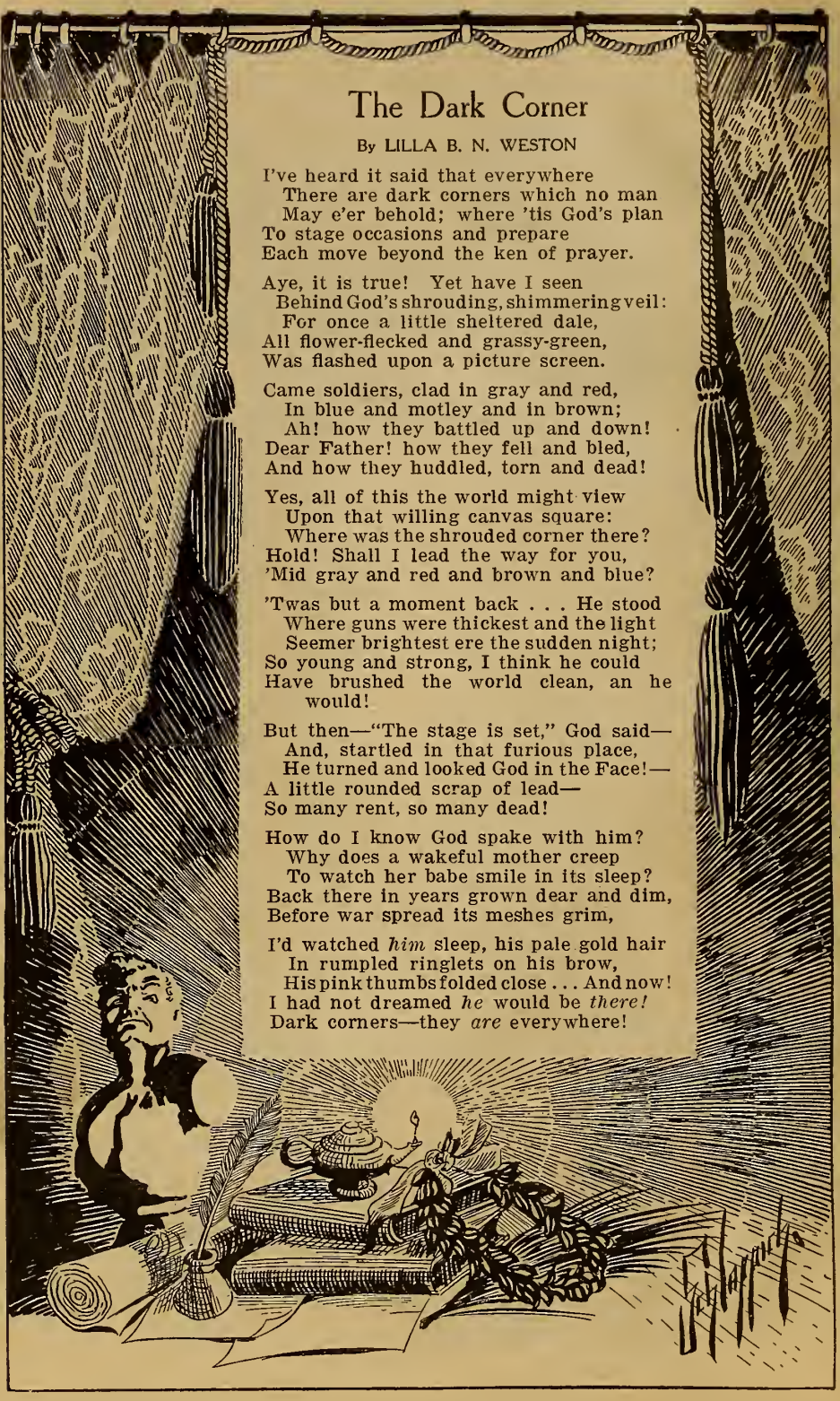
Yes, all of this the world might view
Upon that willing canvas square:
Where was the shrouded corner there?
Hold! Shall I lead the way for you,
'Mid gray and red and brown and blue?

'Twas but a moment back . . . He stood
Where guns were thickest and the light
Seemer brightest ere the sudden night;
So young and strong, I think he could
Have brushed the world clean, an he would!

But then—"The stage is set," God said—
And, startled in that furious place,
He turned and looked God in the Face!—
A little rounded scrap of lead—
So many rent, so many dead!

How do I know God spake with him?
Why does a wakeful mother creep
To watch her babe smile in its sleep?
Back there in years grown dear and dim,
Before war spread its meshes grim,

I'd watched *him* sleep, his pale gold hair
In rumpled ringlets on his brow,
His pink thumbs folded close . . . And now!
I had not dreamed *he* would be *there!*
Dark corners—they *are* everywhere!



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IN "DON QUIXOTE"

A World of Disorderly Notions, Picked Out of His Books, Crowded Into His Imagination

The History of Don Quixote

By ROBERT J. SHORES

This story was written from the Novel of Cervantes, with illustrations from the great Dore edition, and from the film produced by the Triangle Company

OF all the knights of chivalry of whom you have read, the noblest and the greatest, to wit, Sir Launcelot of the Lake, Le Cid (whose true name was Ruy Diaz de Bivar), Amadis de Gaul, Bayard and the others, there was none to compare, in bravery or in the

intent to right all wrongs and set the world at its ease, with the right worthy knight-errant, Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose strange history I am now about to relate.

This noble gentleman, who was the longest, lankest and most lantern-jawed knight in the whole of Spain, was reading, one day, in his books of chivalry, of which he had great numbers, and in which he was forever thrusting his lean nose, when there came upon him a great desire to go out into the world and make for himself as great a name as belonged to any of those whose histories he found in the books which he read all the day long. And, having conceived this desire, he lost no time in putting it into execution.

He had in his house one full set of rusty armor, belonging to one of his ancestors, which was complete but for the helmet, and this he fashioned, in one week's time, from cardboard. But when he came to test it with his sword to see if it be trustworthy, it straightway fell apart, so that he had his task to begin again. This time he strengthened it with iron bars, in the manner of a bird-cage, and having finished it, he refrained from testing it a second time, and donned it without further ado. Thereupon he repaired to his stables with an air of no little importance, to choose for himself a steed which should bear him forth upon his journeyings; nor was this a difficult task, seeing that there was only one beast in the place—a raw-boned, spavined carriage-horse but one degree less lank and lean than its master. This one he chose, and, thinking it fitting that his horse, like that of Alexander the Great and other worthy warriors, should have a high-sounding title, he renamed it Rozinante, which signifies in Spanish, "formerly a carriage-horse."

"Now," said he, "if I should, for my sins, or by good hap, encounter there abroad with some giant (as knights-errant do, ordinarily), and

DE WOLF HOPPER AS DON QUIXOTE

that I should overthrow him with one blow to the ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome or make him yield to me, would it not be very expedient to have some lady to whom I might present him? And that he, entering in her presence, do kneel before my sweet lady, and say unto her, with an humble and submissive voice, 'Madam, I am the giant, Caraculiambro, lord of the island called Malindrania, whom the never-too-much-praised knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, hath overcome in single combat; and hath commanded to present myself to your greatness, that it may please your highness to dispose of me according unto your liking!' "

Seeing very plainly the need of a lady for whom he might set his lance at rest and in whose name he might overthrow giants, robbers and all other men wicked and lawless, he minded him of a simple wench, tho comely, who dwelt in the neighboring village, and whom he endowed with the grandiose title of Dulcinea del Toboso, which was a name of more pretension than that which her god-parents had given her, which was Aldonsa Lorenzo. Mounted upon Rozinante, he set out to make her acquainted with the honor which he had done her, and to inform her of the many valorous deeds which he purposed thereafter to perform in her name. When she beheld Don Quixote approaching in his strange new guise, the wench was frightened, and sprang up from the bench on which she was sitting. She would have fled incontinently, had not her knight-errant reassured her. Her fears were quieted by his voice, which was familiar unto her, and not by his words, which testified to his madness.

"Dulcinea," saith he, "I, Don Quixote de la Mancha, of the noble order of knight-errantry, am now setting out upon my journey about the world, to right all wrongs and to punish all unjust caitiffs, all evil giants, and wicked knights that do loathly deeds, and also to defend against all the world the beauty of my lady, Dulcinea del Toboso. And this I do in thine honor, so wish me well, and bid me God-speed upon my journey."

But to all this the wench only replied, "Santa Maria! I have torn a hole in my stocking!" And she forthwith forgot him entirely. Nothing abashed at this, but making certain she was overcome by the honor which he had done her, Don Quixote continued upon his way in search of adventures.

ALAS, THE HOLE IN DULCINEA'S STOCKING CONCERNS HER MORE THAN DOES THE GALLANT KNIGHT

Now, having found his lady, Don Quixote must have also a squire to serve him, to help him don and doff his armor, which he was in nowise able to do for himself, for tho he made shift to get into it, he could no more get out of it than an oyster

can jump out of his shell. Wherefore he sought out one Sancho Panza, an honest farmer, but dull of wit, and cajoled him with promises of the fortunes that were to be won by knight-errantry, and so induced him to leave home and come with him as his squire. And so Sancho Panza mounted his donkey, which trotted along at the heels of Rozinante. It troubled Don Quixote somewhat that his squire was mounted upon an ass, for he called not to mind any precedent therefor in any of his books of chivalry, but he resolved to give to Sancho Panza the horse of the first discourteous knight they might meet.

As he was thus planning, the squire admonished him, "I pray you, have a care, good sir knight, that you forget not that government of the island which you have promised me, for I shall be able to govern it were it ever so great." To which Don Quixote replied: "You must understand, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom very much used by ancient knights-errant, to make their squires governors of the islands and kingdoms that they conquered; and I am resolved that so good a custom shall never be abolished by me, but rather will I pass and exceed them therein, for, if thou livest, and I withal, it may happen that I may conquer a kingdom within six days, that hath other kingdoms adherent to it, which would fall out as just it were cast in a mould for thy purpose, whom I would crown presently king of one of them. And do not account this to be any great matter; for things and chances do happen to such knights-adventurers as I am by so unexpected and wonderful ways and means, as I might give thee very easily a great deal more than I have promised."

"After that manner," said Sancho Panza, "if I were a king thru some miracle of those which you say, then should Joan Gutierez, my wife, become a queen, and my children princes!"

"Who doubts of that?" said Don Quixote.

"That do I," replied Sancho Panza, "for I am fully persuaded, that altho God would rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierez her head; for, sir, you must understand, that she's not worth a bodkin for a queen. To be a countess would agree with her better; and yet, I pray God that she be able to discharge that calling."

When they had journeyed on a little way, they espied some thirty or forty windmills in a field.

"Aha!" cried Don Quixote. "Fortune doth address our affairs better than we ourselves could desire; for, behold there, friend Sancho Panza, how there appear thirty or forty monstrous giants, with whom I mean to fight, and deprive them all of their lives, with whose spoils we will begin to be rich; for this is a good war, and a great service unto God to take away so bad a seed from the face of the earth."

"What giants?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those that thou seest there, with the long arms."

"I pray you to understand that those are no giants, but windmills."

"It seems," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art not acquainted with the matter of adventures. They are giants; and, if thou beest afraid, go aside and pray, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them."

So saying, he spurred Rozinante, and charged upon the mills, crying: "Fly not, ye cowards and vile creatures! for it is only one knight that assaults you." Covering himself with his buckler, and setting his lance at rest, he attacked the first mill, striking his lance into the sail, and the wind swung it about with such fury that it shivered his lance and carried Don Quixote and his horse with it, throwing him far afield and in evil plight.

Sancho Panza ran to succor his master, and reproached him that he did not heed his warning that these enemies were mills, and no giants, but Don Quixote maintained they were none other than giants who had been changed to windmills by some wicked

enchanter, to rob him of the honor of his victory.

When Sancho Panza had repaired somewhat the damage which the mill had wrought upon his master, Don Quixote took the limb of a tree and fitted to it the end of his broken lance, the point of which he had saved, and so they fared onward.

Presently they espied by the roadside, a young and beautiful damsel, and Don Quixote drew rein to question her whether there be not some wrong done unto her which he might redress to the glory of his lady, Dulcinea. And to this the maiden made reply that her name was Dorothea, and that she had formerly dwelt in Andalusia, the adored of her parents and the beauty of her village. There, one day, while fondling her cat by the window, she had been seen by Don Fernando, a son of the duke of that province, who straightway desired her for himself, and did, thereafter, spare no pains nor money to gain his end, bribing her servant that she admit him to Dorothea's chamber, where, by fair promises of making her his spouse, he persuaded her to his will. But when he had gained her love, he had left her and came no more to seek her, so that she was in despair, and when, as she learnt, he was to wed another, she fled away, daring no longer to remain in her own place.

"By my faith!" swore Don Quixote, when he heard this sad tale, "I shall revenge thee upon this most discourteous knight and foul, nor shall I cease adventuring until what time I shall have come upon him and forced him to right this wrong! And this I will do for the honor of my sweet lady, Dulcinea del Toboso."

Hearing this, Dorothea thanked him and was comforted. And Don Quixote and Sancho Panza journeyed on until they came to an inn which Don Quixote conceived to be a castle, and a likely place for adventure, which was no more than the truth, as shall presently be made known, and here they determined to bide the night.

Now, when all was disposed for the night, and Don Quixote and his squire were asleep, it happed the wife of the innkeeper, whom Don Quixote conceived to be the wife of the constable of the castle, called to mind the fact that she had forgotten to lock the door of the inn, and rose to see to it, but being all bemused with sleep when she returned above-stairs, she did, by mistake, enter into the chamber where Don Quixote and Sancho Panza lay. Awakened from a dream of his lady, Don Quixote mistook the wife of his host for the incomparable Dulcinea, and greeted her affectionately, which caused her to cry out in alarm and brought the innkeeper upon the scene. This fellow fell to roundly abusing Don Quixote, and applied to him such names as no knight-errant could, for the honor of his order, endure, whereat our knight-errant fetched the innkeeper a buffet which stretched him on the floor, and would have slain him, had not the wretched man yielded himself his prisoner. But no sooner was he safely out of the room than the innkeeper summoned his servants and ordered Don Quixote and his squire from the inn.

As Don Quixote, mounted upon Rozinante, was about to depart, the innkeeper demanded payment, to which Don Quixote replied that he had supposed it to be a castle, not an inn, but that in any case he neither could nor would pay the reckoning, since it was never the custom of knights-errant to pay for their lodging wheresoever they might be, nor would he be false to the tradition of his order. So saying, he set spurs to his horse and dashed out of the courtyard. But he forgot poor Sancho Panza, who was left upon his donkey, surrounded by the ill-favored servants of the innkeeper, and upon whom demand was now made for a settlement.

"Nay," quoth Sancho Panza, staunchly, "the same rule which exempteth the knight-errant from payment, applieth with equal force to the esquire. By the order of my mas-

OUR KNIGHT-ERRANT FETCHED THE INNKEEPER A BUFFET WHICH STRETCHED

ter's knighthood, I will not pay one denier, tho it cost me my life! The good and ancient customs of knight-errantry shall never be infringed by me, nor shall the squires that are yet to come into the world have just cause to reproach me that I have transgressed or broken so just a law." Nor would he abate one jot his loyalty to this, the said rule, tho they seized him, and drawing him down from his donkey, did toss him roundly in a blanket, to change the complexion of his convictions. Now, Don Quixote, missing his squire, returned to seek him, and finding him thus roundly abused by the varlets of the inn, flew into a great rage and attacked them like one that hath lost his wits. Nor did he depart thence till he had rescued the misfortunate squire, albeit they two acquired some bruises and wounds they had not whenas they had come thither.

No further adventure befell them until evenfall, when they came upon

HIM ON THE FLOOR

a procession of brothers of the Holy Brotherhood that did convey a casket to burial, which, when Don Quixote espied these men with torches and a casket, he cried out to Sancho Panza: "Now, certes, these be murderers that do privily spirit away the corpse of some noble knight whom they have foully done to death. It behooveth us to take vengeance upon them for the wrong they have wrought!" and despite the protests of Sancho Panza, who knew them for what they were, the doughty Don set lance at rest and charged among them, laying about him grievously, so that there was not one of them had not liefer done ten days' penance than meet on such mishap. But one wounded brother, which had yielded himself prisoner, did make clear how this casket held the body of a young man that had died of the fever, and Don Quixote, having no taste for encountering the ghost of a corpse so discourteously used, made haste to continue upon his travels.

Upon the following day it befell that they crossed the path of certain of the king's officers conveying to the galleys a motley crew of convicts, felons and suchlike misbegotten wretches, laden with chains. Which, when he saw it, Don Quixote conceived to be a procession of ill-fated knights taken prisoners by robber barons, and without further ado he fell upon the warders and set free the villains whom they guarded. For this folly he was soon repaid, for no sooner did they find themselves free than these rascally gallows-birds did beat and plunder both the knight and his squire, nor content with that, robbed Sancho Panza of his donkey, so that he was forced to go on foot, which liked him not at all.

When they had gone a great way, they came to a wood in which lay a house, secluded and neighborless, whence issued strange and uncouth cries of distress.

"How now!" quoth the valorous Don Quixote, "here hath some wicked enchanter pent some fair maiden in this hovel. Let us liberate her."

"As to enchanters, I know nothing," replied Sancho Panza; "but that he who makes moan is no woman, I know right well, forasmuch as I am entirely accustomed to the plaints of women, and especially of my wife that is to be a queen."

"No matter," responded Don Quixote. "Like enough this young woman hath been changed to a man by some wizardry, or if not, 'tis mayhap, some honest knight that suffers at the hands of his enemies."

To the disappointment of the Don, the rescue of the prisoner was effected without conflict, for there were no guards set about the house, only the prisoner was bound in such wise he could not escape without aid.

When the young man—for such the prisoner was—had been set free, Don Quixote demanded to know his name and station, whereupon the young man related the following story:

"You must know," said he, "that I am called Cardenio, and the place

of my birth is one of the best cities in Andalusia, where dwell my parents, rich and noble. With the consent of my parents and hers, I was betrothed to Lucinda, the fairest of maidens, but because I was not myself rich enough, her father did turn against me nor would in any wise have me to be his son-in-law. Now, I went to the court of the Duke, and there I made acquaintance with Don Fernando, the younger of his two sons, and did grow so swiftly in his favor, as we were like unto two brothers, the one with the other, and to him I confided my woe. Whereupon he did counsel to me to come hither to his brother's house, where I should receive so much money as would make Lucinda's father willingly receive me upon my return.

"But whilst I was a-journeying, Don Fernando sends hither a courier, by a shorter route than that which I had chosen, and to his brother conveys his desire that I be held a prisoner. For, mark you, he desired Lucinda for himself, and soon won her parents to his way of thinking, as is related in a letter which my true love hath managed to have sent to me here, and the wedding is set for a near day, nor could I prevent it, being prisoner, and I had well-nigh despaired of rescue, when you, sir knight, came to my ease and succorment."

Don Quixote, greatly rejoiced to have set free so noble a knight, and to have wrought such goodly knight-errantry, accepted of his thanks with becoming modesty. "Speak not of it," quoth he, "for this is as the smallest of the deeds of the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha." So he took leave of Cardenio and fared forth.

Now, when Cardenio found himself alone and at liberty, he set off post-haste for his native city, where, when he had come to the house of his lady-love, he did perceive a sight which troubled him sorely, and caused him to doubt of her fidelity, for there, within, he saw great preparation for the wedding of Lucinda with the Duke's son, and, tormented nigh unto madness with love and despair, he fled again to the mountains. He knew not that the maid was constrained against her will, nor aught of what came to pass when Don Fernando discovered a note she had written wherein she promised to kill herself with a dagger so soon as the wedding was done, nor that her parents, seeing matters fall out so unpropitiously, did forthwith send her to a nunnery.

Now, the niece of Don Quixote, who remained at home, and his other friends and relatives, waxed fearful that he remained away so long time adventuring, and they sought out the curate which was in that place, and a friend of Don Quixote, named Samson Carrasco, and begged them that they seek him out and bring him home again. "For," said his niece, "it is certain he is mad. It many times befell my uncle to continue those books of disventures two days and two nights together; at the end of which, throwing the book away from him, he would lay hand on his sword, and would fall a-slashing of the walls; and when he were wearied, he would say that he had slain four giants as great as four towers, and the sweat that dropped down thru the labor he took he would say was blood that gushed out of those wounds he had received in the conflict." So it was settled that these two, the curate and Carrasco, should retrieve the knight and bring him to his own place again, that he might be cured of his knight-errantry.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza traveled onward, Sancho Panza foot-sore and weary, now that he went on his own two feet, and more than ever longing for that island which his master had promised him. At last, Don Quixote took pity upon him, and dispatched him home to fetch another donkey. Don Quixote, going on alone, soon came upon a madman, clad in rags, whom he discovered to be none other than the misfortunate Cardenio, but so worn and torn as his own mother had not recognized him at first glance. So Don Quixote dis-

mounted and they spent that night in camp together.

Stopping at the inn, upon his homeward journey, Sancho Panza, by good hap, fell in with the eurate and Carrasco, who sought Don Quixote, and being by now weary of knight-errantry and the hard knocks it brought him, the worthy squire was easily persuaded to lead them to his master. So, in the morning, they set to find Don Quixote; to which she eonsented.

And having shortly eome up with the Knight of La Mancha and Cardenio, Dorothea, of a set design, begged Don Quixote that he come away with them to find Don Fernando (whom he had quite forgotten) and avenge the wrong that had been done her, as beseemed him as a true knight-errant. Don Quixote was nothing

DON QUIXOTE AGAIN SETS OUT, BUT UNACCOMPANIED BY HIS SQUIRE

out together, all three, and, as they went toward the mountains, they came upon a shepherd boy that suffered mightily from hunger and thirst. And, when they had given him food and drink, he made known to them that he was no boy, but Dorothea, who had been so wrongfully misused by the Duke's son, Don Fernando. Her heart was set upon dying there and then, but Sancho Panza reminded her of his master, and how that he had sworn to avenge her, and persuaded her that she accompany them loath, and they set out, all five, and journeyed until they came to the inn, where they stopped to refresh themselves.

Now, by the graee of God, it befell that Don Fernando, having learnt of the hiding-place of the maiden, Lucinda, had stolen to that nunnery and ravished the maiden, carrying her to that inn where our good knight and valorous eame to rest. No sooner had he elapped eyes upon our knight than Don Fernando fell to roaring with laughter, whereon our knight,

Don Quixote, demanding his name and station, and it being made known to him that this was the same Don Fernando whom he sought, Don Quixote eried in a great voiee: "Stand out, false knight, and answer to me for the wrong thou hast wrought upon this Lady Lucinda."

Hearing these words, Don Fernando drew his sword and Don Quixote did likewise, and they fell to fighting. Don Quixote was in a fury to marry the fair Dorothea, who loves thee well." To all of whieh the vanquished Don Fernando, perforce, agreed, so that all were again happy, and Lueinda was restored to her lover and he to his senses.

Don Quixote mounted guard outside the inn and had a further adventure, for the serving-weneh of the inn thought to play a joke upon him and did thrust her head from the window, begging that she might kiss the

"NOW, YIELD THYSELF TO BE CAPTIVE TO MY FAIR LADY DULCINEA"

of knight-errantry, and it was not long ere he had disarmed and overthrown Don Fernando and eaused him to yield himself to his merey.

"Now," quoth Don Quixote, his sword at Don Fernando's throat, "yield thyself to be captive to my fair Lady Duleinea del Toboso and agree also to these things whieh I tell thee, or thou shalt die. It is my will that thou shalt release the Lady Lueinda, nor trouble her more, and that thou shalt make good thy promise valorous hand that wrought so nobly for justiee and the right, to whieh our Knight of La Maneha eonsented readily enough. But when she had his hand, she tied about his wrist a rope, and Rozinante moving, Don Quixote was left dangling, to his great diseomfort and eholer.

Now when it eame morning Don Quixote was so angry at the indignity put upon him and the order of knight-errantry, that he was no sooner released from his pendulous position

than he set his lance at rest and charged all that showed themselves in the courtyard. Yet was he finally overcome by force of numbers and mainder of the party having been wedded, the one to the other, by the curate, and having no further need of knight-errantry, caged or otherwise.

HE HAD INEVITABLY FALLEN TO THE GROUND HAD NOT HIS WRIST BEEN SECURELY FASTENED TO THE ROPE

thrust into a wooden cage for safe-keeping.

Thus Carrasco, the curate, and Sancho Panza set out with Don Quixote for his own village, the re- But Carrasco bethought him to cure, once and for all time, this mad humor of Don Quixote by meeting and vanquishing him in combat. Disguised, therefore, in a suit of armor which

DULCINEA AND ALL THE KIDDIES WATCH THE GREAT KNIGHT RETURNING HOME

he had procured for that purpose, he met the party by the way and challenged Don Quixote to combat. The Knight of La Mancha accepted gladly and was released from his cage to defend the honor of the party. This time, however, victory was denied him. They set their lances at rest, but the strange knight (who was none other than Carrasco) did drive at him so swiftly that, tho his lance was thrown in the air, his horse so forcibly collided with the ribs of Rozinante as to tumble both Rozinante and Don Quixote in the dust.

Then Don Quixote cried in a faint voice: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the unfortunatest knight on earth, and it is not fit that my weakness defraud this truth. Thrust your lance into me, knight, and kill me, since you have bereaved me of my honor."

"Not so, truly," said the knight; "let the fame of my Lady Dulcinea's beauty live in her entireness. I am only contented that the grand Don Quixote retire home for five years, or till such time as I please, and refrain, meanwhile, from all feats of arms or of knight-errantry."

To this Don Quixote replied that so nothing were required of him in prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea, he would accomplish all the rest like a true knight. So he re-entered his cage and was borne home to his village.

Cast down at his defeat and suffering from the many bruises, he soon fell into a fever, and the surgeons giving him over as lost, his friend and esquire, Sancho Panza, watched sadly by his bedside, nor turned away to view the merry procession which was led thru the village by the now happy and reunited lovers and bridal parties —Don Fernando and the faithful Dorothea, Lucinda and Cardenio.

So died that most worthy and courteous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose only fault was that he was born too late; who lived in his books till driven mad, and who now again lives in the works of that incomparable historiographer, Master Miguel Cervantes.

So died Don Quixote, and with him died the order of knight-errantry.

The Glory of Youth

by Dorothy Donnell

·Kalem·

This story was written from the Photoplay of LOUIS B. GARDNER

ROBERT CAIRNS, multimillionaire, twisted of spine, with the spidery limbs and hunched shoulders of the lifelong invalid, sat in his great velour armchair among the treasures his money had bought, waiting nervously the visit of his doctor. He had given his valet an exceedingly bad hour while he was being dressed for the day, and the afterglow of his nervous fury smoldered now in his sunken eyes—eyes curiously alive in the entombed body of the man.

"Late—Carter is late," he fretted. "I suppose he will not bring the young man, after all. If it weren't for my money, he wouldn't come himself; nobody would come."

Tears of self-pity shook his voice. Robert Cairns had lived so long with his misshapen body that he had almost forgotten he had a soul, and that from long living in the unwholesome dark of introspection it had taken on the distortion of his spine. In face and appearance the man was over sixty; in years he was but forty-seven, the age when a strong man is at the zenith of his power.

Wheels grated along the gravel below, and Cairns bent forward, fumbling eagerly for his cane. With its aid he crawled to his feet, and stood, unsteadily, watching the door for his visitors. In the somber shadows of the great library, with its dimness of stained glass and scent of vellum and leather, the cripple looked like a swart, squat spider, waiting warily in a gilded web. Some such thought passed thru the brain of the young man who followed the doctor into the room; but, with instinctive wholesomeness, he brushed it aside and met the old millionaire's trembling hand with a hearty grasp, tho he blushed a little under Cairns' greedy eyes.

"So this is the famous Hal Crofton," said the cripple, "the young athlete who broke the hammer-throwing record last June and won the half-mile dash and the discus throw? You see, I know all about your record, young man."

"It's mighty good of you to remember, sir," the boy smiled, deprecatingly; "I find, outside of college, people in general are looking more for brains than muscles, and I never was much of a shark at the books. When it comes to getting a job, the shot-put isn't much of a recommendation, unless it's for baggage smashing."

He laughed ruefully, with a glance at his shabby last year's suit, that betrayed the seriousness of his words. Cairns looked at the suit, too, but with eyes that noted the breadth of the shoulders under the shiny seams, the swell of the muscles in arms and back, the poise of the whole well-built young frame. His lips drew back from his bluish teeth with a sucking sound.

"Ye gods! what a body to have!" he muttered. "What a thing to be strong and young; what a divine, unfair, glorious thing! Young man, I would give every penny of my millions to stand six-feet-two in your shoes!"

"Pretty bum-looking shoes," smiled young Crofton. The scrutiny of his strange-looking host was beginning to embarrass him. He seized the opportunity of the doctor's professional questions to stroll about the great room, on a tour of inspection, conscious as he did so that Cairns' eyes were following him.

"Queer old guy!" he thought, uneasily. "No wonder, with that make-up, he admires strength. It *would* be tough to crawl thru life on a pair of shaky legs, but he looks as tho he were a little weak in the upper story as well."

He stared at the pictures and bronzes about the walls in growing amazement, and gave a low whistle between his teeth:

"'The Olympic Games,' 'The Discus-Thrower,' 'The Marathon Runner'—gee! the old fellow is certainly batty on muscles and sports!" he muttered. "Hullo! What's this—good Lord!"

On a bracket before him two small marble statues gleamed thru the shadows, vital, alert, alive in every chiseled curve and line. One represented the figure of a youth—a-tiptoe for the race—young head thrown back gallantly, power and grace in sinewy shoulder and tense position. At the sight of the statue a dull crimson swept the boy's cheeks. He knew the figure intimately. For two months he had posed for it in lieu of getting a man's job, and he was bitterly ashamed of the recollection. With clenched fists thrust into his trousers pockets, he turned to the other statue. It was the figure of a dancing girl, evidently from the hand of some artist. The marble draperies of her Greek costume seemed to float and flow about her beautiful body; her

slender arms and feet twinkled in the classic dance; her face, under the unfilleted hair, glowed with youth and the ecstasy of living. Gazing, the young man drew his brows together in a puzzled frown.

"Now, where have I seen that girl before?" he mused. "Say, but she's —she's *stunning*. No; if I'd ever met a girl like that I shouldn't have passed by; but it's queer——"

Cairns' quavering voice at his shoulder brought him back to the present, unpleasantly.

"Pretty fine, eh?"

he chuckled, nudging toward the figures. "'Youth,' the sculptor called them, and they *are* youth, too. Look at the boy's sinews and shoulders —power! that's what it is; and the girl's figure is the joy of motion. I love to look at 'em—makes me forget this"—he touched his cane—"and these and these." He struck savagely at his shaking knees and bent shoulders, then his tone changed.

"I suppose, Mr. Crofton," he smiled, wryly, "you're wondering why a crotchety old cripple sent for you to come to see him, and I'll explain at once. I want you to live with me—ward, companion, physical director—call it what you like, I dont care. This stone castle of mine is lonely and haunted by bitter thoughts and regrets. I want youth near me—strength, vigor—and I'm willing to pay well for it, too. You can name your own salary. We wont haggle over it,

"SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS HAL CROFTON?" SAID THE CRIPPLE

I dare say. Well, how about it—will you come?''

Harold Crofton shrank back, involuntarily, from the man's eagerness, from the gloating, claw-like touch of his fingers, and—tho he did not know why—another wave of dull color swept to his hair-line. Just what he said, or how the last few minutes in the dark, red, and purple-lighted room passed, he was not certain afterward, but he did know that he had evaded the amazing offer, and was conscious thru the blur of his thoughts, as he and the doctor drove away, that he was being called several varieties of fool. He listened, sullenly, till the doctor had finished elaborating on the advantages of the position he was throwing away, and

then filled his deep lungs with fresh air.

"Cant help it, Carter," he cried. "Why, the man's a regular ghoul! I'd rather dig in the subway than hang around that gloomy den of a home. I dont believe he's sane; anyhow, he's an abnormal crank—ugh!"

"Who wouldn't be abnormal with a body like that?" retorted the doctor. "Of course, he's a bit cracked on the subject of youth—it's an *idée fixé* with him. He's never known what it was himself, and thinks he can borrow it by watching young people; but he's harmless. You're a fool, Crofton, to turn down a chance like this—that's all I've got to say."

In his darkened library, Robert Cairns still

stood before his statues, gloating over their beauty.

"I want to see the girl dance," he muttered, suddenly. "What's the use of money if I cant buy what I want? I *will* see the girl dance if that figure was made from a living model. I'll write today and find out."

So it was that, a week later, a tremulous girl, in filmy Greek draperies, stood, with another woman, before a pair of long, velvet curtains and listened to the opening strains of the Chopin dance-music from within the drawing-room.

"What's got into you, Gay?" asked the older woman, curiously, touching the girl's trembling hand; "you're as nervous as an amateur—why, you didn't go on like this when you danced before the King!"

"I'm a fool, Dolores," said the girl, with a tremulous smile; "but, you know, I hate private exhibition work, anyhow, even if it *does* pay, and then, not seeing this invalid until I dance, and this monstrous old dark house. There! there's my note. I'll be good—dont you worry, you dear!"

With a swift kiss, she had parted the curtains and was gone. The older woman sank down on an ottoman, a satisfied sigh on her lips. She was a heavy yet graceful creature, with faded, much-painted skin and feet too delicately small for her gross body, a dancer of a generation ago, who had given her art to her ward.

"If she makes a hit with the old fellow—who knows?" she thought, comfortably. "O' course, they say he's ugly as sin, but look at the house she'd own!"

Her glance appraised the ornate rugs and hangings, the pictures and massive bronzes, adding them up in terms of a prosperous old age for herself.

"For a girl who started life as a street waif, she'd be doing well, no matter what sort of a husband went with this," she murmured. "Gay's awful romantic, but I guess I could make her hear reason if he should——"

In the room beyond, Robert Cairns sat forward in his chair, watching every motion of the bounding, joyous form that flung imaginary garlands of rosebuds thru his dim room and wakened its shadows with her white hands and feet. As the music curled and laughed about her, the girl gathered the notes in her upcurving arms and scattered them in a thousand graceful motions, her long, bright hair swept back from her face, and she bent her lithe body to the imaginary breezes of spring. Behind the curved smile of her full red lips, her small white teeth were set viciously, and after the first glance at the trembling, distorted figure huddled in its chair she kept her eyes turned away. Shudders of repulsion shook her, but she finished the dance with dogged care, and fled back, thru the curtains, to her guardian like a hunted thing.

"Let us go! No—I wont stay to meet him, Dolores," she panted, breathlessly. "He — he makes me *shiver,* somehow."

"Mebbe it is just as well for him not to see how you feel," drawled the older woman, fastening the girl's cloak about her; "but you dont want to be too critical, Gay. You're pretty, and light on your feet now, but you wont be always, and money's a bad thing not to have when you're old."

She said no more for the time, but her heavy mouth fell into stubbornness as she led her charge away. And poor little Gay, for some reason she could not guess, turned in the seat of the motor to look back with a white face at the graystone house they were leaving, and shivered under all her furs.

A lean winter brought Harold Crofton somewhat nearer actual poverty than he cared to go. The young athlete was humiliated to his soul by his continued failure to find occupation. As he had admitted, he was not a brilliant student, and had scattered the precious metal of his college days lavishly on athletics, which he now found to have no market value. He tried railroad work—clerking—and

even driving an automobile, with the result that the first anniversary of his graduation found him penniless and jobless, even hungry. Then it was he pocketed his pride and went out to Cairns' castle, in response to a telegraphed summons. To his relief, the master of the house was away when he arrived, and a bath, shave and good dinner put him in better humor with himself. After all, it was a common enough thing to be a physical director of a rich man—he would, he reflected over an excellent cigar, try to get the poor old fellow into shape.

THE TRUTH DAWNS UPON THE CRIPPLE

"When do you expect Mr. Cairns' return?" he asked the valet, who brought him coffee in the foyer, after dinner. The man's impassive face did not alter a muscle as he replied, smoothly: "Tonight, sir; Mr. Cairns has gone to town to be married, sir."

"*Married!*" Crofton drew a surprised breath, which he turned into a discreet cough for the valet's benefit. But, alone in the hall, he let his cigar go out as he mused over this startling turn of affairs, and his face grew stern and grim.

"A half-crazy cripple!" he thought. "What woman would marry him? Some fortune-hunting old widow, I suppose, looking for an easy berth for her declining years——"

The truth stunned him. When, an hour later, Cairns tottered into the foyer, on his inadequate legs, and the figure of the woman at his side flung back her veil, Crofton could not check a cry of surprise. Dead white as the face was, frightened of eyes, tremulous of lips, he recognized it for the face of the dancing statue of "Youth," and again far within his brain some chord of memory reverberated. Cairns laughed shrilly at the young man's amazement.

"My wife, Mr. Crofton," he announced. "Good taste I've shown, eh? She's pretty, isn't she? And she's young, isn't she? You shall see her dance presently, then you'll admire my selection more than ever."

He was pitiable in his fatuous boastfulness—a small, shriveled, grotesque figure, before whose caressing touch the girl shrank visibly. Hot anger surged thru the young man's veins, but he managed to control himself as he bowed over the cold little hand she gave him.

"I have a curious feeling that I have met your wife before, Mr. Cairns," he said. "In Middleville, perhaps—or in a previous existence——"

"Middleville!" A rose of color blossomed in the girl's white face. She

looked up at him with starry eyes. "Why, of course! You were on the baseball team, and I threw you a rose from the grand-stand! But that was four years ago—I was a regular little ragamuffin then!"

"I remember!" They both had forgotten the cripple in their enthusiasm. Crofton still held the slim little hand. "Why, I kept the rose till it fell to pieces. And I tried to find you after the game."

Robert Cairns watched the two under knitted brows, balancing himself precariously on his cane. He noted the swift color in the girl's cheeks, the way the two young faces lighted, sparkled, the clasped hands and chiming voices. They were Youth, and he was—his glance swept his unfitness savagely, and suddenly his mouth set in cruel lines. He pushed by Crofton with a grating laugh and laid his trembling, veined hand on the girl's arm.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your reminiscence, my dear," he said, suavely; "but, entertaining as this young man is, I believe you just did me the honor of marrying *me* a couple of hours ago."

The girl's face was swept to marble whiteness. Crofton felt the fingers in his stiffen and grow chilly. Without a word, she drew her hand away and began to mount the stairs, after the stumbling figure of the bridegroom. At the top she turned an instant, showing a pinched little face and tragic eyes to the young man watching below; then, with leaden feet, she followed Cairns over the threshold of her room.

In the great vault-like library Crofton found himself pacing up and down, repeating over and over, under his breath, "Damnable—that's what it is, damnable!" A girl like that, fresh, joyous, happy, and the morbid old man with his wrecked life and crazed notions—yet, what right had he to interfere? Across the years, the roar of that schoolboy triumph of his came poignantly, the surge of blood in his veins, the scent of trampled earth, and a fresh rose, flung by a mischievous girl in a ragged cotton frock. If he had only found her after the game!

For hours, or perhaps only hour-long moments, he tramped the room, struggling for self-control. Then, with a jar, as tho within his very brain, a door crashed upstairs, and flying feet sounded along the hall. Robert Cairns' wife swept into the room, locked the door, and stood against it, panting as tho she had been running for hours.

"Dont — let him — get me!" she gasped from a dry throat. "Dolores —made me—marry him; but, if you let him—get me—I shall kill myself!"

Sobbing with inexpressible relief, the boy came toward her, arms outstretched. "Poor little girl," he said, "dont you worry—I'll take care of you."

She gave a little moan as his arms came about her, and crumpled quietly in them like a very limp rag-doll. Lifting her, he carried her to the great armchair and sat down, with her hair against his cheek. And, as her swoon merged at last into exhausted slumber, he still sat motionless, holding her thru the long night's hours. When dawn crept in a red stain thru the narrow slits of high, barred windows, she opened drowsy eyes to find him sleeping the sleep of utter weariness against the crimson cushions. And so it was she who found the message thrust under the door and tasted first the bitterness of their fate. When he awoke, she handed it to him without a word.

You, who are as false as my dreams of happiness have been, shall die here together. I have taken my servants and gone. There is no one to hear you if you scream. You are young and beautiful, my girl, but youth and beauty will not free you. You are young and strong, my boy, but strength will not tear down walls of stone.

"It sounds like the ravings of a lunatic," said Crofton, tossing the note contemptuously to the floor; "I'll have us out of here in ten minutes. You wait and see!"

In an hour, worn out, with hands

torn and bleeding from their struggles with iron bars and oaken doors, Crofton turned to the girl, a shade of worry in his eyes.

"Of course we'll get out, eventually," he said, gravely; "but, ridiculous as it seems, I cant see just how."

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly, and her tone was strangely glad.

Two days later she said it again. The man, haggard and worn out with his efforts, groaned at the brave words, and hid his face in his bruised hands. With the mother instinct of comfort, she went to him and knelt at his side. "What does it matter if we die here—together?" she whispered against his hair. "Oh, I am glad we are to die, for now I can love you, Hal."

A LOCKED DOOR IS SURER THAN A DAGGER

The sensational suicide of millionaire Cairns, the confession of his gardener that he had helped his master shut up two young people in his stone castle to die of starvation, and the subsequent discovery of the two, not dead, but very weak from lack of food, filled the newspapers for days. It seemed that the gardener, a drink-crazed tool of Cairns, had stood guard at the locked door thru the first two terrible nights. He had planned to greet the young wife with a dagger's kiss if she had succeeded in escaping. But, in the end, the vileness of the thing gripped him, and he called in the police and confessed on his knees. And then, in the very crux of the excitement and publicity, the chief actors in the drama disappeared from sight completely. Only one person in the city knew that they had been quietly married and were spending a peaceful, unheralded, unphotographed honeymoon in a tiny fishing village on the shore. That person, being Dolores, regretted this perversity of behavior bitterly, albeit with loyal secrecy.

"Oh, the grand publicity they might be getting!" the ex-dancer wailed to herself; "the splendid free advertising! The headliner engagements! But, there! I always said Gay was a little fool and too romantic for the profession!"

ONE OF THE FORTS ON THE HILLS SURROUNDING

How I Got to Przemysl and

By JOHN

American Moving Picture Photog

Mr. Everets has been continuously with
tive is a simple recital, void of all at-
perils and difficulties of the film man at
and the terrific scenes at the fall of

MR. EVERETS MAKING MOTION PICTURES

THE front was running away from me and my camera twenty kilometers a day. After several days of fretting at Thora, I finally got a chance to go with the wagon-train. A train is composed of several

PRZEMYSL AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE AUSTRIANS AND GERMANS

Filmed the Bombardment

ALLEN EVERETS

rapher with the German Armies in the East

the troops for months, and tho his narra- tempt at graphic writing, it reveals the the front, a picture of war conditions, Przemysl.

staffels, and a staffel is composed of iety or a hundred wagons, which y enough to feed 12,000 men one . The wagons are somewhat simi- to the prairie schooners of our western States, but smaller, and drawn by a pair of sturdy little horses. Some one has said that after the war a monument should be erected to these horses.

We started early one morning. There was plenty of time to look at the country, which was more than ordinarily pretty, the road winding its way along a little river and beside mountains clad with dark pine, ridge

upon ridge losing themselves in the dense haze. The road was dusty, the wagon rattled terribly, and it was very hot.

We arrived at what was once the pretty village of Tylawa. All was in ruins—years of work destroyed. At one point I saw a woman with two children, standing in the wreck of what had once been her home, a dejected and forlorn spectacle. Perhaps her husband was in the fight; perhaps he was dead, who knows?

We went on. One string of wagons on one side of the road kept working toward the front, another at the opposite side of the road was going away from it, and over all were clouds of choking dust. At the end of the third day it was getting on my nerves. On the fourth day, relief came in the shape of a cloud of black smoke and the sound of artillery. The Russians had tried to make a stand between Rymanov and Tylawa, and had fired the oil wells. It did not take long, and I arrived there too late to see the battle itself. The Russians had hastily thrown up a hundred rows of trenches, calculating that by falling back they could hold the Germans off for some length of time. But the German artillery upset it all. With wonderful precision, they hit trench after trench, and forced the Russians back to Tarczyn, where the Russian artillery was standing. Here the shots fell right into the batteries and caused the entire force to flee in panic. They made no further serious resistance before reaching Przemysl.

That night the horses broke loose and gave me a scare. I thought the Russians were on us with one of their dreaded and silent bayonet charges.

At the little town of Sansk, on the river San, I was again delayed. I was told I could go no further until the army commission arrived. The Russians had cleaned the town out. When I arrived I went to a restaurant to get something to eat. When I asked the waiter, a bright boy of fifteen, what there was to eat, he laughingly answered, "Nothing at all." He had been asked the same question a thousand times before, that day. I asked him what there was to drink, and got the same answer, tho he added: "If you will wait, I can make you some tea."

I stayed in Sansk three days, and grew to be very well acquainted with the boy, who was a store of information.

Finally an end came to the tedium of my progress. I had an order in my pocket, and, sitting in the back seat of an army auto, hit only the high places on my way to Przemysl, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. A year before the war started, Przemysl was practically unknown outside of Galicia; now it is a place that will go down in history. Out of Sansk the road crosses the mountain ridges, and after twenty snake-like curves, you reach the summit and get a wonderful view. Almost all the time we were passing trains of infantry and ammunition.

Later in the day we reached what had been the village of Olzany. The young lieutenant in charge stopped and studied his map, and then decided to go further. I had a suspicion that all was not right, but said nothing. Away we sped for several minutes, and then there was an explosion a hundred feet away in the field, and another one nearer the road. It was very evident that we had gone too far. To the right of us was a sheltering wood. We made for it and reached it in safety.

Here we found the battery of light artillery, and were informed that we were only two kilometers from the line of forts. I got a chance to catch some pictures of the battery as it made ready for action, and then the auto had to go back, taking the risk of being hit again. We took the road at a dangerous speed, and several times shells burst about us.

Eight kilometers from the forts, hidden behind a hill, was the Corps Kommando. Here everything was freemasonry. Every one slept in tents, and the officers' mess was in the open. Two rough tables and a desk comprised the furniture, while a

great camp-fire was the evening light. Later, a few block-houses were constructed, and a little town was springing up, when the order came to move on, and the days at Kerzcorra became a memory. General Martine and his officers treated me with the greatest courtesy, and I succeeded in getting two or three "loads" of fine film, and those two weeks are among the most enjoyable of my life.

At last, the mortars and heavy artillery, for which we had been waiting before attempting a general storm,

AN ARMY OF WAGONS THAT FEED TWELVE THOUSAND MEN

arrived and were placed in position. This is a tedious job. First comes the bottom bed, which weighs twelve tons, then the levett, and lastly, the gun itself; the whole costing the little fortune of 6,000,000 kronen. These guns throw ten kilometers, a steel bomb that weighs 400 kilograms. It was during the placing of these guns, and while I was photographing them, that I met Captain Thihuk and Captain von Eberhardt. Captain von Eberhardt had been in America, and we had a most interesting chat that was "located" on dear old Broadway.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I have a permit from the army Kommando, and I want to go to Przemysl," I answered.

"Well," he said, smiling, "that's what we all want, but we must wait a little while."

The next day I noticed that the slopes of the hills, which had been covered with troops and wagons, were being cleared. In the evening, General Martine said to me:

"If you want to see something interesting, be on your way early in the morning to Cote 404. My adjutant will tell you how to get there."

I could hardly sleep that night. At two o'clock I woke up and looked out. The rain poured down, so I decided to go back and sleep. Bang! The earth shook, and I awoke with a start. It was five-thirty, and the play had begun. I got on my way as quickly as I could get a wagon. The shots came at long and regular intervals. I had just reached one of the batteries, when the man at the telephone announced, "Volltreffer."

They were beginning to speed up, and I got some real pictures. The earth trembled. Leaves and branches of the trees were blown off by the pressure. Brick walls fell apart; the air was full of noise. Soon the first

THE ROAD WAS DUSTY, THE WAGONS

pieces, further forward, began to join the concert. I had no time to lose. I had to press further forward where I could see the shells fall. My nerves were trembling with excitement. Above me, some shells howled like a dog, others like a tenor in grand opera.

My way wound up a hill. I noticed another noise, much more unpleasant than any I had heard, and coming from the shells which were thrown toward us. Boom! boom! Two shells struck the road ahead of us. You could hear the devils coming thru the air, but you never knew where they were going to strike until it might be too late. Two more landed to the right of us. Every moment I expected to be hurled into the air, but at length I reached the field batteries in safety. Here the din was increased by the constant firing of fifty guns. I found an officer and succeeded in making him understand where I wanted to go. He just pointed ahead and said: "Up the hill."

"Up the hill" seemed a million miles off and impossible to reach without being hit by the Russians, but I decided that having come so far I must go on, and I went thru barri-

RATTLED TERRIBLY, AND IT WAS VERY HOT

cades of wood, hiding myself as well as possible

I remember wondering what was to happen in the next few hours; wondering if I was to be blown to pieces. I had been under shell-fire before, and knew how useless it was to try and escape; when one hears the whizzing sound of a shell growing stronger and stronger, the only thing to do is to stand still and trust to luck. To watch a shell burst is a pretty sight, if you have nerve enough to appreciate it.

The road I followed wound zigzag up the hill. There was little to see. The mortar batteries behind me made such a noise at every shot that I thought my ears should burst. Further forward, the field batteries had raised their more feminine voices, firing salvos like the beating of a drum. To the right of the road was a valley covered with bushes. Here the Russians evidently expected to find the Austrian infantry, for shell after shell raised the earth in clouds and shrapnel made constant white spots of smoke over the tree-tops. Occasionally, a shell would come uncomfortably close, making me wince. A look at the driver, who calmly disregarded

THE AUSTRIANS START TO REPAIR THE FRIGHTFUL DAMAGE

everything except his horses, made me feel ashamed to show I was afraid.

At last, we arrived at a clump of trees in safety, where a reserve am-

THEY HAVE DONE TO THE RUSSIAN FORTIFICATIONS

munition train was standing. An officer came forward and eyed me with suspicion. "What business had I there?" "Where was I going?"

I showed him my permit and explained that I desired to go where I could see the fortifications.

"You must leave the wagon here," he ordered; "the road further up is under fire, and you will be better off walking."

Extremely consoling, I thought him, and at the moment I wished I had never seen the front. He gave me two men to help carry my apparatus, and we started. I confess I was nervous, and it did not make me any calmer to see the craters that had been thrown up in the past few minutes. The two soldiers did not come along fast enough to suit me, and it seemed an eternity before we reached the crest of the first hill. At my feet, a wooded valley separated me from Cote 404, the point I wanted to reach. The Cote itself was about 500 meters away, and somewhat higher than the hill I was standing on, dominating the surroundings. It had once been overgrown with young pines, but everything alongside was cut down to give an open view to the defenders. On the crest of the hill the trees had been left standing to screen the fortifications. To the right, the forest obstructed the view to the left of the hill, steeply descending toward the river San. I caught a glimpse of the village of Krazizyn, within easy reach of the Russian batteries. The peasant inhabitants did not seem to mind the presence of warfare, but peacefully worked in the field.

I found the commander of the nearest battery, and was proceeding to tell him what I wanted, when a crash behind made me forget what I was going to ask. A Russian eighteen-centimeter shell had struck among the ammunition wagons, luckily not setting off the explosives. Other shells passed over us, and the officer winked to an under officer at my evident concern and then pointed to the hilltop before us. The soldiers took up my apparatus again, and we started. Half way to the Cote we followed an open road, but the Russians opened direct fire on us, and we had to duck into the woods.

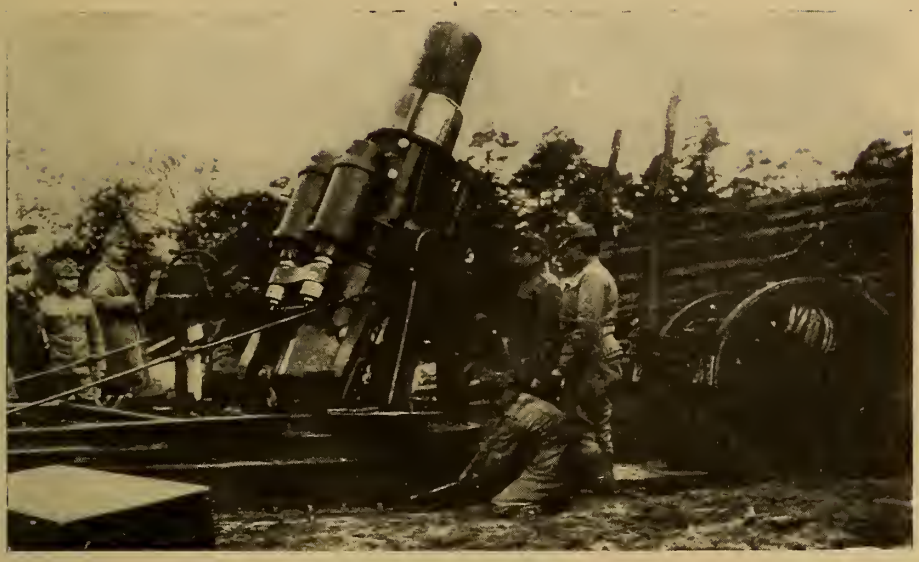
We then came to an eight-cornered earthwork, set into a double series of trenches. This was the observation post for the great mobilization of guns that had been made by the Tenth Corps Field Batteries. The huge Skoda mortars were all controlled from this little hole in the ground, where two natty Austrian artillery officers, telephones clamped to their heads, sat giving orders, while their companions peered thru range-finders, making observations and rapid calculations.

A glance at the nature of my post showed me that it was impossible for me to use my camera tripod. The only places permitting the exposure of the camera were apertures dug in the dirt wall for observation purposes. I built a crude stand of logs, and set my camera upon it, bringing the lens as close as possible to the narrow little window. The pictures were all made from Oberst-Lieutenant Rittner's observation-hole, from which he had been watching the breaking of the Austrian shells on the outer works of Przemysl. This gave me a clear, unobstructed view. For three hours I heard nothing but the ear-splitting yelps of shells, but I had a chance to make dandy pictures, and ground away until I had "shot" a thousand feet of good kodak film.

I dont think I was at all afraid when I was making the pictures; in fact, I never really realized the danger I had been in until after the fall of Przemysl and my visit to the wrecked fort.

Three o'clock the next morning the report came from the main front that the Russians were retreating. A general bustle resulted, and at six A. M. the march commenced. The soldiers had decorated themselves and their guns with leaves, and were singing merrily. Many of them had their homes in and around Przemysl. They had had no news from their families for over six months, and the thought of being near to their loved ones made their sleep light. About noon we got into the town.

It was a pretty place, with quaint



THE GREAT TWELVE-INCH GUNS READY FOR ACTION

old houses, mixed with modern architecture. The streets are shaded by trees, and an old castle stands proudly on a hill in the southern part of the city. The river San floats placidly thru the whole, dividing the town. If it were not for the wrecked bridges, one would hardly know that for nine months this place had been the center of war. The town itself is hardly damaged, and the forts are so many miles away that one could not see that it was fortified. I visited some of the forts—horrible sights. The dead lay in heaps. The men had tried to get their guns away, but had been caught in a rain of iron that had torn craters twenty meters wide in the landscape and scattered death everywhere.

Abou Ben Film Fan

(Apologies to Leigh Hunt)

By E. W. TEITZEL

Abou Ben Film Fan (may his family grow!)
Awoke one night, after a movie show,
And saw, beside the window of his room,
In bright spotlight that threw all else in gloom,

A vision writing in a book of jade;
The nightly thrills made Abou unafraid,
So to the vision in the room he said,
"You writin' a scenario?" The vision raised its head

And solemnly replied, "Nay, nay, bold man;
I here jot down each model movie fan."
"Of course *I'm* there," said Abou. "Nay, not so."
"Write, then, when on the screen," said Abou, low,
"A lover fond saluteth his fair miss,
I never make a noise like a kiss."

The vision wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again in the selfsame spotlight,
And on the list of those who behaved best
Abou Ben Film Fan's name led all the rest.

"A Matrimonial Martyr," or

A Message from Reno

by Alexander Lowell

"It is," observed Erma Desmond, petulantly, to lover-cousin Chester Clymer, "a most ridiculous thing to be born wealthy and eccentric. The two disagree. There's poor Aunt Hannah, with a soul like a mince-pie and with an exterior like 'Mogabgabs' in caricature. There's Uncle Ben, member of the 'Change — frenzied financier—high muck-a-muck of the moneyed blue-bloods—with pastoral yearnings. I tell you—it's *flat.*"

"Especially," interposed Chester, slyly, "when the pastoral uncle sets a chic and modern débutante to milking offensive—er—cows."

"*Exactly!*"

"Then," continued Chester, quasi-seriously, "why not escape by way of—matrimony?"

"No eligibles," made moan the modern Erma; "it's been a rotten season. All the coronets are warbound, and the millionaire crop is not flourishing."

"I——" suggested Chester, lighting a monogrammed cigaret, "am—er—flourishing."

Erma laughed derisively. "I yearn far more for one of your perfectly good cigarets than I do for you," she declared, tenderly.

"Yearnings, my poor, dear girl, are not considered the thing, matrimonially. Do, please, observe the decencies."

"Such an ardent proposer!" Erma flashed a look at him from under her satisfactory lashes. She *was* weary of Uncle Ben's preposterous farming, allied with his more preposterous millions. He was always in a stew over barnyard or chicken-house—and always obtruding his unpleasant fad when it was least wanted and certainly least expected. Lately he had taken to objecting to his wife's and niece's ultra-modern attire—insisting that he was a farmer with a farmer's family, and things should be done accordingly; whereupon he would tramp heavily manured boots over pricelessly rare Orientals — and hold forth at length. Yet when poor Aunt Hannah, who was essentially a domestic animal had she dared to live up to it, ventured into the kitchen regions for a bit of home cookery, Uncle Ben roared their social position and "that woman's d—n nonsense" till the rafters shook. And when Erma timidly shed some flippancies, and dwelt upon a career—or a marriage of affection—Uncle Ben snorted viciously and set her to milking cows. Hence——

"I'm in earnest, Erma," insisted Chester; "why *shouldn't* we marry? You're not harboring any deep and sudden passion, are you?"

"No such good luck!" sighed Erma; "but I've always rather wished to."

"They say," timidly ventured Clymer, "that love sometimes comes—after marriage. At any rate, we've plenty of cash—socially equal—related; but lots of cousins wed—what d'you say?"

Erma reflected. "We *might* elope," she murmured; "that would give it a sort of a glamour."

"And would look bully in *Town Topics*," agreed Clymer; "let's!"

Whereupon, between tall rows of hollyhock, and under blue Long Island skies, it was decided that moonrise should see the elopement of the cousins. Clymer felt that he would be "suited"—and he'd always been awfully gone on Erma, anyway. Most of their set were. She was a dream for looks—lots of brain and snap—and, altogether, the kind of a wife a man could cherish and protect without undue exertion.

Erma felt that she would be leaving the truculent roof-tree of Uncle Ben—his insistence that she milk cows being the straw that broke the camel's back. She had about given up ever falling in love. And Chester was a good sort. He knew how to play the game, and he wouldn't bore her.

Aunt Hannah was submitting patiently to the ministrations of her maid when Erma came up to dress.

"Send Dobbs away, aunty. I have a tale to tell," announced Erma, entering the conjugal chamber unceremoniously. Dobbs withdrew, and Erma said, impulsively, "I couldn't do it without telling you, aunt, dear—but Chester and I are going to elope tonight. Uncle is driving me to drink. The scene this afternoon was *too* much. I object to being made a fool of; I *cant* work—but I *can* get married. So we're going to—at midnight tonight."

"But, deary" — Aunt Hannah looked helpless and agitated—"cousins—and——"

"Oh, we're all right," airily dismissed Erma; "as for possible offspring—we're too eugenic to attempt 'em, aunt. But, offspring or not, I cannot stomach uncle another day. Sorry, dear, but I believe *you* know how I feel."

Leaving Aunt Hannah gazing inertly at her departing person, Erma sought her own DuBarry pink boudoir — found her cigarets monogrammed daintily in a like DuBarry pink—lit one, threw herself on the bed and thought hard thoughts thru wreaths of scented smoke. After a while tears ran down her face—and the smoke puffed voluminously. She was thinking about lots of things: the mother and father she'd never had, and how different *she* might have been if she *had* had—the love that was passing her by—the silly, frivolous life she'd led—Uncle Ben and his brain-storming fad—Chester—money—society—*real* things—*real* people. Bah!

She threw the cigaret away and slipped into a sport-coat. Perhaps outside she could think a bit. Only, how could one think when one lacked a thinking apparatus? Men didn't like brainy women, fashion decreed. They couldn't use them sufficiently.

It was cool in the woods and recently rain-drenched. The pungent, wet-earth smell hurt her oddly. It made her wish for things she couldn't name. Some late berries were growing near the road, and she ate them aimlessly. She was thinking that, with moonrise tonight, one phase of her existence would end. And she would pass into another—to nag and harry Chester, no doubt, as she had nagged Uncle Ben and patient, vague Aunt Hannah. They would travel a lot and entertain and try to forget by playing hard that they couldn't work—and try to forget by living desperately that they couldn't love—and that as people, the people who count, estimate things, they were pretty sorry messes after all——

A horseman was coming along the road, and Erma separated the thick brambles and peered forth. Her eyes

widened. It wasn't that there was anything incongruous about the slow-riding equestrian—he was excellently mounted and habited, and he looked expensive. It wasn't that he was especially handsome. He wasn't. He was too tired-looking to be handsome. And it wasn't that Erma was susceptible. She wasn't. She was too well-trained for that. It was just that his eyes and his mouth had the same look that she felt in her heart—a hurt, wistful, awfully hungry look—something like the perplexed grief of a small boy added to the grown-up sorrow of the man. He looked as if he wanted to lay his head down on some warm heart and sob it all away, only he couldn't, and he knew that he couldn't, because he was grown-up and past

ERMA WAITED TO BE ANNOUNCED

the honest age where sorrow is not shameful.

Catching sight of the berries in the thicket as his horse ambled by, the man dismounted and reached for some. Erma, well-screened, plucked a handful and thrust her hand out to him. He was a good sport, catching the spirit of the thing immediately, and trying to imprison the shapely, briar-scratched hand in his. Erma eluded him, and began to run. He struggled thru the thickets and was just in time to catch a last fleeting view of her before she disappeared. He stood so for a long time—until the tired lines at his mouth smoothed away and his eyes brightened.

The moon shone lambently on the Rogers "farmhouse," painting silvery the formal gardens with the prim, box-bordered walks, the hedges, the quaint, stiff flowers. It rode under a cloud for an instant, then disclosed the communing figures of Erma and Chester.

"I've changed my mind, Ches," Erma was saying; "I—cant."

"That's all right, Erm," Chester hissed back, with unflattering promptitude; "we'll make another try when we've talked it over more. In the meantime——"

"Light me a cigaret, old dear." Erma sank relievedly to a bench.

"Lord!" groaned Chester, "some one's coming!"

The some one was Uncle Ben. Aunt Hannah had crept to her window to witness the elopement. Uncle Ben had espied her in her anomalous position, and her guilty aspect had sent him in search of Erma, willy-nilly. He appeared in the garden, pajama-clad, and throbbing with outraged virtue.

Much was said on the subject of the unstained Rogers escutcheon—ungrateful minxes—and dissolute, modern, addle-pated youths. And in a thunderous climax Erma was cast out, and grandnephew Chester along with her.

"I," affirmed Erma, after Uncle Ben had thundered the frightened servants and tearful Aunt Hannah to bed—"I shall go to Phyllis Burnham's. She's been coaxing me to visit her for ages. I rather like the idea."

"We can catch the ten-thirty!" exclaimed Chester.

Chester took to his club, feeling that Long Island had treated him badly, and that grand-relatives were the most despicable tribe of humans extant.

Erma took to Phyllis Burnham's, and had a "perfectly gorgeous time." They shopped ravenously for a solid week until Erma was down to rock-bottom, financially, but ready for court, sartorially. They invaded theaters, thé dansants, parties large and small, formal and informal, permissible and clandestine. They motored and danced, entertained and were entertained, had an orgie in general; then Erma came a cropper on a foreign count. He proposed, obnoxiously, and she turned him down, grimly. The Burnhams disapproved, and showed it. They felt that when one has laid a belted earl at one's guest's feet one has done one's final best.

Even Phyllis demanded of Erma just what she *did* want in the way of a change of name.

"A man," announced Erma, unblushingly, "that I can kiss—with zest."

Phyllis stormed, pointed out titular glories—reviled, ramped, raved.

Erma rang for a daily paper—flapped its pages ominously, sought the "Help Wanted" column, and longed for something new in her life.

The following morning she beamed at the Burnhams over the silver service, and announced her intention of applying for position of companion to a Mrs. Stanley, Beechwood Terrace, L. I.

Mrs. Burnham fell back upon smelling-salts; Mr. Burnham motored to his bank without his third cup of coffee; Phyllis was obnoxiously amused, and an hour later Erma was en route.

The Stanley estate at Beechwood Terrace proved to be a typical Long Island country home—a low, wide-verandahed stucco building, set in ultra-cultivated grounds, and overlooking a wide expanse of yacht-interspersed Sound.

On one of the side terraces near the house a butler and maid were carrying on a sly flirtation over the gentle art of rug-beating, and both stopped short and uttered exclamations of amazement as they espied the indeterminate young person surveying the house. She finally moved on toward the entrance, with a little gesture of decision, and the butler admitted her, with some of his amazement still showing unprofessionally in his face. Erma waited to be announced, and decided that if the butler was a sample, this was a very poorly run ménage.

Mrs. Stanley was pleased to see Miss Desmond in the library, and Erma followed the butler timorously. When she confronted Mrs. Stanley she understood the unfortunate automaton's amaze. The two were doubles! There was but one difference: Helen Stanley was jaded from over-indulgence—

her eyes were dulled, likewise her hair, her skin was dry, her mouth sagged—it was as if some one had taken her roughly and brushed her bloom away. But, feature for feature, color tint for color, line for line, they were the same.

Mrs. Stanley stared at the girl half-angrily. "You wont do," she ordered, harshly. A whisky bottle and a siphon stood near her on a small table, and she poured herself a liberal amount. Then she laughed. "It's a good one!" she veered; "you're—engaged."

Erma was conducted to her room, wondering.

That night she dined with Mrs. Stanley, téte-â-téte, and that lady, garrulous under much wine, talked freely.

"I have a husband," she laughed, harshly, "but he's a fossil—a stick; dont prudes make y' sick, dear? They do me. Dry as punk. Now, I know a nice chap—awf'ly nice. Name is Willoughby Crane. Good name—Willoughby Crane. He's my style. Oh, yes—this fossil of mine—we parted last June, three months ago. Had a scene downstairs; he came up to my boudoir and took a fit because I was hugging Peppo——"

"Peppo!" echoed Erma, somewhat at a loss during this domestic exposé.

"Yes—certainly; Peppo, my monkey. I was in negligée, holding the dear——"

"Oh!"

Finally Mrs. Stanley became incoherent. Erma, in despair, rang, and the inert lady was escorted from the dining-hall. Erma retired, feeling a vast compassion for the victimized "fossil."

Mrs. Stanley was giving a party. It was, in the vernacular of the day,

"MY HUSBAND HAD A FIT BECAUSE I WAS HUGGING PEPPO, MY MONKEY!"

"some" party. Wine flowed far more freely than any water ever drawn at the Stanley estate; whisky bottles scarred the grounds. Smoke could have been cut with a carving-knife. Men had flushed faces and hot breaths and ready, offensive caresses. Women were astoundingly, daringly gowned, and equally hot and flushed. There was much unnatural laughter and tuneless singing, and inside a band sweated with delirious music that no one seemed to heed.

Erma was having a perfectly wretched time. She didn't like the party, and she wished the men wouldn't like her—especially Willoughby Crane. But he seemed to, ardently. He was making wild overtures to her, when Mrs. Stanley burst upon the scene. It always gave Erma a shock to look at her, particularly when she had been drinking. It gave her the dreadful sensation of looking upon herself—all stained and soppy and bloated.

"Willoughby!" shrilled Mrs. Stanley. "We will catch the ten o'clock train. Erma, you little prude, come to my room."

When Erma reached Mrs. Stanley's boudoir she found that lady feverishly disrobing and as feverishly donning traveling attire. Between-times she would stop to fling toilet articles and other pieces of apparel into an open suit-case. Erma waited. Mrs. Stanley saw her and laughed.

"You," she grinned, "are to impersonate *me* for the rest of the evening and until I return. Eat, drink and be merry, and you'll find it easy. There's my gown; act like a devil; bawl the servants out religiously — no one'll know. There's a draft to cover expenses in my escritoire; I'm off —ta-ta!"

"G-good-by," faltered Erma, weakly.

Erma played the rôle of Mrs. Stanley for six uneventful months. Guests were few, and after the first, Clyme, the butler, and Pikes, the maid, forgot their suspicions and concluded that their mistress had merely had a miraculous change of heart and habit. Privately, they believed that she had murdered Erma Desmond and was living a life of atonement.

Then the uneventfulness came abruptly to an end. Things began to happen, and, as things generally do, they happened en masse.

Phyllis Burnham arrived to pay a long-expected visit—burst in upon Erma, kist her resoundingly, and exclaimed: "Erma Desmond—you darling idiot!" Which in itself was all that it should be; but accompanying Phyllis Burnham was a dashing creature of chemical complexion, who likewise hurled herself upon Erma, gurgling hastily: "Helen Stanley—you old dear!"

The chemical one was somehow disposed of, and Erma turned to Phyllis, with a groan: "Who," she raved, "is *she?*"

"A friend of Mrs. Stanley's—Aimée Bytton by name—divorced, quasi-respectable, aging rapidly. That's all the data I have on hand, ma'am. Now, who on earth are *you?*"

Whereupon, and with much hyperbole, Erma explained. Phyllis considered the situation cracking, and hoped Mrs. S. proper would remain away indefinitely.

Hard upon the arrival of Phyllis and the Bytton woman came the cards of Chester Clymer and Buxton Blount, attorney-at-law.

Erma looked suicidal. "I dont know what all this is going to lead to," she declared. "Chester is my cousin, and Blount is our family lawyer. Whatever happens, Phyllis Burnham, you stick stickily by——"

"Aye, aye, sir," laughed Phyllis, who could see neither drama nor tragedy in the rôle of the pseudo Mrs. Stanley.

STANLEY HEARS ERMA SAY— "NOW, I KNOW THAT I LOVE HIM REALLY—IN THE ONLY WAY!"

By nightfall Beechwood Terrace was the setting for a merry little comedy of errors. Introductions had been at random and wild of the mark. The worthy Blount had met Erma as Mrs. Stanley, and been introduced to Phyllis as Miss Desmond, recently stricken deaf and dumb. To the indignant Phyllis he had announced the mournful intelligence of Aunt Hannah's demise and the fact that she was heiress to $20,000 if single and of good character. Erma had tried to suppress her natural grief, and Phyllis had tried to look blank, with the result that Blount departed, thinking the whole outfit slightly nutty and that the deceased would have done better to have endowed an asylum.

Chester was introduced to Phyllis as Mrs. Stanley and promptly proceeded to nurse for her a hopeless infatuation.

Phyllis, equally impressed, reviled Erma fiereely for her behavior.

Erma groaned and threw up her hands, only to bring them down to a telegram held on a salver by the obsequious Clyme. She read the yellow sheet, waved Clyme houseward, then beeame hysterieal.

"*Now* what?" questioned Phyllis, harshly, thinking more of Chester Clymer than of her distraught friend.

"I—I have a—*son!*" groaned Erma, to the four winds; "he is to arrive any minute. His—his name is *Bert.*" She started wildly for the house. "Come on," she eommanded, "I've *got* to find a pieture of—my son. I dont know whether he's two or twenty-two. Oh, whoever heard of sueh a perfeetly ridieulous situation!"

Among the photographs in the drawer of the library table there seemed none likely to be of son Bert, and while Erma was feverishly ransaeking, Clyme annouueed: "Bert to see Mrs. Stanley."

Erma straightened, and smoothed herself out. She turned upon Phyllis, who was fumbling with the disearded pietures diseonsolately. "I shall earry it thru," she deelared, stoically; "I'll be a mother, no matter to *what.*"

"What" was a tall, fresh-faeed youth, with smiling, bashful eyes, and Erma flung herself on him eonvulsively. "Bert," she ehoked, "I'm so glad, my darling son!"

The young man stiffened slightly. "She's been at it again," he thought; "I'll have to stand it." Whereat he mumbled a reply and stood as tho turned to stone. Erma wondered whether all sons were so unemotional and went on fervidly embraeing him. He was a nice lad. No doubt he took after the "fossil."

After having dispatched son Bert to his room in the fond belief that she had eompletely deeeived him, Erma sought Phyllis—and the gardens. Suddenly her progress was bloeked. A man was smiling at her wistfully—a bit doubtfully. "Helen," he ventured, "are you at all glad to see—your husband?"

Then the world and all it held—people, events, things real and unreal—swam before Erma's eyes. For here, eonfronting her in this perilous, marvelous rôle, was the man of her dreams—the solitary, boyishly grieved horseman—the man for whom she had remained single—whose faee, seen once, had haunted her always. A rosy mist eovered her faee and neek and blinded her. She drooped her slender throat, and the waiting man noted with glad surprise the new, rieh gold in her hair; the finer, eleaner lines of her form; the regained sweetness of her mouth. He stepped toward her eagerly, and Erma awoke to what she was doing. She stamped her bronze-shod foot shrewishly and burst into maudlin weeping. Thru her tears she saw the animated, dear face settle into old lines of pain as the man moved dejectedly toward the house.

Utterly at sea as tc what move to make, she was confronted by still another surprise — another problem. Coming toward her eagerly was a slenderly formed girl with bobbing yellow mane and unspoiled, winsome eyes. "Mater," she eried, with the dreadful enthusiasm of extreme youth, "I've hunted you everywhere. Elbert said he'd seen you, and that you ealled him 'son' and seemed tickled silly to see him. Why, mater, that's awf'ly deeent of you; I didn't know you approved of Elbert for me——"

"Oh," vouchsafed Erma, weakly, "I've overeome my—er—scruples—"

The girl nodded brightly, tho she looked a bit perplexed. "I've seen dad," she went on, dropping on the bench by Erma's side; "funny he and Elbert should get back the very day I return from school. Dad says they've had a bully trip. Lots of wonderful speeimens; and he says Elbert is going to be a big mineralogist. He says——"

"You run up to the house now, dear," cut in Erma, "and we'll talk later."

The girl obeyed, and Erma rose desperately. "This is *awful,*" she said; "I'm going to explain—I——"

Phyllis was walking in the direc-

tion of the outdoor plunge, and Erma caught up to her.

"Phylly," she began, abruptly, her voice shrill from over-excitement, "I've got to cut this—I've got to. I—I cant pretend to be Mrs. Stanley any longer. I'm in love—with her husband!"

Phyllis turned on her. "This is pretty sudden, old dear," she remonstrated; "you'd better——"

"Oh, it isn't—it isn't a bit sudden. I—I saw him before I visited you. I've always loved him—in dreams, and all that. Now I know that I love him really—in the only way—the *one* way. In the way—you must understand, Phyllis—that makes it impossible for me to act this part. Besides, I've messed things frightfully. I fell on the neck of a youth whom I thought to be Bert, and Bert turns out to be a girl, with the youth for her fiancé. Mrs. Bytton saw me embracing him convulsively and weeping on Chester's martyred chest, and has doubtless told Mr. Stanley. He—he loves his wife, I suppose, and he mustn't think——"

THE MESSAGE FROM RENO SOLVES ALL PROBLEMS AND SETTLES ALL DISPUTES

Phyllis' eyes roved to a distant pathway, where spirals of smoke indicated a smoker. Chances were that it might be Chester. She forced a smile.

"Can I tell — Mr. Clymer — the truth?" she begged.

"Oh, I dont care; yes—anything——"

Erma sank to one of the marble benches and wished it was her tombstone. She hated that outrageous Stanley woman—she hated herself. Tears of self-pity trickled down her

cheeks and trailed down her filmy gown. Everything was horrid; she was horridest of all. And the only dear, beloved thing the world contained belonged irrevocably to another. It was all a mess.

Some one was coming up from the plunge with rapid, impetuous steps. Erma remained inert. No doubt it was another son or daughter. Then two arms prisoned her close to a beating heart, and a voice said huskily: "I heard what you said; I couldn't help it; I was in the pool. Dearest of women, is it the truth?"

Erma couldn't help it. She had waited a long while, and she had dreamed of him nights, and awaked, starving for him. She kist him and held him and loved him to her depths. Then she remembered and gave a sob. "You're married," she reminded; we—*cant.*"

He held her hand—the little, unknown hand that had fed him berries—and told her how, years ago, he had loved his wife because he had thought her a realized ideal. Then he had found his dream a sordid thing and it had hurt cruelly. "And now you come," he ended, "bringing me back the clear eyes of my young love-dream, the sweet mouth, the fragrance and innocence and hope—and thru it all your dear soul shining. Ah, love reborn to me, there is happiness for us yet——"

"Pardon me," interrupted a voice, haughtily, "but here is a telegram for you, Stanley." Chester flipped the telegram at the flaming pair and stalked out. He had missed Phyllis, and he now went in search of her to inform her that her husband was a scoundrel and a cad; that Erma must have gone insane, and that her only course was immediate flight with him.

Hard upon his heels came Stanley and Erma, and they rounded the group together while Stanley read, brazenly:

Reno, Nev.

You old fossil. I have been here six months. Divorced from you yesterday. Married Willoughby Crane today.

Your ex-wife,

HELEN.

Erma wilted, and Stanley caught her. Chester turned, to find eagerly stumbling explanations on Phyllis Burnham's relieved mouth. Elbert and Gilberta Stanley embraced after a swift glance for paternal approval.

Stanley led Erma out into the garden again, and knelt down by her. "I am so happy, dear," he whispered. And as Erma held his head against her tender heart, she laughed softly to herself to see the boy-pain leave his face.

Screenlets

By RAY FRUM NATHAN

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal shake
At lightning's stroke or earth's grim quake?
For the flash and the quake can with comfort be seen,
And the havoc it brings
Is wrought on the screen.

Never again will the roses grow
As the roses did we used to know,
For the roses that bloom on a wintry e'en
Are the roses that bloom
On the luxuriant screen.

Shadows grow deeper; waning day
Is followed by glorious morn,
And the wonderful days and weeks fly by
Like some rare Arabian dawn.
And life is full, and life is gay—
Things are not what they seem—
And all these wonders are ours, for the nonce,
As we watch the dissolving screen.

COUNT TWENTY

BIOGRAPH
by
GLADYS
HALL

MRS. NESBIT, her husband and their son Joe sat at the evening meal in an uneasy silence. From behind the closed door communicating with the parlor came the long, gasping sighs of one who has suffered a paroxysm of stormy tears. Gradually the sobs grew further apart and quieter, until they sounded like the pitiful, quivering breaths of an infant who has cried itself to sleep.

A month ago Henry Nesbit, contractor in a large stone quarry, had stumbled over the dead body of Laurino Malatesta, one of his laborers. As death had overtaken him at the entrance to the quarry, Nesbit and his son Joe had escorted the body home. They found "home" to consist of a shack of rather respectable proportions and the family of Malatesta to be a glorious slip of a girl with tragic eyes, scarlet mutinous mouth, Italian fervor and American bearing. Her passion of grief over her father's demise was such that the Nesbits were shaken to their marrow. It was plain to be seen that hers was a torrential nature—nothing cramped, nothing mean, nothing petty. In her the emotions stood forth—nude, splendid, savagely uncurbed. They left her reluctantly, raving and groveling over the still form.

"She's—— Lord!" groaned the younger Nesbit, inadequately, as they left for the quarry again, after having seen the proper persons requisite to the last rites for Laurino Malatesta.

"Mama's always wanted a daughter," vouchsafed the older Nesbit, irrelevantly; "I've been wondering——"

Joe kept silence, but his young face flushed ardently and his pulses hammered. He had never seen a girl like that. He bet she could hate a fellow viciously; and—gosh! how she could love! "Oh, that—sweet—Eye-talian love," he hummed fatuously.

"What—what's that?" snapped the older Nesbit.

"I was only *singing*," retorted Joe, testily.

They found Mother Nesbit to be deeply touched at the tale of the orphaned girl and her abandonment of grief. And the good soul departed early the next morning for the Malatesta home.

After the body of Laurino Malatesta had been laid in its last resting place and Mary had wrung the heart of each member of the funeral cortège by her frenzied, rebellious anguish, she was taken to the Nesbit home and there established.

For a month the new arrangement had been an ideal one. Mother Nesbit had never had a daughter, and all the repining that her sane, equable life had known had been on that account. Mary Malatesta had never known a mother—for the young American wife who had given her birth had died before her first cry had been freely drawn—and she had spent many a sullen, resentful hour over the unjust loss. Hence the satisfaction on all sides. Then a small incident precipitated a crisis. Mary stumbled going down the stairs, and in an instant her unleashed, ungoverned temper caught her—possessed her—shook her in its demoniac grip. While Mrs. Nesbit looked on, white-faced, the girl

"YOU MUST LEARN TO CURB YOUR TO SAY

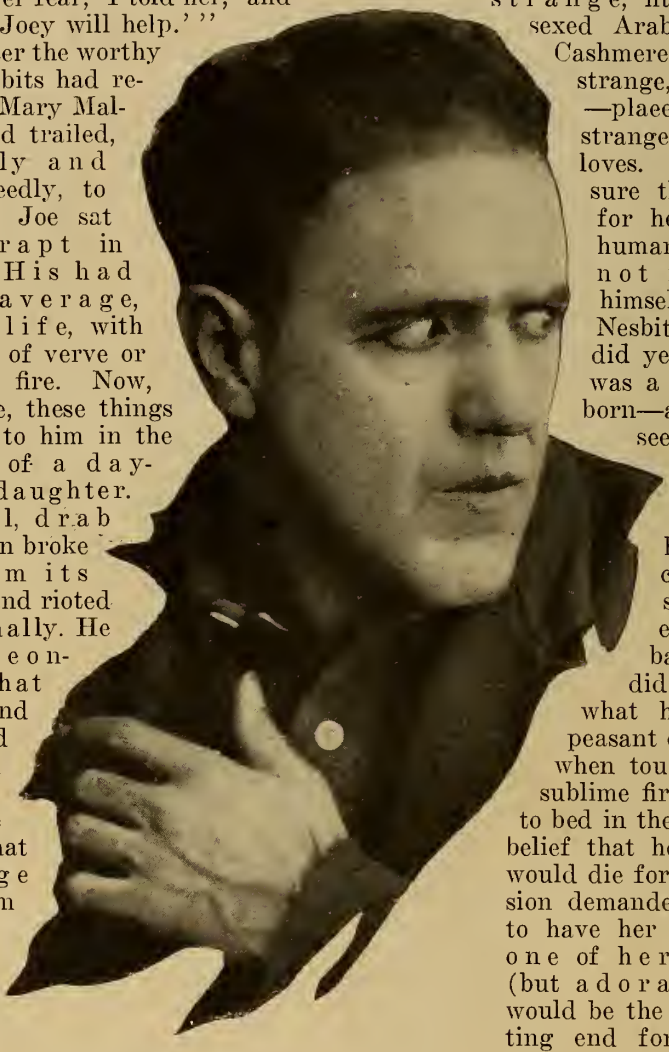
TEMPER,'' MARY'S FATHER USED TO HER

stormed and stamped and poured forth a torrent of vehement, shocking words. The blue veins were swollen and angry-looking under her white skin; saliva foamed at her loose, working mouth; her hands were claw-like and frenzied. Modesty, inborn dignity, pride, every last vestige of control slipped from her as tho they had never been. She was an untamed, chaotic creature, shorn of sex, shorn of personality, beyond recognition. She was the epitome of the mad, raging elements before the Divine Voice whispered, ''Peace, be still!'' She was a human volcano erupting hot, bitterly scarring lava of profanity and vituperation.

As the quick-caught breathing became gradually regular, Mrs. Nesbit explained things to her husband. ''I'll tell you what it was,'' she began; ''she stumbled on the steps and caught her foot in her skirt. That started it. I never hope to see such another scene. I thought the girl was going tearing mad. I remembered what you told me about her violent actions over her father's death, and, of course, a one-eyed cat could see her fiery nature; but with it all I *never* saw such temper. Finally I hit on a good plan. I've used it myself when I've lost my patience with things, and somehow it's always worked. Soon as there was a slight lull I touched her softly on her poor, shaking shoulders. 'Honey,' I said quietly, 'before you speak again *count twenty!*' It seemed to sort of appeal to her, and, my lands sakes! she let up at once and took to sobbing; but all the rage was gone out and only hurt was left—the hurt repentance of a little child. Then she sobbed it out to me—how she'd had these blind, insane rages over trifles for as long as she could remember; how she would be sick and blind and obsessed by them. Her father used to

remonstrate with her, she said. Just before he died he warned her that she'd better curb her evil temper. 'There's bad blood in my veins, I guess,' the poor soul mourned, 'or else I'm possessed of a devil like the Bible says.' 'I'll cast it out of you, honey, never fear,' I told her, 'and papa and Joey will help.' ''

Long after the worthy senior Nesbits had retired and Mary Malatesta had trailed, dejeetedly and shame-faeedly, to her room, Joe sat deep-wrapt in thought. His had been an average, workaday life, with little in it of verve or glamor or fire. Now, all at onee, these things had eome to him in the person of a day-laborer's daughter. His dull, drab imagination broke loose from its swathing and rioted sensationally. He felt, subeonsciously, that his mind and heart and soul had been soft, pliable wax and that her image had been stamped into it burningly. He knew, as all of us know some things sometimes, that he could never forget her—never forget the dusky hair; the petal-soft flesh; the somber, passionate eyes, and the searlet mouth blazing in the white of her faee like a vivid, pulsing flower. She reminded him of all kinds of things and all kinds of plaees that he was sure he had never heard of before and quite sure he had never thought of. Perhaps he had read of them in his oeeasional perusal of fietion magazines, and she had brought them baek—Hawaii and Hawaiian musie; strange, fitful, terribly sexed Araby and far Cashmere and Egypt; strange, far plaees—plaees to foster strange, unhuman loves. For he was sure that his love for her was unhuman. He did not reeognize in himself plain Joe Nesbit of the sordid yesterday. He was a creature reborn—a mystie, a seer, the ageless and eternal lover. He had not credited himself with this emotional debauehery. He did not know to what heights even peasant elay ean rise when touehed by the sublime fire. He went to bed in the melaneholy belief that he could and would die for her if oeeasion demanded, and that to have her kill him in one of her regrettable (but adorable) rages would be the one and fitting end for him. He went to sleep eomposing epitaphs for his own tombstone. Sueh is love.



''YOU PROBABLY PAID SOME POOR FOOL TO DO IT FOR YOU''

We, more effete, more wise, reincarnations of the simpler Joe Nesbits perhaps, know that love is a thing of pleasant dalliance—a humming-bird whirring its shimmering life out in the sun; a night-blooming flower; and in the dawning, pouf! a handful of

dust. We know that we do not die for it, nor even live for it; but kiss it when it comes and God-speed it when it goes.

In the morning it was decided by the Nesbit family and Mary Malatesta herself that she go to work in the office of the quarry. "You will be independent, my dear," counseled Mrs. Nesbit, aside, as Mary donned her outer wraps, "and I believe that is the road to happiness for the modern woman. And

"AH, PLEASE," HE BEGGED, "COME HOME WITH ME, MARY"

then, my dear"—the older woman's voice modulated tenderly—"the office routine will be fine discipline for you. It will help, and, deary, the very best way to help yourself is to try to help others. Their weakness will be your strength; their lack will be your gain. Just you try it."

"I will—mother!" Mary's deep voice richened and trembled, and Mother Nesbit flushed suddenly and her kind eyes, behind their spectacles, winked with quick tears. "Oh, my dear," she said swiftly.

The wise counsel came back often and often in the days and weeks that crowded swiftly in upon one another. And there were some days when Mary seemed to do nothing but count the twenty that saved her from many a violent outburst. Especially did she need strength when Ivan Farinoff, the Russian foreman of the quarry, began to make unwelcome and all too indelicate love to her. Unacknowledged as yet, Joe Nesbit's earnest, unspoiled eyes dominated her dreams, and she resented instinctively any slightest encroachment.

She was sitting alone in the office one day when Ivan came up to her. "Mary," he began desperately, "you've got to come round. I love you, girl. I'm mad about you—clean, hopeless *gone;* I want you—and I get what I want; I—if you dont——" Rage, the rage of baffled fear and longing, mounted in the Russian's fevered brain. Mary read the indications rightly and typed swiftly, "When angry, count twenty before you speak." Ivan grabbed the slip sullenly, and as he did so Joe stepped into the room. With the uncanny sensibility of the lover he felt the heavy atmosphere, caught Mary's troubled look and marched up to Ivan defiantly. "Quit bothering Miss Malatesta, Farinoff," he commanded brusquely, "or quit the job." Then he smiled down on Mary. "Dad's

just given me the combination of the new safe, Mary,'' he said. ''Will you take it down—please?''

Farinoff had slunk out of the office with something curiously like a snarl, and Mary took Joe's dictation.

After it was finished, Mary looked

''Oh, would follow a girl who *showed* she didn't want him and annoy her and frighten her—I—I dont think he can be just *square.*''

''He isn't,'' affirmed Joe, ''but I think he wouldn't *dare* be crooked here. He's something of a coward.''

''THEN THEY SAW ME AND THEY SPRANG FOR ME''

behind her cautiously. ''Are you sure he didn't hear?'' she whispered.

''Sure,'' smiled Joe, reassuringly, ''and the poor Russian kike wouldn't have grasped it if he had——''

''Oh, I dont know about that——'' Mary shook her head. ''I dont like his eyes, Mr. Nesbit. I dont like him. Any man that would——'' she paused diffidently.

''Would what?'' Joe's eyes narrowed.

''But he *hates* you,'' worried Mary, ''and I think he wants—revenge.''

The following morning the safe was cleaned out of every cent in cash and some papers more valuable than treble the cash amount. Nesbit senior, responsible and heavy loser, wheeled on his son. ''You and I are the only ones who know that combination,'' he accused. ''Quick, son; what's your answer?''

Joe whitened chalkily. The soul of honesty, trusted of his father, confidant of the entire organization, the imputation flayed him cruelly. Yet here—here was his golden chance to die for Mary Malatesta, for there are harder, bitterer deaths than fleshly her typewriter, just as she had sat yesterday. Joe walked up to her woodenly. "I've saved you, Mary," he began coldly; "I let my father believe me the—thief——"

"You've—what?" Mary's somber eyes slowly widened, surprisedly.

"NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS HERE"

ones. And, of course, she had robbed the safe. Poor, wonderful, wicked creature—the black blood in her veins had prompted her, and she had yielded. But he would shield her. He loved her ravenously. He turned on his father hastily.

"My answer is—this," he snapped, much of the youth wiped out of his eyes, and he walked from the office.

In the adjoining office Mary sat at

"Of course I know you stole it, Mary," Joe explained patiently, feeling sick because he had to crush down his longing to kiss those wide, soft eyes. "Only dad and you and I know the combination. Naturally, dad wouldn't steal his own payroll. I know that *I'm* innocent, and——"

"And that *I* am guilty!" shrilled Mary, and the hot flame of her temper swept over her, staining her face scar-

let. She drew in her breath sharply and sucked on her full lower lip. "One," she began huskily—"one—two—three—four——" With the "twenty" came a strained smile—like the smile of a child thru bitterly angry tears. "I—dont suppose I blame you for what you think," she said wistfully. "A—laborer's daughter doesn't come highly recommended to the average person." She smiled again—battling, baffling, trampling underfoot the tempestuous, boiling blood that was beating in on her self-control. "But *I didn't rob the safe,*" she continued gently, "I just—didn't. Why, I wouldn't have *dared*——" She stood still dazedly. Joe had gone. It wouldn't have made so much difference whether she had stolen it or not; but that Joe believed that she had—that he, of all people, could doubt her! She would have pinned her faith to him tho a people crucify him and crimes unspeakable be proven at his door. *She* would have *known,* with the one unerring knowledge that exists—the communing of hearts that meet, and meeting, love.

She walked over to the safe miserably—the dark harbinger of trouble. There was a scrap of paper half under it. It was the scrap of paper she had given Ivan Farinoff yesterday, with "When angry, count twenty before you speak" typed upon it. And underneath her typing was the combination of the safe. Instantly it came to her. Joe had begun to dictate immediately Farinoff left the room. No doubt he had heard thru the thin partition and typed it on the slip of paper he happened to be holding. She had never trusted him, anyway—the Russian brute! She had warned Joe yesterday.

Mary had the fire of her Italian father and the swift action of her American mother. She wasted no time on plots and plans. Ivan Farinoff was at his desk in his office and she knew it. She therefore walked in upon him straightway and confronted him with the slip of paper. "Hand over that money, Farinoff," she demanded, "or I'll tell on you——" Ivan laughed. "Dont be a fool, Mary; do you think I'd soil my hands at such a job?"

"Cut the highbrow," admonished Mary, sharply; "you probably paid some poor fool to do it for you, but I have this paper, Farinoff, with my message to you, and underneath, with *another* machine, the combination of the safe. There could be no other copies than the ones I took. You can see, cant you, that you haven't a *chance?*"

"It'll be back in the safe in half-an-hour," growled Farinoff, menacingly—"d—n you!"

"Thanks!" returned Mary; "and if it *isn't*——" she warned.

It was. And Joe, learning of the return, and thinking his accusation had intimidated Mary, told his father that he had mislaid it and had been afraid to own up. Old Nesbit shook

his head, but slightly relieved at the return of the money while still harboring suspieion of his son. "We'll keep it dark in front of mama," he admonished his son; "dont tell mama anything."

In the other office Mary Malatesta's desk was vacant, and the girl herself was running and stumbling toward the only haven she knew—the tumble-down house in the tumble-down row where she had lived with her father. "I'll never go back," she was sobbing —"never—never; I hate him—I hate him; no, I dont; O Mother of Sorrows—I love him——"

Late that night Mary Malatesta woke from a troubled sleep and stretehed her eramped limbs eautiously. She was doubled-up in a chair in her own room—in the old house. She must have dropped there from exhaustion after her flight from Joe and the quarry. Suddenly she became aware of a noise on the floor below—a shuffling, hampered noise as of some one trying to free himself from bondage.

Some dark deeds had been done in this neighborhood, but Mary Malatesta knew no fear other than the fear of suspieion and doubt from the one she loved best on earth. The moon was shining revealingly, and by its light she crept down the frayed steps and into the so-called parlor. In one corner a man was erouched, bound and gagged. And even in that nebulous light Mary knew him for Joe Nesbit. She did not question how he had come, or why. Her primitive nature aeeepted his presence—his helpless, dependent presence—and scorned to ask why. With her face transfigured she bent over him and released him, and in that first instant of nearness they forgot to question the why of each other's apparently miraculous presenee; they forgot all sueh details as erime or suspieion or misunderstanding or wrath. For one triumphant instant they cast off earth's shackles. His free arms drew her down, down till her lips erushed his and clung.

"Tell me all about it," she breathed, after a long, perilous silenee. "This is our old home, you know—did you reeognize it? And I —I ran here when you accused me. There seemed no place else."

"Dear—I——"

"But you," she evaded him, "I know that Ivan Farinoff has had a hand in this. He has hated you ever since you interfered with his love-making the other day, and he——" She stopped abruptly, remembering her tacit agreement with Farinoff that his return of the money should buy her silenee.

"And he robbed the safe," supplied Joe, kissing the caressing hand remorsefully. "I was in my office an hour or so after our conversation and had drawn the screen around my desk. Spike and his henchman sneaked in, and I kept ears open and mouth shut, for I knew them to be under Farinoff, tooth and nail, and I must have had a grain of suspieion. They didn't see me, and they began immediate action on the safe. 'Farinoff's a white-livered mutt to give the skirt the moncy we had to eop,' I heard Spike growl. 'This time he dont git a look-in'—then they saw me and they sprang for me. Next thing *I* knew I was here, and a minute later, like some of the impossible dreams I've dreamed, *you* came, darling—darling of my heart. Forgive me for thinking you *could* have——"

Mary rose, uncertainly, and gathered up valise and coat. Some of her old, discarded raiment had been left in the shaek, and she had eollected it, vowing never to aeeept anything from the Nesbit family again. Joe touched her arm. "Ah, please," he begged, "come home with me—for always—Mary?"

A scarlet wave swept the white faee till, even in the moonlight, it glowed like a flaming flower. Her eyes flashed ominously—the hurt of his doubt was strangling her again, even with his mad earess burning her mouth. Then her eyes glowed— "One," she began — "two — three— four—" and on the twenty she gave him her lips again, fervidly, divinely.

The Surprises of an

by Edwin ~M~

This story was written from the famous Novel of
ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

If you are not prepared to accept Marchmont and to forgive him his trespasses, you will not enjoy reading about him. We set him up no higher than he set himself. And if you cannot pardon Lucie her weaknesses, then you cannot accept Marchmont, for he took her at her word, which was far below her true value.

More of his acquaintances disliked Marchmont than the sum of those who admired him. You see, he made a profession of being a business man and did not live up to it. Then, too, he was lucky, and the unfortunates always belittle the lucky fellow.

Nobody envied his friend, Manders, his luck—he was an internationalist at polo and a daredevil motorist. Society and Wall Street took to him naturally and kept him in funds.

Those who knew Marchmont well discovered that there are degrees of luck. The alert, aggressive Manders had his thrust upon him; Marchmont, the indolent, *made* his. And lest his easy good-nature deceive you, we must start before the beginning of his latter-day adventures.

The letters of Francis Trehurn Marchmont's name were emblazoned in bold gilt on his office door, and "Mining Securities" in small, black characters underneath displayed his ostensible business. For

EMPTY HOTEL

LA ROCHE

months at a time Marchmont himself was seldom in the office. Save for flotation purposes, mines do not exist in Wall Street; the prospects and the ore and the values lie somewhere off in the mineral-bearing mountains.

Marchmont was a past-expert on sleeperless and sleepless railroads. He spent most of his time on spur roads that led into the mines. And when he had ended his investigation, he had himself bathed, perfumed and shaved, and traveled eastward in a Pullman stateroom. The name of Francis Trehurn Marchmont was sure, thereupon, to appear upon sundry Newport and Narragansett hotel registers. He needed the rest, and it was part of his plan of well-directed luck.

At the close of one of his transcontinental summers, Marchmont sat in his office, with his long, immaculate legs propped against his desk. He was using them as an easel for a survey of a Montana mining claim.

"You see," he pointed out to Manders, "the Bennt crowd are already operating on the south side of this ridge. It's open-pit mining, you know, and I had no trouble in seeing the grade of ore they were taking out—it's bonanza porphyry that will run five per cent. to the ton."

Manders bent his rosy face over the map and closely followed Marchmont's eloquent finger.

"My holdings lie here," he continued, "directly over the ridge. It's the deadly parallel, all right, and to

convince myself I set a gang to work this summer and stripped off enough of the overburden to prove that my ore was practically a twin deposit to Bennt's."

"What are you going to do?" asked Manders. "Buck Bennt?"

"No; I'm going to sell to him. All we need is fifty thousand to take up my option, and the property's worth two millions. Bennt will sell the minority stock in the Street for five millions."

"Oh, I see," said Manders, sententiously—"rather simple, isn't it? Well, here's my check for half the purchase price, and good-by and good luck, old chap, until you come back with my million."

And forthwith he rapidly filled in a check and pumped Marchmont's hand in farewell.

Francis Trehurn Marchmont again set his serene face toward the West. A certified check for fifty thousand dollars lay snuggled against his ribs. He was now the half-owner of a very valuable mine, and he knew that that Napoleonic operator, Thomas Cadwallader Bennt, wanted the property more than he did. From this pleasant and sound chain of reasoning Marchmont rightly estimated that he was a millionaire and that it was no hardship to tip the Pullman porter a twenty-dollar bill.

Five days afterwards Marchmont alighted from a springless car of the spur railroad that tapped the chain of Bennt mines and found himself in front of the unpretentious slab office that housed the great mine-owner.

The little, elderly man, with a snow-white military mustache and Irish blue eyes, was not Marchmont's conception of the great Bennt. The frank eyes kept probing him, however, and he seated himself leisurely and offered Bennt a cigar.

"Dont smoke," said the little, old man—"never could afford the time."

"If time on my hands was worth anything," smiled Marchmont broadly, with his best "get acquainted" manner, "I'd be a bloated plutocrat; instead of which I've dropped in from New York just to help add to your mines."

"Very good of you," said Bennt, with a ghost of a smile. "Where is your mine located?"

"I wont burden you," replied Marchmont, who was not to be hurried, "with the most interesting history of how I prospected, purchased and essayed it—that's an old story to you. My property lies just to the north of yours, on the Loomis Range spur."

"I know the property well," said Bennt, "and came near buying it once."

"Why in thunder didn't you," thought Marchmont, "and save yourself the expense of buying from me?"

"Ah," said Marchmont, aloud, "very interesting and will save us a lot of discussion. To be brief, my property is the twin deposit of your own, which, I believe, was capitalized for five million before you started the plant."

"We always capitalize before putting up the plant," explained Bennt, "and to save you words, I would put your property out at the same figure."

Marchmont admired his frankness. "This leads me up to my climax," he said—"my asking price: the modest sum of two millions."

"I offer you two hundred and fifty thousand," said Bennt.

The eyes of the mismated men met, and Marchmont read the finality of Bennt's offer. "Impossible," he said; "I'd rather put up my own plant. There's a fortune waiting there for the steam shovels.

"When you do," said Bennt, "I'll pay you for the cost of your plant plus eight per cent. interest."

Marchmont blushed in spite of himself. "I suppose I've got to ask you," he said, "why I should sell a highly profitable plant for a song."

"That's it," agreed Bennt—"that's my climax. I own this spur railroad under my own charter, and it handles only my ore."

Marchmont smoked for a full five minutes before replying.

"You win," he said. "I was a blithering fool to figure that the mine was valuable without you."

"That is the brightest remark

you've made," said Bennt. "When I was a newsboy in Chicago I once sat thru a silly play just to catch one bright line at the end, and after that, says I, 'Let's have the bright line and do away with the play.'"

"Seeing that I'm out a brace of millions," retorted Marchmont, "I cant think of another bright line. I'll call for my check when the searches are complete."

"*Very good,* Mr. Marchmont," said the great Bennt, shaking hands cordially; "and now, if you'll excuse me, I have quite a little shelf-stock of mines to take down and dust off."

"THAT IS THE BRIGHTEST REMARK YOU'VE MADE," SAID BENNT

Once outside the office, Marchmont glanced down at the grim little mining-town spread out in the valley, walled with bare, basaltic hills and hazed with green smoke from the roasters.

"It's a monk's life, anyway," soliloquized Marchmont, "this being a mining king. I think I'll run me down to the Coast beaches and recuperate. I cant go home yet. My defeat would take all the steel out of Manders' polo wrist."

A week's time sufficed to complete the sale of the bonanza mine and to permit the departure of the chastened Marchmont. Once more he propped his long legs against Pullman upholstery, a sadder and a wiser man.

"I thought I knew it all," he communed, as the train flashed thru green-and-purple Sierra valleys—"had cornered the market on luck, and then I suddenly run up against the real article—that little desiccated piece of bone, Bennt! Two millions grabbed off, just as easy as pulling a child's tooth!"

Marchmont's hands cupped his shapely jaw as if easing an all-night toothache. With a long-drawn shriek of pain, the engine whistled for a tunnel. Marchmont sat up stiffly; his jaw hardened.

"If ever I run across Bennt again," he vowed, "or any of the money-grubbing house of Bennt, I'll know just enough to say my little piece and steer clear."

Back in the gloomy mining town Mr. Thomas Cadwallader Bennt sat hunched up to his desk and made cryptic figures with the stub of a pencil. He thumped his desk vigorously

with a lump of ore and his secretary answered the summons.

"Send this prospectus on to Van Alstine," he said, "and instruct him to charter and float the new mine—one million shares at five dollars. Let me christen it." His fleshless fingers beat an inspiratory tattoo on his knee. "Jackass Mine—that's it—in honor of its former owner."

Bennt's eyes glistened with the coming news.

"I'm going to take a vacation," he announced—"the first in forty years. Claw-hammer coat, Paris, and all that sort of thing. I'm just a bit jealous of pink-cheeked favorites like Marchmont," he added, "and I'm going to take a shy at 'younging up.' "

If Bennt had asked him to set fire to the office, his announcement could not have had a more paralyzing effect on his time-serving secretary. The "Czar of the Porphyries" was as good as his word, however, and chartered a private car to speed him across to New York. Nothing was too good for him —Fifth Avenue tailors; the "Embassy Suite" at the Ritz-Carlton, and a wardrobe of canes, gloves and shoes that was worth a bank president's salary.

He was a practical shopper above all things, bargaining like a housewife and discounting the pile of bills on any old pretext.

An ancient apple-woman had stood for uncountable years in front of Trinity Church. Bennt bought an apple from her, handed her a dollar and nearly knocked her cold by not waiting for change. He turned, came back and handed her the apple. "Here," he said, "I paid a dollar for the apple, now you eat it. I'll not let it go to waste."

The copper king made a swift and pleasant passage to Havre and established his headquarters at the Grande Hôtel in Paris. It was the height of the tourist season, and Bennt outbid a Russian duke for the finest suite of rooms overlooking the court. With an entourage of chauffeur, valet, courier and undervalet, the determined old man went thru the elaborate daily toilets of a boulevardier and outsat the most hardened nighthawks in the courtyard café. He developed one slight eccentricity: the habit of keeping all his electric lights burning thruout the day. It was his way of limiting the hotel's profits from him.

On the evening that Lucie Fairbanks and her father arrived, Bennt sat sipping wine over an untouched dinner. The gilded edge had worn off his gay life and had left him a bunch of raw nerves.

There was something sweet and cool and tonic about the pretty girl who was eating with zestful appetite at the next table, and he watched the quick play of her eyes and rounded arms. Bennt glanced down at his shrunken legs and pain-twisted ankles. The contrast started an absorbing train of thought.

Every pleasure, every bauble in the world was within his reach, and he lacked the youth and desire to use them. The girl before him, if he read rightly, was beautiful, vibrant, loyal, pliable. With her as the strings of his rifted lute, the wasted chords of his life could be struck again. She could become his wardrobe, his appetite, his eyes, his life—his pet.

"Miss Fairbanks, may I present your distinguished fellow-countryman, Mr. Bennt?"

The handsome, well-groomed American whom Bennt had asked to procure an introduction smiled, bowed and retired to the background. The little, old man with the white military mustache and earnest blue eyes took his place at the girl's side.

The band was playing, and he sat silent, reading her pleasure of the colorful music in her shining brown eyes.

"I never knew a person could enjoy music so much," he remarked, as the aria ceased in a beautiful diminuendo of the flutes. "It always reminds me of election times."

"It is the call of life," she said impulsively—"we must all answer it."

"Sooner or later," said Bennt, "unless we've gotten beyond range."

And this was the beginning of many

such evenings in which the canny old suitor was more than careful not to get out of range.

He fed her, and her inconsequential father, on rare viands, fine music and chaste works of art. The girl throve under it—grew even more radiant.

Bennt found out that she was poor and that they were making their first adventure in touring from the proceeds of a little legacy. He suggested impossible luxuries to them, tempted them with thoughts of the unattainable; then waved the magic wand of his wealth and spread out the priceless things before them.

One night, as they sat in a costly loge at the opera house, Lucie glanced back of her at the old man propped up in his chair with a jewel-headed cane. She thought of all he had done for them, and it struck her that in appearance and magical power Bennt was curiously like the misshapen lamp of Aladdin.

"Only," she thought, "if I rubbed him just once I'm sure he would fall to pieces."

Her chance came. She and her father sat in Maxime's one night, waiting for their host and mentor. It was two hours after the appointed hour, and Bennt had failed to arrive.

Presently his valet, turned very white and shaking, appeared and hurriedly searched over the tables.

"Ah," he said, bowing low and in evident relief, "mademoiselle, here is a note from monsieur le docteur—he said it was most important."

Lucie's fingers fluttered over the envelope, and she read its evil tidings:

> Monsieur Bennt has been stricken with an attack of heart disease. He wants you to come at once.
>
> Respectfully,
>
> RIBOT, in attendance.

All the untapped well-springs of sympathy in Lucie's heart rose to the surface. The thought of the old man, dying and alone, whose magic riches could not fend him a hair's-breadth from the dread portal—the man in a strange country who even lacked a friend to ease his pillow—the great Bennt suddenly become a frail, unearthly thing—spurred her on to hurry to his bedside.

Her father hung discreetly back, but she was ushered at once into the dome-roofed chamber; within glimmered a single candle.

The wraith of a dying old man, his white mustache still grossly defiant, lay on the bed before her.

"Lucie," he said, in a singularly clear voice, groping with cold fingers for her hand, "I have little to say and less time to say it in. All my life long I've never done anything, nor any one, good. I've been a cheat, a fraud, a true lover of only Cadwallader Bennt."

He paused for breath, and she thought that the wisp of a body shrunk even while she waited. "I'm in the last trench," he went on, "and I'm leaving a heap of booty behind me. I want to put thru one more deal—to cheat the scales again. I want you to marry me."

Lucie recoiled with a shudder that silenced him. But Cadwallader Bennt was great even in death.

"It is my dying request," he said—"the mumblings of a minister; one kind look from you, and——" His voice broke in a spasm of feeble coughing.

"Yes," she said humbly, "it is a little thing to do—my debt of gratitude—my father's old age——"

Bennt's raised hand stayed further words, and, as if by signal, the door opened and a clergyman entered the room. He had been well paid to be a practical man in a pinch, and the inaudible responses were soon hurried thru with.

Lucie stood alone by Bennt's side. The candle guttered feebly in its socket. "Come close," the old man whispered; "I will last just as long as that."

She saw his eyes fixed upon the wavering candle and caught his meaning.

Lucie knelt by the bed in silent prayer. When she looked up, the candle gave a final tiny flicker and went out. She reached over and crossed Bennt's cold hands in repose.

Two years after the passing away of the old copper king our almost forgotten friend, Francis Trehurn Marchmont, decided to rest up for a few weeks in the company of Charlie Manders at Narragansett Pier. Manders had written him that the polo season was in its second chukker and that he wanted Marchmont's advice in regard to a certain young lady.

Needing no further excuses, Marchmont packed his trunks and arrived at the Pier. When he mentioned the Hotel Continental to the hack-driver, the jehu grinned broadly.

"Hurry up," said Marchmont, a little out of humor.

His arrival in front of his customary hotel created not the slightest diversion. In fact, the broad verandas were entirely bare of guests. An obsequious darkey, in a linen duster, picked up his bags and preceded him into the empty office.

Suddenly a personage with a flaming red nose and eyes the size and color of huckleberries rose up from behind the office desk and busied himself with making entries in a ledger.

Marchmont waited until his pressure of bookkeeping slackened.

"I'd like a room," said Marchmont, "with a sea view, if possible."

LUCIE MARRIES BENNT ON HIS DEATH-BED

The personage shook his head doubtfully, then thumbed over his booking-list.

"Boy," he called, "show this gentleman up to four hundred and two."

To Marchmont's amazement, the dusky, linen-dustered porter answered the call-boy summons, only now he was rigged in a brass-buttoned jacket.

They took the elevator, and again the call-boy was transformed into an

elevator man. There followed a walk down long deserted halls, and Marchmont was ushered into his room.

"Something vitally wrong with the Continental in mid-season," he thought, and after unpacking his bags and putting on a suit of outing flannels, he went below to interview the clerk.

"I'm Henry J. Barclay," corrected that personage, "sole proprietor of the Continental." He suddenly grew confidential. "Ever since that d—n diphtheria outbreak here last month no one will come near this dump."

Marchmont sympathized with him deeply and asseverated that the disease held no terrors for him. Then lighting a cigar, he strolled over to the seawall and admired the lines of a swanlike sea-going yacht in the offing.

"Ah," he commiserated, "if that pirate Bennt had not hornswoggled me out of 'The Jackass,' such toys as yon fair yacht would ease my strenuous days."

Presently he remembered his appointment with Charlie Manders at Sherry's Casino and put the cares of a wage-earner aside.

As he walked down the drive two rakish cars of the racing type whizzed by him, almost locked bonnet to bonnet in a trial of speed. Charlie Manders was bent over the wheel of one of them and his rival, a fine-looking man with Gallic mustache, guided the other.

Marchmont arrived at the Casino and was forthwith hailed by Manders and introduced to his group of friends.

"Miss Jameson," said Charlie, in a voice that left no doubt in Marchmont's mind that she was the much-to-be-desired one.

"Count de Varnes." And Marchmont recognized the driver of the big French racing-car.

"The Count has just driven circles around Charlie's new car," the laughing girl explained to him, "and Charlie is blaming it on a puncture."

Marchmont nodded. "I hope he dont puncture Charlie's romance, too," he thought, and treasured the thought for future reference.

Marchmont was never very much of a lion with the ladies, and he permitted Charlie and the Count to monopolize the girl's attention. Nevertheless, he put in an observant afternoon, and those bland, innocent-looking eyes of his discovered that Miss Birdie Jameson was a thirty-third degree flirt; also that Count Alfred de Varnes was undeniably handsome, polished, witty and could be depended upon to show unlimited resourcefulness when the occasion arose. All of which was a bad beginning for lovesick Charlie Manders.

A messenger boy crouched over his handle-bars and flung himself, cowboy fashion, from his wheel at the sea end of the dock. He displayed the talismanic yellow envelope to the public launch-man, who lost no time in taking him aboard and in setting a course for the big yacht in the offing.

The starry and untroubled eyed woman who tore open the envelope addressed to Mrs. Lucie Bennt showed no traces of her tragic marriage and sudden bereavement. Marchmont, who professed to be a just critic but not an open admirer of women, would have frankly said that she possessed the physical attributes of a perfect woman: alert but reposeful; vigorous but graceful; strong-limbed but lithe; with eyes that looked straight at you in all modesty and a vivid skin that could index only a thoro digestion.

A sure test of nerves with a woman is the receipt of a telegram, and Lucie unconsciously braced herself for the shock.

MRS. LUCIE BENNT,
Yacht *Sapphire*, off Narragansett Pier:
There is a woman claimant for Bennt fortune under common law marriage statute of New York. Her agents are active and are searching for you. Get ashore, go to quiet hotel under assumed name and await further advices from me.

JOHN T. SHILLABER,
Attorney.

Lucie read and reread the telegram with a growing sense of dread. Since Bennt's death she had lived quietly in Paris, her one ostentatious luxury being the beautiful *Sapphire,* and she had always believed Shillaber to be an eminent and level-headed lawyer.

It dawned upon her with a sickening jolt that she had been married to a bigamist, and therefore was not his legal wife. The name she bore and the Bennt millions stood ready to be stripped off by the omniscient law. "Lucie Bennt, Adventuress," appeared to stare at her from the hungry newspaper headlines.

But all the while that the acid of the telegram ate into her brain she directed her maid in the packing of her trunks.

The public launch-man answered the *Sapphire's* signal, and Lucie took stock of his honest face and asked him to recommend a quiet hotel.

"Continental," he said, with a grin, the humor of which she understood afterwards.

The indispensable porter-bellboy-head waiter of the empty hotel met Lucie and her maid at the steps, and Henry J. Barclay went thru his usual evolutions when she entered the office. In due process they were assigned to a suite of rooms on the second floor, and Lucie disappeared to set her wardrobe to rights and dress for dinner.

The dinner hour came, and Marchmont, always fastidious in matters of dress, sauntered down from his room in a well-tailored dinner-coat that displayed his full chest and broad shoulders to his complete and solitary satisfaction.

On entering the vast and shadow-curtained dining-room he gave a start of surprise. There, in full evening regalia, under the single chandelier that was burning, sat a beautiful woman.

The porter, who was by this time acting in his capacity of head waiter, swooped down on him, the whites of his slumberous eyes fairly goggling with anticipation. "This way, sah—follow me, sah," and he escorted Marchmont forthwith to the lady's table.

"Seein' as you," he said by way of introduction, "is de onliest two in dis caravansary, I make you acquainted one with each othah. Missus Fairbanks, dis am Mistah Marchmont."

Their blushes vied with each other in intensity, and Marchmont was in two panicky minds whether to land a tremendous kick on the darkey or to dive under the nearest table.

Lucie broke the tension with a whole-souled little laugh.

"Pray be seated," she said; "the hospitality of the Continental is boundless, and it certainly knows how to take care of the overflow."

"I never would have thought of stopping here," apologized Marchmont, seating himself, "if I wasn't diphtheria-proof and wedded to the hotel thru past associations."

"Diphtheria?" gasped Lucie.

"I see you are not initiated," said Marchmont, who thereupon proceeded to tell her the historic rise and fall of the famous hotel.

Lucie could not help laughing at his droll recital, and the antics of Solomon, the head and only waiter, sent them into fresh gales of merriment.

"I am positive," said Marchmont, "that when he calls out the orders at the kitchen doors, that he goes in and serves them himself. If I ever can afford a valet, I'll speak up for Solomon."

With such light chaff they whiled away the tedium of the dinner.

They rose from the table with the bond of loneliness in the shadow-filled place holding them together. Marchmont ventured an invitation. "Have you seen the coast at night," he asked, "with the surf licking over the boulders? It's glorious!"

"As you've put and answered the question yourself," she parried, "I'm afraid I haven't had the pleasure."

And therein she told a deliberate lie, for she'd watched the giant sport of the surf for hours thru her night-glasses on the *Sapphire*.

They came out upon the beach and, seated on a dry rock, listened to the mighty orchestral boom of the sea. The light from the *Sapphire's* port-holes showed plainly, picking out her white hull like a pearl in a black setting.

At sight of the yacht Marchmont's thoughts luxuriated, and he told his silent listener the sad story of his mining deal with old Bennt and how close he had come to the two million.

"Yes," he said, in almost savage conclusion, "and now his old shrew of a widow has it, and I'd certainly like to run across her in the dark."

Then Lucie did an unexpected thing. She laughed heartily, and his estimate of her funny-bone development dropped suddenly.

"I believe we had better be going back," said Marchmont; "it's getting quite chilly." And with his perfect evening on the edge of spoiling he escorted her back to the hotel.

Henry J. Barclay still sat in blissful, alcoholic slumber behind his desk. At one period during his beauty sleep he had had a most vivid dream of another guest who tiptoed stealthily up to the register and made note of the entry: "Mrs. Lucie Fairbanks and maid, Providence, Rhode Island." When he opened his eyes, the visionary guest had disappeared.

But Barclay was used to dream-guests and dozed off again, while Marchmont sat out on the darkened veranda and reviewed the ghosts of past evening promenades.

He was moody and depressed. The empty hotel was getting on his nerves and the delectable fairy princess of the evening had turned out to be a hard-hearted, calculating, veneered——

Merciful heavens! What was that?

THEIR BLUSHES VIED WITH EACH OTHER IN INTENSITY

A woman's scream from somewhere in the bowels of the solitary hotel.

Marchmont jumped up prepared to rush in and land a telling blow on the ruby proboscis of the proprietor.

The swift patter of slippered feet sounded on the stairs, and his companion of the evening descended to the office and crossed rapidly to the veranda.

"Oh, Mr. Marchmont!" she cried, "you are here?" And he could not

help but thrill at the protective appeal in her question and her soft helplessness as she clutched her dressing-gown around her dainty white finery.

"Calm yourself, Miss—Mrs. Fairbank. What has happened?"

"I was preparing for bed," she explained breathlessly, "and my maid had

THE MAN IN THE ROOM ABOVE

already retired, so I did not disturb her. Suddenly, in the unearthly quiet I heard a sound like a man gritting his teeth, and glancing upward, I saw that my chandelier was quivering violently. I screamed. There followed a crash, the fall of some heavy body, and I rushed downstairs."

"You have done the proper thing," assured Marchmont, using the first phrase that popped into his head, "and your recital interests me.

"Bah! that wont do at all," he cried, at her look of amazement. "If you'll wait in the office I'll investigate."

Marchmont mounted the stairs to his room with the silent skill of a burglar and unbuckled the long strap that twice girdled his trunk. With a sheaf of newspapers and the trailing strap in his hands, he descended the stairs and buckled the strap across the stair-landing leading below. Then down thru the tunnel-like hallway he groped his way to the door of the room that he judged to be directly above Mrs. Fairbanks'.

Marchmont pressed his yearning ear to the door-casing, but no sound came from within. His plan was ready for execution. Lighting a match cautiously, he set fire to the sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Fire!" he bellowed.

Almost instantly the result followed. The door to the next room flew open, and a man shot out, screening his face.

Marchmont wheeled about and sprang after him.

At the head of the stairs the taut trunk-strap caught the intruder fairly across the knees and, with a shriek of terror, he hurtled downward. "*Very good,*" said Marchmont, paraphrasing the remark of the late lamented Bennt to himself; "that's the brightest thing you've done, Marchy—shake!"

He walked to the stair-head and peered downward, sure of his prey.

A series of heart-breaking screams mounted up from the office. Marchmont flung himself down the steps three at a time. Mrs. Fairbanks stood backed against the office railing, her eyes dilated in terror and her shining hair loose and curling about her.

"The thief or crook—or husband—whichever he is," gasped Marchmont—"which way did he go?"

Lucie's eyes were fixed on the floor before her. Marchmont followed their stare to the sprinkle of fresh blood-stains that patterned the office floor.

This story will be continued in the March number of the Motion Picture Magazine

ROSE TAPLEY

THE ANSWER LADY

A New Department, in Which a Prominent Motion Picture Actress Will Answer Every Month, Questions That Thousands of Young Men and Women Are Asking Every Day

My Dear Boys and Girls:

For a long time I have been confronted by a problem for which I could seem to find no solution. It was this: I love you, my boys and girls, big and little, who enjoy the movies, and perhaps some of you realize this, because of the letters you have written me asking for advice, some showing how badly you need a little encouragement or a bit of petting and comforting. But how to find time to answer you all individually was my problem, and suddenly came the big solution. You all read and love the Motion Picture Magazine. Why not write one long letter every month with a thought or message to you all, not mentioning names, to be sure, but still containing something for each one of you—a real heart-to-heart talk? I thought of this idea, and at last wrote Mr. Brewster of my plan, and he very kindly agreed to let me use his magazine, or rather the magazine he edits for you, as a medium of communication between us. How do you like the idea? For my part, I'll promise not to preach too much, but I shant hesitate to scold you a little if I feel you need it. Wont you just adopt me as a sort of older sister who has lived in the world and faced all the problems, temptations and disappointments you may meet, and who can understand and sympathize with you? Perhaps, too, I can help you a little. I will try very sincerely, for I am very grateful for my blessings and would like to feel I am doing my share of good in the world.

A Little Girl in Pennsylvania.—You say you find time hangs heavily on your hands. Sakes alive, child! I am ashamed of you. Now just think of all the happiness you could create for yourself and others if you sat down for five minutes and thought of the worst little monkeys you taught during summer school, to see if you couldn't round them up, form a club, coax mother to let you have the kitchen once or twice a week and have them play games. This would direct them to think for themselves. Give tiny prizes for the best conduct, etc. What with planning for them and playing with them I promise you'll never know another lonely moment.

Dear Boy, Who Is Lonely for His Mother.—You've a lot of lovely memories and high ideals to aim for. How happy she must feel if she knows—and I think she does—that her boy is trying to live as she would wish. I think you are wise to get out into the

country that she loved. We always seem a bit nearer to our lost loved ones when we are out in God's green fields and pure air. Keep up your courage, boy. Time will help heal the wound and each day well lived brings its own reward.

My Dear Ohioan Child—How can you grieve because you are not beautiful? Do you know that if you just conquer every unkind thought and try to think of something kind; if you'd smile when you'd like to frown; if you would just make up your mind to see how much happiness you could make for others every day, after awhile—not at once, mind, but gradually—people would begin to say: "I dont know why, but, really, Alice is getting to be a very attractive child; there is something so lovable about her." Just you try it and see.

Dear me! how I do run on. I must close now or Mr. Brewster will inquire if I want a whole magazine, and it wouldn't do to have him think me a greedy, inconsiderate person right at the very beginning, now would it? I'll write again next month, and then we'll have a real honest-to-goodness talk, wont we? All I know shall belong to you. With love to all, from

Your would-like-to-be Big Sister,
Rose E. Tapley.

Here is a letter which Rose Tapley has just received and which speaks for itself. Miss Tapley's address will be "Care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.," and she will try to answer all correspondence thru this department:

My Dear Miss Tapley:

The Film Favorites Society, of which I am secretary, is organizing a ROSE TAPLEY BRANCH. Our members are scattered all over the State, and we hope to have them all over the United States by the first of the year.

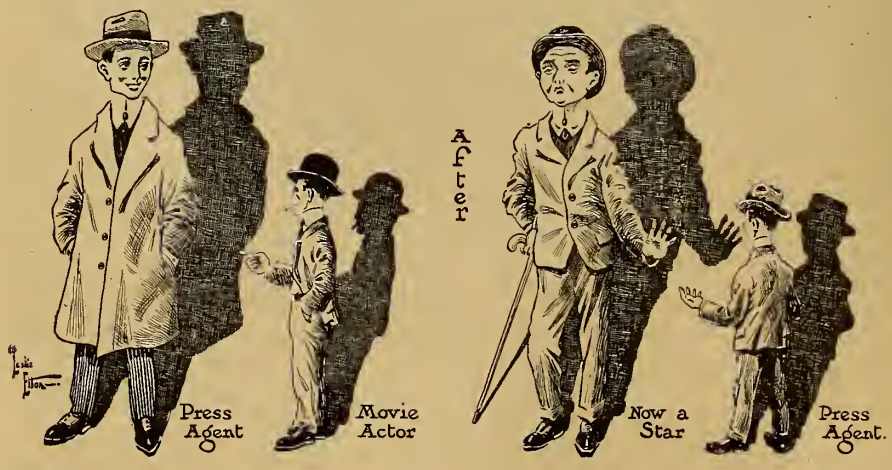
The initiation fee and annual dues are $1.75; that is, they pay twenty-five cents over the cost of our official magazine, which happens to be the Motion Picture Magazine, which they will obtain for the entire year, also a photo of the president of the branch, which happens to be Miss Rose Tapley.

If you would kindly mention the above to your admirers we would appreciate same; or, send us a list and we will get in direct touch with them. Address all applications to me personally.

Requirement—a Motion Picture fan, a loyal follower of Miss Rose Tapley, either boy or girl.

My little niece is angry because she has to pay ten cents to see you now. She sends all the love she can spare, she says, and that is a whole lot.

With best wishes, I am, very truly yours,
Roanoke, Va. Luther Chocklett.



BEFORE AND AFTER "ARRIVING"

Bonnie blue Irish eyes,
You're hauntin' my heart tonight;
I'm dreamin' you're mistin' with sudden tear
And glimmin' with sudden light.

Bonnie blue Irish eyes,
You sing in my blood today;
And, O och hone! my heart keeps tune
In the same old gladsome way.

MRS. PAT O'GRADY was not a lovely thing to look upon. She had the map of her native land stamped triumphantly upon her features. Her hair, once carrot-red, was an unlovely gray and unprolific. Her body was gnarled from overmuch unprofitable laundering of clothes, and there hung about her an air of apprehension that had not left her

since the late Patrick O'G. had catapulted to the ground from an unsteady scaffold and there breathed his last.

Patrick O'G. had left to his relict a conspicuous absence of bank account and a heathenishly beautiful daughter. If ever there had been beauty in the ancestral O'Gradys or O'Rourkes, Peggy O'Grady had drained each drop of it into her fairy body. Ireland, country of the warm, wild heart, the little folk and the sons of oppression; Ireland, more fancy than fact, had yielded up her glamor and her warmth and set them like twin stars in the warm Irish eyes of Peggy O'Grady. For the rest of her, there was skin like white roses; tumbly, ruddy-brown curls that caught men's hearts and twisted round about them, and a mouth like a scarlet, laughing flower drunk with sun-madness.

"Divil me soul!" lamented Ma O'Grady, "it's the looks of her is the banshee in me house—it whistles in the heart of me like a thing accursed——"

There was one other daughter—a slim, frail girl, too frail to do anything but keep the meager household that Peggy's wages and her mother's toil made possible.

Peggy labored optimistically in Cooper-Norton's, the largest store in the city. She sold jewelry at the imitation jewelry counter and dreamed gigantic dreams. "Shure then, ma darlint," she would laugh sometimes, "there'll be an auter for you soon, and a coach-and-four, and silks and jewels and——"

"Then—"Whist, colleen," Mrs. O'Grady would answer, eyes wet as rain from the young touch and the young faith, "it's a good woman I'm wantin' of you, machree. I'm afraid of these fine people and their fine ways. I'm afraid—I'm afraid of your foine looks, my girl——"

Then Peggy would laugh long and deliciously with her crimson flower-mouth and dress up outlandishly in a flaunting, tawdry hat and a cheap, tawdry waist, both of which conspired together to quench her bright beauty and both of which dismally failed. Then she would sally forth to her day's work, chewing gum audaciously, and, oh! to the dimmed, weak eyes that followed her, so audaciously, perilously pretty.

Mrs. Pat O'Grady did fine laundry. Her name, given in matrimony, precluded it being called French, for Mrs. O'Grady was honest to her blunt finger-tips. "Me name is Irish," she was wont to say boastfully, "and I'm as Irish as me name, and no shame to me, nayther."

The fine laundry naturally took Mrs. O'Grady among the fine people: fine ladies who wore stuffs fashioned of cobwebs—"and Gawd be with yer soul if the iron was that hot!"—and fine gentlemen who wore silken raiment with monograms embroidered over their hearts—gentlemen who smoked many slender, white cigarets and had rooms littered with ladies' pictures in every state of dress and undress. It was in these rooms and in this atmosphere that the Great Fear took demoniac possession of Mrs. O'Grady. For, scanning the photographs closely, it dawned upon Ma O'Grady that not one of the beauteous damsels, concealed or exposed, was as radiantly lovely as her own Peggy from County Cork, Ireland. And in this vast city of many men and women, to whose beauty Peggy was as a wild rose to a papier-mâché blossom retailed at Cooper-Norton's, how was Peggy to escape? What chance had Peggy of being a good woman—an honest woman—a woman raised in the fear of God and the Holy Virgin? Mrs. O'Grady could see no chance. And her hair grew a little grayer and a little thinner, and her spare shoulders stooped a little more brokenly, and the lines about her mouth deepened almost perceptibly. For Peggy was the romance in the heart of Mrs. O'Grady. She was the fancy and the glamor that is as the blood it pumps to the elf-haunted Irish heart. Her beauty opened like a quivering flower in the dim, drab tenement and the dim, drab days of the Irish washerwoman and filled them with a glory

supernal. And that Peggy should be *good*—good and pure like the Blessed Virgin—good enough for the "swate, hivinly face on her"—was the core of the prayer of the mother's heart. If she were not, then there was an end to all things, insofar as they concerned the widow of Patrick O'G.

There was one way in which Peggy might be made secure, her beauty fast from all covetous eyes. And that was to wed with the only too willing Larry Moore, who kept a diminutive grocery store under the O'Grady tenement. But Larry was likewise labeled by his native land, and he certainly didn't measure up to "the floor-walking guys at Cooper-Norton's, who are such swell dressers, ma, that they make himself look like a dill pickle," —"himself" being the unfortunate Larry. And as for the gentlemen who came in to buy—"Ah, glory be to God! if the eyes of yer would set on 'em just."

And so it was that Ma O'Grady ironed silken shirts worriedly, and Kitty O'Grady looked likewise abstracted, and honest-souled Larry Moore ran up twice a day to see what he could do for the relations of his adored one. "Tho I'm the dhirt undher the feet of herself," he complained bitterly to Kitty. "Shure, what chanst has a feller with the loikes of what she sees, at all?"

HONEST-SOULED LARRY MOORE RAN UP TWICE A DAY

And Kitty would shake her head and give up the argument, and Ma O'Grady would be sure that the smart miss could look further and do worse, and Larry would depart for his contracted business venture with a grain of hope in his worshipful soul. "Shure she's the light o' the mornin', the darlint," he would whisper, "and it's me that hates to see the swate face of her shinin' on the trash she sees."

There dawned one terrible day in the tenement of the Clan O'Grady. To begin with, Kitty had burnt the

breakfast, and that can be more of a tragedy than a mishap in some households. Then Ma O'Grady had discerned Peggy in the act of making her naturally impossible scarlet mouth still more impossibly scarlet, and a fearful scene had ensued, from which Peggy emerged no better, if her mother was to be believed, than the most abject Magdalene. Youth, ever resentful, ever imperious and ever direfully certain as to its rights and privileges, rose and trampled upon the now feebly protesting and tragically fearful parent. "If it's a Larry Moore you're steerin' me on, Mrs. O'Grady," she declaimed shrilly, "you can have the pleasure of passin' him *on*. If the likes of me—for I've yet to be called *plain*, Mrs. O'Grady—cant get a *man* that *is* a man, then it'll be Peggy O'Grady till it's at rest I am, and it's none of that last I'm gettin' in home, sweet home at that——"

"Who?" ventured Ma O'Grady, thoughts careening wildly among bizarre ladies, costumeless, and tales of ruin lamentable to hear. "Are ye —is there——"

Peggy added the ninth layer of brunette powder to her insouciant nose and flirted her curls carelessly.

"GLORY TO GOD! MA, IT'S BURNING THE SHIRT Y——"

"There's plenty of men glad of the honor of escortin' me out, ma, if *that's* what you mean," she said; "and I'm not goin' to be Mrs. Larry Phelin Moore *this* day or year. Now I must be off. I've a—date tonight—I—Glory to God! ma, it's burning the shirt y——"

Mrs. O'Grady, who had taken to the board during the controversy and the dressing operations of her daughter, raised the smoking iron violently. There was a strong, scorched odor,

and on the violet silk shirt the black impress of the iron. Mrs. O'Grady wept. She wept with the sudden and complete abandon of a strain giving way under a trifling occurrence. She raised up her voice and afforded infinite amusement to the tenements round about. She raised up her apron to her worn-out eyes and shook helplessly.

Peggy's tender arms were around the scraggly neck in an instant; Peggy's exaggerated mouth was cuddling close to one ear. "Ma darlint," it was comforting, "shure it was an accident—dont take on so—only a cheap skate would make you pay—only a—a *mutt,* ma deary."

But Ma O'Grady refused to be comforted. It was the proverbial straw, and it broke the bent control. Ma O'Grady wept thoroly and disconsolately and continued to weep long after Peggy had powdered up the ravages on her own complexion and sallied reluctantly forth.

Kitty cleaned up the charred remains of breakfast and packed up the charred remains of the laundry an hour later. Ma O'Grady went up to the fine gentleman's apartment to deliver his damaged raiment in fear and trembling.

Of all the fine gentlemen on Mrs. O'Grady's list, and of all the fine gentlemen's apartments this one of Edward Sumner's inspired most deeply the Great Fear in the overworked heart of Ma O'Grady. It wasn't so much that Edward's walls were thick-plastered with redoubtable photos autographed in all kinds of endearing terms; it wasn't only that his shelves were littered with all manner of souvenirs, consisting chiefly of bits of ladies' wearing apparel. It was something in his fine, dark eyes that brought mistrust to the uncompromising, honest heart. Impersonal, brief, abstracted as his attention to her necessarily had been, Mrs. O'Grady detected that in the fine gentleman which did not ring true.

There was little of sham, however, in the wrath which he rained down upon her bent head when she timidly displayed the disfigured shirt. His indignation was tremendous.

"You d——n women make me sick," he growled, "and you'll stand and whine, I s'pose, if you're not paid. Well, you dont get paid for *this,* by heck, and you needn't——"

"IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, SORR——"

"It was an accident, sorr——" Mrs. O'Grady interposed timidly, thinking of the breathlessly approaching rent day and the new shoes Peggy *had* to have——

"That doesn't mend my shirt," scowled Edward—"that's all."

That night Ma O'Grady ate her supper with the Great Fear heavy upon her. Peggy had not come home. And where in all that intricate city she might be found was fathoms

beyond Ma O'Grady. Thru her misted eyes she caught terrible, tantalizing visions of Peggy — visions, the phantoms of her own excited brain: Peggy, with her slim, white shoulders bared; Peggy, with her scarlet mouth ready and eager; Peggy, her whole lovely body given over to the devil and all his works. And Ma O'Grady, to whom Peggy had been the whole and more of life, spilled copious tears into her bean soup and prayed to the Virgin and all the saints and also the departed soul of Patrick O'G.

Kitty did her evening work and went to bed, but Ma O'Grady sat stiffly up. Thru her sore mind went the sorry events of the day: the ruined shirt; Edward Sumner's voice, and over and beyond it all, Peggy—lovely, witching Peggy; Peggy who was more beautiful than all the beautiful women in all the City of Many Beautiful Women; Peggy, whom all men would want. "Ah, glory to God!" the poor mother groaned out, "it's a curse to me, the pretty face herself has got, and himself not here to protect her." That Patrick O'G. had been a most inefficient person did not figure after his sad demise.

"NOW, THROW HIM OUT,

It was nearing midnight when Ma O'Grady decided to go down to Larry Moore's in a last hope of hearing of Peggy. She sometimes stopped in to see Larry on her way from work or an evening at the movies.

Peggy was there, sitting on the counter, chatting frivolously to the enraptured Larry, and leaning indolently by her, an amusedly cynical expression on his face, was Edward Sumner.

Peggy caught sight of her mother's taut, astounded figure first, and, with her usual delightful lack of perspicuity, she leaped for her.

"Shure I've been taxi ridin', ma darlint," she shrilled, "with Mr. Sumner, here—Mr. Sumner—Eddie —Mr. Sumner, meet ma——"

"I believe," the young gentleman laughed, "that I have had the—er—honor."

Peggy caught the tone, and she noted the still astonished, terrified

LARRY BOY—GOOD! WHIST, AWAY WITH HIM!"

look on her mother's face. Then she demanded harshly, "What is it?"

Ma O'Grady told it, sobbingly, and as she did so Peggy's mutable, soft face hardened and moulded. When the tale was finished, Edward Sumner laughed outright, and Peggy leaped on him. She grabbed a whip from the hand of the small delivery boy and laid on to him.

"Where's the heart in yer body, yer spalpeen?" she screamed. "Is it only for soft words and smug faces you've the taffy? Well, here—and here—and here—am I beatin' a heart in yer wooden body? If I am—let it learn to look out for the ould women, with their ould, tired faces and their gray heads; w o m e n — oh, glory to H i v i n ! — w o r t h a million the loikes of a me or a you. Come across now, Ed Sumner, y o u s o f t-soaped—— Now throw him out, Larry boy—good! Whist, a w a y with him!"

A silence fell on the little shop. T h e delivery boy sneaked out to pass the news about: how the O'Grady girl horsewhipped a swell bloke and forced him to pay money. Peggy twisted her fingers together a n d untwisted t h e m. Ma O'Grady sniffled softly. Larry watched Peggy hungrily. Suddenly s h e turned and went over to him. H e r bright head dropped against him. "Larry, dear," she whispered, as only P e g g y c o u l d do, "shure it's a heart that's the best, after all. I—I was sportin' with Ed tonight—and —other nights—I—oh, boy dear, it's a heart in the right place that counts—a warm Irish heart——"

Ma O'Grady looked on, transfigured. And as she looked, the banshee yowled eerily and took itself out of her life. Her withered breast rose and fell; her face worked; and all the tiresome hours of drudgery, the chapped, gnarled hands, the heartaches and the hidden tears slipped away like a fearsome dream. What mattered wealth or position—or worse? Peggy O'Grady had made good. She was her baby—her pride —her joy——

"Och hone, glory to God!" she sobbed, "it's herself is happy tonight—and sure so am I."

The Rival "Carmens"

FARRAR OR BARA? TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

The one is fascinating, alluring, voluptuous and altogether irresistible—which one? The other acts equally well, but when she says "I'll have all Spain at my feet" she does not look the part—which one?

GERALDINE FARRAR AS "CARMEN"

"WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?"

DESIGNATE YOUR ANSWERS BY NUMBERS. THE PICTURE AT THE TOP IS NO. 1; THE PICTURE AT THE BOTTOM IS NO. 2

THE PICTURE AT UPPER LEFT IS NO. 3; THE ONE AT UPPER RIGHT IS NO. 4; THE ONE AT BOTTOM IS NO. 5

THE LANNIGANS & BRANNIGANS

BY · JAMES G · GABLE ·

A SHRILL whistle smote the silence, and a moment later a fire-engine dashed madly down the street, followed by a hook-and-ladder, a hose-cart and the insurance patrol.

"'Tis an awful calamity," gasped Mrs. Brannigan, who had thrown a shawl over her head and hastened over to break the news to her neighbor and crony, Mrs. Lannigan. "They do say that two hospitals, three facthories, four bakeries, five churches, fifteen houses an' two solid business blocks are burnin' up."

"Oh, an' is that all?" commented Mrs. Lannigan. "I was afraid it was the emotion pitcher theayter."

"No," said Mrs. Brannigan, with a sigh of relief, "thank hiven it is not as bad as that."

"Fires do be a dreadful thing," Mrs. Lannigan observed. "I raymimber well the lasht time Moike Lannigan was fired; we lived on dry bread dipped in watther till he got another job. An' tho we didn't have a fire in the house, I was kept in hot watther ivry moment av the time by the landlord."

"Let's go over and see it," suggested Mrs. Brannigan, as she watched the crowd rushing in pursuit of the fleeing engines.

"Ah, go along with ye!" exclaimed Mrs. Lannigan. "Phwy do ye want to waste your time on a little dinky affair, whin ye can see somethin' bether than that anny day on the screams?"

"That's so," Mrs. Brannigan agreed readily. "I hadn't thot av thot. Have ye seen 'Scandal' yet?"

"Naw, I haven't," Mrs. Lannigan replied, "but it's not me thot's worryin'. I can hear Annie Kelly 'most any time."

"Just see the paple runnin'!" Mrs. Brannigan exclaimed. "It must be an awful fire!"

"It must," Mrs. Lannigan agreed. "But did ye see the awful fire they had in that Essanay fillum?—for me loife I cant think of the name, but 'twas somethin' about huntin' a man."

"Naw, I dont raymimber that; but I seen Harry what's his name? Sofa? Naw. Lounge? Naw. Settee? Naw, that aint it ayther. Oh, yis, Davenport, that's it. I knew it was some kind av parlor furniture. I saw Harry Davenport an' Rose Toppy in a Vittagraft play that was writ wid wan hand tied behind him, by Roy McCoddle. There was sure some fire in that! Jaw bribed a naygur cook to fake a configuration, as Father Mulcahey wud call it, an' then portended to rescue his wife an' two childer, makin' thim belave he was a hero. An' thin it was she said she'd niver go thru his pockets agin, an' sent away for a Carnaggy metal for him."

"Have ye seen Mary Pickfoot in 'Rags'?" Mrs. Lannigan asked.

"If it's the Infamous Player you're spakin' of," Mrs. Brannigan replied, "'tis always swell she's been dressed when I've seen her. But ye should have seen 'The Country Gyurl'—that was illegant! 'Twas a Simp fillum belongin' to the Universalist Company, wid the scenery by Dwight Claveland, the protection

by Clam Easyone, the scrubbin' by Biddy Malone, an' the ladin' part by Frances Smellsome."

"Is she purty?" Mrs. Lannigan inquired, beginning to show interest.

"Purty as a fashion-plate," Mrs. Brannigan declared, "an' the story is foine! Nothin' would do Frances Bug but to go to the city, an' off she goes, and it's there she meets John Olives——"

"Olives—niver a one would I ate," Mrs. Lannigan objected; "it's no good they are."

"Well, this fellow was true to his name, all right," Mrs. Brannigan retorted. "He was a villyun av the deepest dye. Walter Steal was one of the high-up men she was workin' for, and it was himself that loved the gyrul and warned her aginst the other one; but not a word will she hear, until Olives goes too far, an' she sees for herself what he is; then it is that Walter proposes, an' she tells him 'tis him she has always been lovin', amid great applause."

"I misdoubt not 'twas good," admitted Mrs. Lannigan, "but ye should have seen Hubbard Rollingsome an' Anna Small in 'The Quane av Hearts.' Sure there was a scream play to make ye sit up an' take notice! The hero was a spindthrift and gambler——"

"Bad cess to the gamblers," Mrs. Brannigan objected. "Pat lost two bits playin' pitch lasht night."

"JAW BRIBED A NAYGUR COOK TO FAKE A CONFIGURATION"

"An' he made all kinds av money——"

"Oh, well," Mrs. Brannigan conceded, "if ye win 'tis different."

"He got hold av the plans the vile

"They always do," Mrs. Brannigan commented; "there's money in it."

"Right ye are," Mrs. Lannigan agreed. "But have ye seen Mortal

"THE GYURL GOES CRAZY AGIN AND STARTS WANDERIN' WID THE FIDDLER"

vilyun an' cigaret-smokin' vilyuness have stholen, an'—afther he has grown rich at it—gives up his gamblin'—night-work dont agray wid him—thin he marries the Quane av Hearts an' becomes a rayformer."

Tanhim in that Killem play, 'When the Mind Shlapes'?"

" 'Tis little I know about the mind shlapin'," Mrs. Brannigan replied. "But when Pat shlapes I have the divil's own time wakin' him."

"I dont," Mrs. Lannigan declared proudly. "Whiniver Moike dont get up whin I call him, I always douse him wid ice-watther an' it niver fails, for he's not much of a hand for watther. But the play aint nothin' like that. A wake-witted woman—who raysimbles you in iverything except that she's rale good-lookin'—wanders away wid a fiddler. You may know she has bats in her belfry, for no wan in her right mind wud ever take a second look at a fiddler. She comes to a docther, who has a drug that will give a crazy person good sense as long as they use it—I wish I had some now to give to Annie Kelly, the auld rip! The docther an' his insistent both want to marry her. The two of thim fight a doole. The docther is kilt dead; the insistent immortally wounded; the precious drug lost, and the gyurl goes crazy agin, an' as proof av the fact starts wanderin' wanst more wid the fiddler."

"Well, I dunno," began Mrs. Brannigan, doubtfully; "that's kinda sad.

"An' spakin' av sad things—have ye heard the latest? That foine young man over at the Vittagraft—Anthony Moreno—tho whativer Saint Anthony was thinkin' av to give him a father with a name like that—well, it's him and no other that has gone to the dogs. Niver moind shakin' your head—dont I see it pasthed up iverywhere? But I'm thinkin' it's little they have to do to be advertisin' the likes av that all over the country. Now what I like——"

"Yis, 'tis well I know what you like," interrupted Mrs. Lannigan, "but ye should have seen 'Coral' that was got out by the Buysome Company av the Universalists. Marry Walldamp was the ladin' lady, av coorse, an' Wellington Platter took the hero's part. Bein' rich an' havin' no good hard daycent work to do, he began fiddlin' with paints. The arthquake in Italy was caused by Mickey Hanglo, Raffyell an' the rest av the rale wans turnin' over in their graves when they heard av it. That foine characther actor, Rex Dye Rushyellow, was wid them, too. But he died airly in the avenin' an' let the play go on.

"Sure 'tis miracles they perform in that play, no less. Coral takes a swim in the say—an' a fine bould swimmer she is, too—an' afther comin' out, upon mateing the hero wasn't her hair as dry as a timperance lecture, an' as nicely marshyelled as ye plase; an' the vilyuness is kilt dead in a railroad wreck, wid thick flames an' smoke all over iverything, but when they took her out av the upturned car, her white waist was as clane as my conscience—not a speck on it."

"Quare things happen in the Movies an' at the Movies," Mrs. Brannigan declared. "Only lasht night they flashed the title, 'God's Great Work,' on the scream, an' below it was the sign: 'Approved by the National Board av Censureship,' which was awful nice av thim."

"Well," said Mrs. Lannigan caustically, " 'tis glad I am that they found somethin' to approve av. 'Tis a wonder ye didn't die laughin'. There do be some awful accidents at the Movies, too."

"There do indeed," Mrs. Brannigan agreed.

"Yis, I mind wanst whin I was watchin' Mary Fullup an' Peddle Dough Cornbread in 'Jeanne o' the Woods,' I was so inthrusted that I laid me little bit av marketin'—some tomatoes, a dozen eggs, a pound av butter, a quart av chow-chow an' a pint av iysters—on a vacant seat, an' forgot all about thim till a female woman in an illegant blue silk dress kim in an' set down on thim. An' the way that woman talked to me ye'd think she had no manners a-tall. An' I'd niver aven been inthroduced to her."

"Some paple are dreadful impolite," said Mrs. Brannigan.

" 'Tis right ye are," Mrs. Lannigan agreed; "it dont pay to be as meek as watther. I'd use me fist upon the fust woman that did the loikes to me."

He Makes the World Laugh

Arthur Hausman's appearance on the screen is always greeted with laughter. He has the art of making his fun spontaneous, but he is a hard worker, and his irresistible humor is carefully and seriously studied out. His variety of funny antics are all original, and tho he enjoys playing all comedy parts, "boob" rôles are his favorites. Mr. Hausman has recently joined the Lubin Company

MOVIES
LIQUOR
THE PHOTO-PLAY IS PROVING MOST EFFICIENT IN SUPPRESSING THE EXCESSIVE USE OF LIQUOR !!
NO EFFORT OR EXPENSE IS BEING SPARED TO BRING THE BEST TALENT BEFORE THE CAMERA !!
MANAGER
THE SCREEN
STAR
STAGE
TO-DAY
CHILDREN 5¢
ADULTS 10¢
THE WHOLE JONES FAMILY SEE A PHOTO PLAY FOR THE PRICE OF A SINGLE SEAT IN THE BALCONY AT A STAGE PERFORMANCE !!
PHOTO PLAYERS ACTUALLY RISK THEIR LIVES IN THE 'THRILLERS'!!
REPRESENTATIVES OF AMERICAN FILM COMPANIES ARE AT THE FRONT IN EUROPE PICTURIZING THE WAR FOR POSTERITY !!
MANY PROGRESSIVE CITIES TEACH HISTORY BY FILM SCENES—AND THE ATTENDANCE IS ALWAYS CLOSE TO 100% !!

JUNE

The Flower Girl

(JUNE KEITH)

And How She Became a Photoplayer

I LOVE flowers—perhaps because I was born in June, for that's the month of roses, you know. Mother called me June, and the name has always clung to me—altho I do remember, in my pinafore days, of a red-headed, freckled little fellow who pulled my pigtails and called me "June Bug."

Ever since I was a kiddie I've had my little garden, where I could plan just what I wanted. Each year I've raised different kinds of flowers, and it has been such fun to look after them and watch them grow—pansies, nasturtiums, sweet-peas, and, best of all, my bed of lilies-of-the-valley, hidden away in the coolest, shadiest spot you ever saw.

But I must tell you something of myself, mustn't I? I ran away to go on the stage, and my first part, in a small stock company, was only one line, and my salary six dollars a week, yet I was as happy as a Broadway star. I played in that little stock com-

JUNE KEITH

pany eight weeks, gradually getting better parts and a larger salary.

One day I secured a good engagement as ingénue with the Clark-Brown Stock Company, of Ottawa, Canada. I played the season there; then a summer season, as leading woman, in Milwaukee. I then had my first real opportunity in New York, as leading woman to Edmund Breese, in "The Master Mind"; then the lead in "Stop Thief," and my last engagement on the legitimate stage was as Nan Ping, with Walker Whiteside, in "Mr. Wu."

But the movies called to me, and now I am starring with the Essanay Film Company.

Perhaps some day, if you are a movie fan, I may come to know you. and, if I do, I'll take you into my old-fashioned rose-garden and let you gather "June" roses to your heart's content.

Rest in the Play-World

By STOKELY S. FISHER, A.M., D.D., Sc.D.

We are tired, dear, let us rest
In the play-world, where life is play;
The realm of dreams is best—
Oh! best for our hearts today.

The pictures dim in the breast
May brighten to colors gay;
We are tired, dear, let us rest
In the play-world, where life is play.

Tired, dear, of the work and the quest,
Of the long and uphill way,
Of the failure half-confessed,
And of hope grown wholly gray.
We are tired, dear, let us rest
In the play-world, where life is play.

THE MOVIE DICTIONARY

By JOHN JESCO, JR.

ACTRESS—A young lady with a "charming personality"—according to her press agent.

ADVERTISING SLIDES—A highly colored invention of Satan to tax the patience of movie patrons.

BANDIT—A bewhiskered gentleman who has displaced Santa Claus as the small boy's idol.

CENSORSHIP—The board down which many Motion Pictures slide to oblivion.

COMEDY—Baby-carriage without brakes, hill, nurse, policemen, crowd, all running, river, splash.

DIRECTOR—The highest authority in the Motion Picture world; the great plenipotentiary whose word is law.

EMOTION—What the leading lady betrays by her heaving breast.

ENTRANCE—A small detail of a movie theater which should not be overlooked, but which often is.

FAN—A person who calls all the players by their first names, criticizes the pictures and is, in general, quite superior to ordinary mortals.

FILM—What the movies will do for the vaudeville theaters, if they are empty.

GLOAMING—The time of the day at which the hero kisses the heroine. See KISS.

GOUT—What the old gentleman, whose daughter elopes, invariably has.

HERO—A flawless creature with thick, wavy hair and "dreamy eyes."

INTRIGUE (drama of)—A play in which the plans are stolen. See VILLAIN.

JUNGLE—Where the villain is left to die when the hero and heroine sail away with the lost treasure.

KISS—An operation occupying the last three minutes of every love drama

LAVISH—What the productions of all feature films are, particularly when they are short on talent and long on cash.

MOVIES—The elevators in the office building of life. Also slang for photoshow.

NICK OF TIME—When the hero arrives.

OPERA—What the movies are to us all.

PEST—An insect that invades Motion Picture theaters, talks loudly during a picture and refuses to remove its hat. See also IDIOT.

QUAIL—What the villain does before the hero.

RANCH—What the handsome young cowboy is foreman of.

SCENARIO—What nine persons out of ten could write "if they only had the time."

SERIAL—A hair-raising succession of narrow escapes, railroad smash-ups and aeroplane accidents.

TALENT—What every girl thinks she has, in regard to Motion Picture acting.

USHER—An important personage in brass buttons whose position every small boy envies.

VILLAIN—The Japanese servant who steals the plans of the new submarine. There are also fifty-seven other varieties.

WESTERN PICTURE—Mexicans and Indians, hero, ambush, noose, heroine, sheriff, rescue.

XIT—What to look for when the manager starts to exhibit advertising slides.

YACHT—What is blown up after every one gets off but the villain.

ZENITH—That part of popular approval that the movies occupy.

THE MOTION PICTURE BOY
STUDIES INSTITUTIONS TO LEARN TRUE SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE
SCHOOL
HISTORY - PAUL REVERE -
WAS HE A WHIG OR A TORY, IF SO, WHY?
ALSO STATE WHAT THE BOSTON TEA PARTY HAD TO DO WITH PAUL REVERE
AND, SIR, DO YOU THINK THE LANTERN IN THE BELFRY BURNED A CANDLE, OR, WHAT WAS LATER KNOWN AS "STANDARD OIL"
AND DON'T YOU REALLY THINK THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A WOMAN IN SUCH A HEROIC RIDE ?
ARE YOU SURE IT WAS A HORSE INSTEAD OF A MOTORCYCLE ?
HOPE VISION
DO YOU THINK HE WAS SMOOTH FACED OR WORE WHISKERS ?
SCHOOL'S OUT
TO-NIGHT ANDERSON IN PAUL REVERE'S THRILLING RIDE
THIS IS THE REAL THING

The Girl With Nine Lives

She Is Certain That She Has Lost Eight of Them. The Photographs Are the Evidence—What Do You Think?

By CECILIA MOUNT

Do you remember your childhood superstition — that cats were gifted with nine lives? Some wag, who disclaims any intention to term Helen Gibson "catty," early in that intrepid lady's career christened her "The Girl with Nine Lives." The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE representative had that phrase in mind when he set out to secure an interview with Miss Gibson, and it was the subject of his first question.

"Oh, yes," laughed Miss Gibson, "I have heard that they call me 'The Girl with Nine Lives.' Well, if the description is right, I am pretty certain that I have lost eight of the nine already, for it is a rather weird coincidence that in my career as the 'hazardous Helen' there have been just eight occasions when I really did come within a fraction of an inch of losing my life. But I am not afraid; I am just going to keep on carrying out the actions of thrilling scenarios. Only I hope the ninth extra narrow escape is a long, long way off."

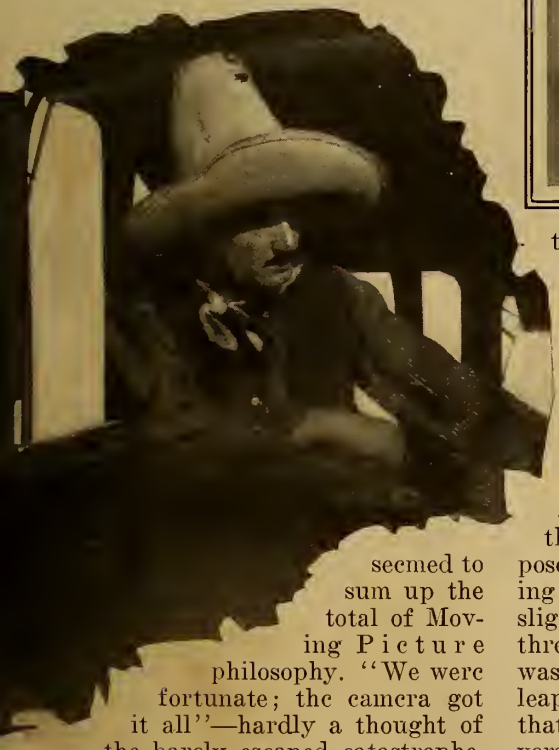
Slight of build, pretty, and with a somewhat shy air, Helen Gibson did not impress me as the reckless, daredevil type. Had I had not been long an admirer and close follower of her work on the screen, I might easily have come to the conclusion that she was the sort of girl who would climb atop a six-foot bookcase, should an innocent little mouse poke his nose out of the corner of the room. But Helen is not of the braggart type. Indeed, it was with some difficulty that I prevailed on her to tell me some of the details of the eight "lost lives."

"The one narrow escape that will always remain in my mind," she declared, "occurred when I was called upon to jump from the top of a railroad station to the top of a train that was speeding by. Of course, you can easily see that we are not able to rehearse the thrill scenes of the 'Hazards' very thoroly, since once is enough for any one to perform most of the deeds. I had measured the distance from station to train very carefully, however, and had tried the jump with the train stationary. Then, when I told the director I was ready, the camera was placed in position, and the train went a great distance down the tracks and prepared to get up speed.

"You can imagine my feelings as the train came rushing toward me. I had to calculate the moment of my leap to the fraction of a second, for a miscalculation would send me between the cars of the train. When the right moment came, I flew from the station and landed squarely atop the train. I had calculated the jump correctly; but the sudden shock of landing on a

speeding train was greater than I had imagined, and before I had secured a grip on the slippery car-top, I had rolled to the end of the car. The next second I felt would send me to eternity, but just as half my body had fallen between the cars, I secured a firm grip on one of the small air transoms that you see in the top of the car. In what seemed a terribly long time, but was really only a minute, the train had been brought to a stop. The director was running about, half crazy by this time, and the camera man told me later that it was sheer force of habit that kept him turning the crank, for his wits had completely deserted him. We certainly were fortunate, for the camera got it all.''

In her last sentence Miss Gibson seemed to sum up the total of Moving Picture philosophy. ''We were fortunate; the camera got it all''—hardly a thought of the barely escaped catastrophe, but all concern over the result for the screen.



The same trend of thought ran thru all Miss Gibson's other experiences as she related them to me. While appreciating the narrowness with which she had averted death in most of them, there was only reason for regret when the camera failed to register the full force of the peril, self-congratulation when the screen was able to show you fans all the risks that had been encountered. She told me, with the same naïve air, of the hazards which you see illustrated here: of the time when she had fallen fourteen feet from a massive railroad bridge after a thrilling fight with a gang of supposed ruffians; the leap from a speeding auto to a runaway train, when a slight swerve of the machine almost threw her to the ground. Then there was the story that called for her to leap from a hand-car to a locomotive that was pursuing her; and the reverse—when she pursued a dynamite car on a hand-car, and then jumped to the hand-rail of the freight. On both occasions slight mishaps that could not be foreseen almost brought about serious accidents. ''And you can bet,'' concluded Miss Gibson, ''I was really glad when I saw that dynamite car

S.P.L.A.&S.L.

exploded later, in the story. I am sure I felt a personal grudge against the horrid thing.

"Another thrill that almost tore my nerves to threads, if I have any nerves," she continued, "was the drop from a railroad bridge to the top of a speeding train that was going under the bridge. I also remember well the time when, riding on the cowcatcher with another player, I had to lift a man from the tracks before the locomotive. I really think that was among the worst of my experiences, for, besides myself, I had also to consider the lives of other players. You can be sure that my hair all but stood on end while we were holding the player for the few minutes that elapsed before the train could be brought to a stop. We had to go a certain distance to carry out the action of the plot. Narrow escape number eight had come in the same picture a few minutes earlier, when I had walked along the runway of the locomotive to get to the cowcatcher. In rounding a curve, I very nearly lost my balance on the narrow perch. Number nine? I dont know when it will come, but I'm not worrying. As long as the fans want railroad pictures I'll keep on taking risks playing in them."

With all the danger that is clearly attached to the making of railroad pictures, it is one of the Kalem Company's boasts that no serious accidents have ever occurred to any of the players engaged in the work. This is due in great part to the long experience of the company in staging subjects of this nature and the fact that every facility is afforded the producing force. The studio devoted to these pictures is located in a switch-yard, and the entire branch spur of a California railroad has been leased outright. Ever since Kalem originated railroad pictures, they have proven among the most popular of subjects with photoplay fans. Not a little of the popularity is due to the charming personality of Miss Gibson, the "Hazards of Helen" girl, "The Girl with Nine Lives." Look over the photographs and see if you agree with her when she says that she believes she has already lost eight of the nine.

"The Chesterfield of the Screen"

From his courtly manners and princely bearing, Donald Hall is known as "The Chesterfield of the Screen." This picture, taken last summer, shows Mr. Hall as he appears in real life

WHAT LEADING CITIZENS SAY ABOUT CENSORSHIP

A Discussion by Prominent Citizens of the Issues Involved in a Wise and Broad-Minded Censorship of Moving Picture Films

With a view to determining the general attitude toward the subject of censorship, the Editor has addressed a letter to a number of prominent citizens in all walks of life, and herewith presents their opinions without comment:

Place Under Commissioner of Education

By Charles H. Parkhurst

It is difficult to cherish more than a tentative opinion regarding some of the points presented by you. It is evident that Moving Pictures are to constitute practically an integral part of our system of public education. Why cannot the matter be placed under the general charge of the State Commissioner of Education? I see no reason for its being made an affair of the Federal Government.

The evils and vices you mention are so considerable an element in our individual and social life that a scheme of "movies" from which they are altogether excluded would hardly meet the reasonable demands of the public. To particularize at this point would be dangerous, but there is a general principle that can be stated which, if rationally applied, would seem to meet all the requirements of the case, and it is this: that nothing which is a blemish upon character should be thrown upon the screen, and nothing which is a blot upon social life, unless so presented as to produce moral resentment on the part of the spectator.

Voluntary Censorship

By Dr. Lyman Abbott

I can only say that I am in favor of making a thoro trial of voluntary censorship in co-operation with the proprietors of photoplays, before resorting to any governmental censorship, either municipal, state or national. I am strongly inclined to the opinion that such a voluntary censorship would accomplish effectively all that could be accomplished by a governmental censorship, because the plays which were able to advertise themselves as endorsed by such a body would have a great advantage over those not so endorsed.

Official Regulation

By Dr. George H. Sandison, Editor of *The Christian Herald*

In view of the phenomenal development of the photoplay business during the last few years—a development which seems to promise to go much further—it is imperative for the good of society that the presentation of all such plays should be under official regulation. This, of course, implies censorship boards. Conducted without any restraint of an official sort, it would be impossible to prevent the ultimate debasement of what should be a wholesome, helpful, delightful, attractive and instructive form of entertainment. Consequently, all photoplays should be under official supervision, and none should be produced unless a certain fixed standard of requirements has been fully complied with. It seems to me that, while a national censorship board is desirable, the real work should be done by local boards and applied to all local bodies. At the present rate of production, no one board could undertake satisfac-

torily the judicial work necessary to include the whole output.

Subjects dealing prominently with race antagonism should be avoided; this does not mean to exclude a very proper differentiation between races when it occurs incidentally in the course of a play. The point is, that a play based wholly on race antagonism and keyed upon that issue is liable to do more harm than good, especially in certain parts of the country. On the whole, therefore, such plays should be excluded.

Subjects relating to sex duplicity, unfortunately, enter so largely into the facts of human life that it is difficult to see how they can be wholly avoided. It should, however, be a fixed rule that, where crime or its suggestion occurs in a play, the work, as presented, should be skilfully guarded from anything that would pander to morbid tastes, or that would savor of indecency or even impropriety. Crime is a fact in the world. If the influence of such a play is to awaken in the mind of the observer a wholesome detestation of crime and a warm appreciation of virtue, then the lesson will be a good one. This whole subject, however, is one so extremely delicate that it needs to be handled with unusual skill and care, so that nothing that would be offensive to good morals, or to the taste of an intelligent audience, could possibly be thrown on the screen.

Plays that are based wholly on crimes of violence, or drunkenness and gambling, I should regard with serious doubt. There are so many attractive topics that it would be a pity to permit the repulsive, the suggestive, the vile, to flaunt itself on the screen. It has been widely claimed that the presentation of crime breeds crime—that in many audiences there are people, particularly young persons, who are easily influenced to imitation, and who may be made criminals thru witnessing realistic plays of this character.

Plays in which carousals are presented, whether of men or women, should be eliminated. They pander to a morbid taste and are an offense to a decent audience. Their influence can only be evil. There may be plays otherwise unexceptionable, and yet which have something of this character at some point in the course of action, which might appeal to the censors as essential to the moral purpose of the play. Such cases can be dealt with individually; but, speaking for a general principle, anything that savors of carousals, or scenes of debauch, is to be avoided.

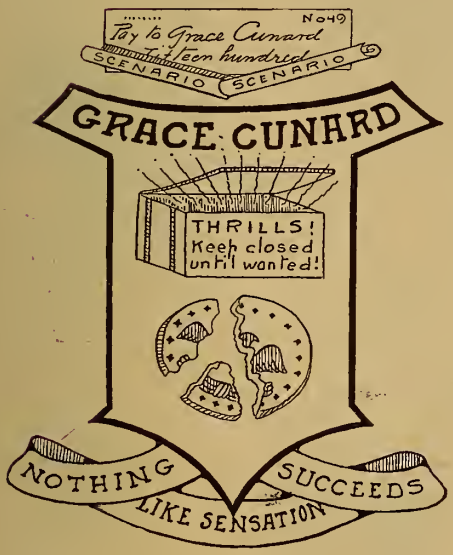
In considering the effect produced on a mixed audience, varying in age and nationality, by a photoplay showing human life at its best and worst it is extremely difficult to form any judgment that would be of value. A Jewish audience would probably revolt at "The Merchant of Venice." Young people have a different point of view from their elders. This question, therefore, would necessarily be restricted to consideration of the individual play in question. It may, however, be laid down as a general principle that a good, wholesome presentation of human life in any age, or representing any nationality, could not seriously offend such an audience if the play, as a whole, were free from such faults as have already been indicated. No play should be considered that has not a good moral and a wholesome influence. Morbid plays, plays that verge on the indecent, plays that offend any particular race or nation, plays that exalt crime by showing the skilfulness of master criminals, should not be considered fit for presentation. Remembering that entertainment, amusement, instruction and inspiration, and the exaltation of the nobler qualities of manhood and womanhood, are, or should be, the mission of a good play, it should not be difficult to draw the line at those productions that cannot meet at least some of those requirements.

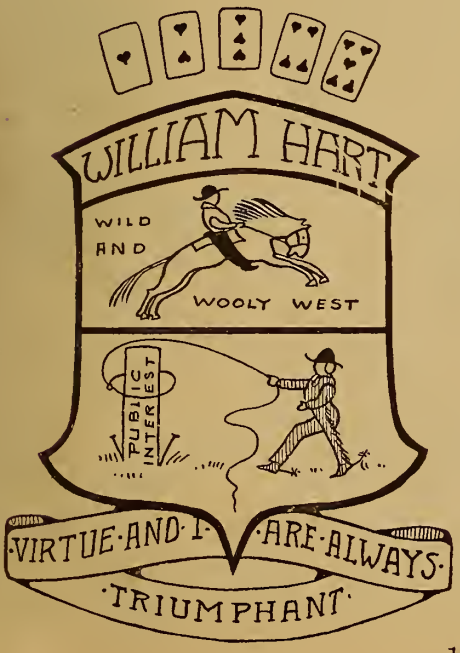
We regard the Motion Picture plays as one of the finest methods ever devised of helpful, popular entertainment, and care should be taken to keep them up to a reasonable standard.

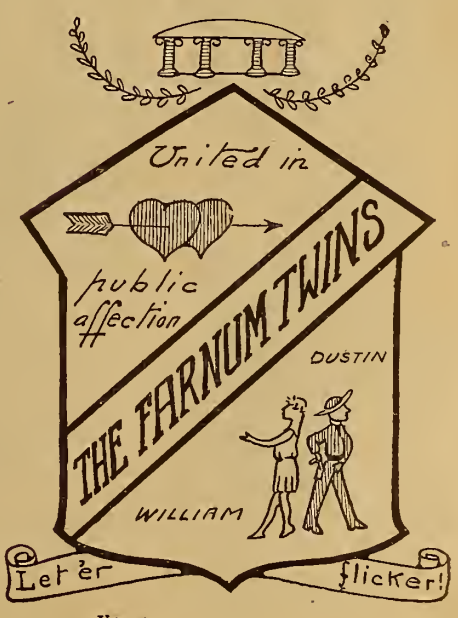
(*To be continued*)

SUGGESTED

COATS OF ARMS FOR POPULAR PLAYERS







Harvey Peake

TRAVERS

KING

DONALD BRIAN

BLANCHE SWEET

ANDERSON

MARGUERITE COURTOT

MAX ASHER

W. CHRYSTIE MILLER

BLACKWELL

The Pastimes of a Motion Picture Actress

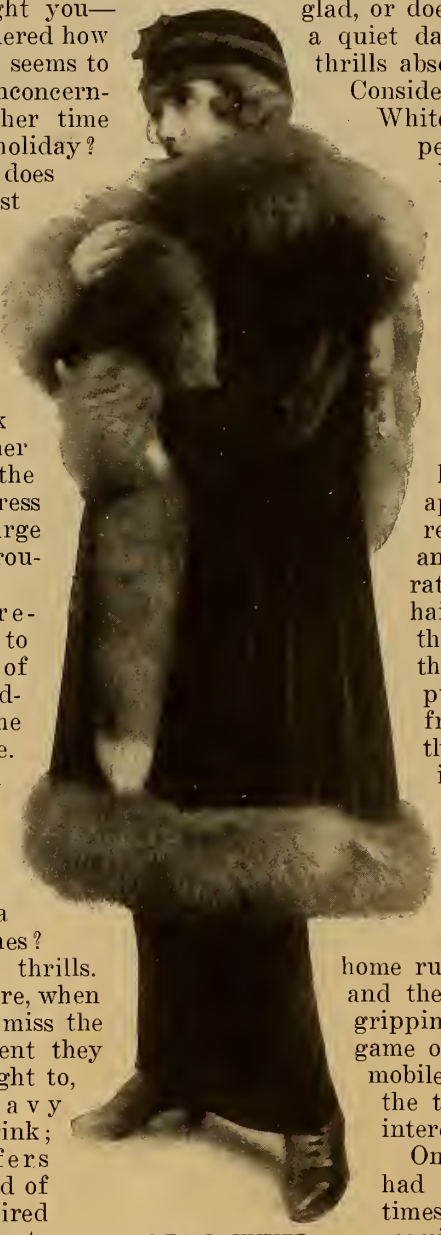
By ARTHUR POLLOCK

HAVE you never wondered as, enthralled, you sat and watched your favorite Moving Picture actress lightly take her life in her hands time after time to supply the thrills that so delight you—have you never wondered how that young girl, who seems to risk her life so unconcernedly, may occupy her time when she has a holiday? What, for instance, does she find to interest her?

The ordinary young girl who works or lives at home at leisure welcomes the prospect of a little excitement to break the monotony of her existence. But to the Moving Picture actress excitement is a large part of the daily routine.

One would therefore expect her to have been robbed of all capacity for finding pleasure in the quiet things of life. For has she not had crowded into her few years about all the emotions and experiences that fate metes out for a dozen entire lifetimes?

She lives upon thrills. Does she not, therefore, when she is not working, miss the stimulating excitement they afford her? She ought to, certainly. The heavy drinker misses his drink; the dope-fiend suffers agony when deprived of his drugs; the retired business man longs to be back at his busy desk; the fish dies out of water. The daring screen actress becomes so used to danger that when her director tells her she need not report the next morning is she glad, or does not the prospect of a quiet day entirely devoid of thrills absolutely appal her?



PEARL WHITE

Consider the case of Pearl White, the heroine of the perilous "Perils of Pauline," the dangerous "Exploits of Elaine" and the risky "Romance of Elaine." She is probably the nerviest actress and the most successful temptress of the goddess of chance posing before the whirring cameras today. Perhaps women will best appreciate the grit it required to lie calm and quiet while white rats scampered thru her hair and snakes twined themselves about her throat. She has been pushed off cliffs, jumped from sinking ships into the sea, sailed the skies in aeroplanes, been choked and battered and bound times without number. Can you imagine a girl like that being stirred by a mere home run with the bases full and the score a tie, or by a gripping war-drama, or a game of bridge, or an automobile smash-up, or any of the things that excite the interest of the rest of us?

One person, at least, who had watched her many times risking her life and seeming to enjoy it was

moved actually to pity her. For he imagined that adventures in the movies must have taken all the joy out of her ordinary life. How useless, he thought, must it be for her friends to try to entertain her! Imagine, for instance, a fellow calling upon her. Hopeless! If at the end of five minutes he had not attempted to chloroform her or stab her in the back or blow her to a thousand pieces with a bomb she must consider him unusually uninteresting, and his would be the discomfort of seeing her politely suppressing frequent dainty yawns.

Take her to dine at a restaurant. If she found no poison in the soup, or no dangerous-looking, bearded stranger obligingly sought to strangle her, or no crafty "Clutching Hand" dropped in to spirit her roughly away into a waiting taxi, she must needs begin to murmur protestations of her boredom. Take her motoring, speed along at ninety miles an hour, incidentally mowing down a row or two of telegraph poles and dismembering pedestrians, and he would find her sweetly sleeping, undisturbed, at his side. "Why," thought this admirer of hers, "you'd actually be driven to the horrible expedient of punching the girl's blonde head to make her happy."

He really believed that. It was, therefore, something of a shock for him when, one afternoon as he walked up Broadway, he beheld Pearl White strolling quietly and unassumingly down the avenue, on her face a look of the most perfect contentment. Why so satisfied with life, he thought? Was she being pursued by some gory-handed murderer? He looked around expectantly, but there was nobody in sight but harmless, chatting actors. What was it, then, that gave her so much pleasure? He turned and followed her, intending to find out. Straightway all his theories went to smash. She was amusing herself by stopping to gaze—at what—at the pictures in front of the Moving Picture palaces. Actually enjoying that!

It was a great blow. But he was persistent; he would look into this more closely. So one day, armed with a letter of introduction, he dropped in at the Pathé studios in Jersey City. Pearl White's maid piloted him to her dressing-room.

And there in the dressing-room, before he had uttered a word, he received another blow. Across her dressing-table ranged a line of photographs. Pictures of herself in various dare-devil escapades? Not at all. Photographs of innumerable little tots—pictures apparently of the children of all her married relatives and friends. This girl of whirlwind action and narrow escapes found pleasure in the pictures of other people's children. Evidently not yet entirely bereft of the faculty for enjoying simple things!

To gain time to recover from this second shock, he asked her about her experiences in acting for the films, expecting to be treated to a vivid recital of daring deeds, of hair-whitening fears and emotions. But the subject did not appear to attract her. She spoke as tho her past adventures and future risks were of no great importance in her life, caused her little concern. But when, somehow, the conversation touched upon clothes, her face became animated — animated with a look of utter aversion.

"Clothes!" she exclaimed. "Ugh! The very bane of my existence, the most annoying part of acting for the screen. Really, I dont mind all the rest: the thinking out of all the little things involved in the interpretation of a part; the necessity of being rather roughly handled sometimes; the danger of all the stunts I'm called upon to perform. I dont mind that at all; it is varied and diverting. But to worry about clothes, to plan ahead for new things to wear in almost every succeeding scene—that is appalling! The fly in the ointment of acting for the cameras is not being required to risk one's neck in a hundred-and-one different ways; it's in risking it in a thousand-and-one different gowns — and deciding beforehand what sort of gown it shall be.

Ah! here at last was evidence that she got no enjoyment out of at least one of the things that women most enjoy, clothes. Passing strange of her!

"I'd find many things to do," she said; "all of them rather unexciting, I'm afraid, but very much worth while from my point of view. In the

He was emboldened to come to the point. So he asked her how, if she should have the next day to herself, she would make use of her holiday.

morning I'd probably write a little—I spend much of my time writing. As a rest from that I suppose I'd motor a bit in the afternoon. In the even-

ing, possibly I would go to the theater. If it were Monday I surely would, for that is the time of the first appearance of each week's episode in the 'Elaine' series. I find them very interesting, for I like to listen to the comments of those about me in the theater. Sometimes I learn things about myself that I had never known before. The other night, for instance, I acquired the rather unwelcome information that I had been dead for

YES, PEARL WHITE PLAYS AND SINGS, BUT NOT SO BADLY AS THIS PICTURE INDICATES —SHE DOES NOT PLAY AND SING HER HEARERS INTO INSENSIBILITY

some months. The young man seated next me turned to his companion as my picture appeared upon the screen and said, 'This is not the real Pearl White, you know. Oh, no! this girl is only imitating her. Pearl White herself had her back broken in one of the early episodes. I knew her personally.' "

At that moment Pearl White was called to the telephone. She returned to say that her motor-car had just been in a smash-up. Did she seem irritated at the news? Not in the least. She was as unconcerned as if —well, as if she had been in the collision herself. It seemed to interest her merely as an incident that threw light on the rules of the road.

This ability to find entertainment in the comments of an audience, this absorption in the details of how accidents happen, was not sustaining his conjecture that only the unusual and the startling could be expected to interest this girl who had performed feats so daring that when they were reproduced on the screen nervous women in her audiences covered their eyes in fear lest they see her dashed to death.

He told her this theory of his, and she laughed.

"Oh!" she said, "amusing myself in my leisure hours is not so great a problem for me as you suppose. I have very little leisure, in the first place, and I'm easily satisfied."

"But," he urged, "please dont tell

(*Continued on page* 178)

Where the Big Plums from the Movie Tree Are Falling

By ROBERT GRAU

THE latest mode of operation in luring the stars of the spoken field into filmdom is revealed in the recent announcements which formerly would be regarded as sensational, but are now taken as a matter of course.

Having well-nigh exhausted the supply of famous men and women who are content to divide their time between the stage and the screen, the producer of photoplays is now camping on the trail of not a few celebrities who have renounced the spoken play altogether, but who find the call of the silent drama irresistible.

Edna May has already decided to emerge from her long period of retirement, but she will not tread the boards despite the fact that the vaudeville powers have offered Edna $5,000 a week. It is stated that the present Mrs. Lewisohn is to receive $100,000 for her appearance in one production on the screen.

Here we have a concrete illustration of the remarkable craze which is now approaching its final stage in the effort to promote the *famous name* without the least discernment as to the fitness of the player.

One hundred thousand dollars for probably a month's effort before the camera may sound fictional, but the writer not only believes that the figures represent accuracy in Miss May's case, but it is even true that the competition for Edna May was participated in by almost every one of the established producing concerns. Yet Edna May is really almost forgotten to the present generation of amusement patrons.

Moreover, the fame of Edna May rests almost entirely on one portrayal, that of the Salvation Army lass, in "The Belle of New York," a rôle which fell to her lot by accident while she was singing in the chorus of the very same production. The closest scrutiny of the theatrical records fail to reveal any other notable achievement in Miss May's short career; nevertheless, some men, keen on the appraisal of theatrical values, are falling over each other to secure a prize for which the victor must pay as much as the great diva, Adelina Patti, was granted for any year during her unparalleled operatic career.

Sixty thousand dollars is the amount Alla Nazimova demands of the film producers as the compensation for her artistic services in one photoplay, which would require not over a month's time to complete for the screen. At the time of this writing, no producer of picture-plays has accepted Nazimova's terms, but it is certain that delay in capitulating will not decrease the amount which will ultimately go into Nazimova's pay envelope.

It was the same Nazimova who was one of the very first of stage stars to eulogize the art of the screen drama, even going so far as to maintain that every great actress owes it to herself to bestow of her gifts before the camera so that all mankind and the generations to come may have perpetual records of her artistry in the zenith period of her career. At the time Madame spoke thusly no one would have paid her one-tenth of the sum she now demands.

It is authoritatively stated that De Wolf Hopper is receiving $125,000 for the year he has contracted to appear under D. W. Griffith's direction. There is a good reason for the valuation of the comedian. Hopper has always declined to change his environment, confining his appearance to the so-called best theaters, and never converting his fame into cash by the vaudeville route. For years the vaudeville managers have invited the elongated comedian to make his own terms, but he always gave as an

answer his belief that he could not compete with the vaudeville artists, and that a temporary increase in his emolument was not an inducement to make so reactionary a change.

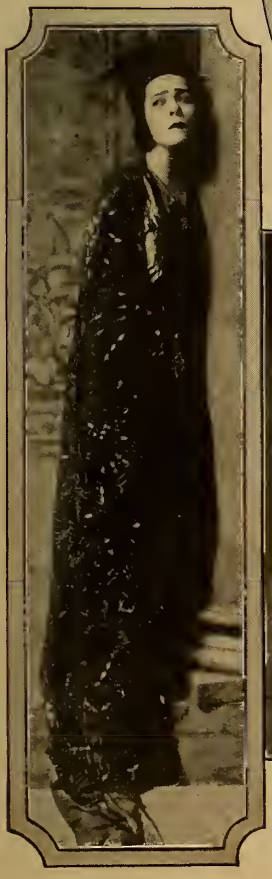
But when Hopper was approached by D. W. Griffith and offered an all-year contract at even a higher weekly average salary than was offered on the two-a-day, Hopper, then under contract to William A. Brady, sought the latter for advice. Brady advised Hopper to accept. About the same time William Fox, who not so long ago was earning $15 a week as a performer, and is now one of the pillars of the Motion Picture industry, wanted Robert B. Mantell, the very last of our Shakesperian actors, to desert the stage for the film studio. Mantell, like Hopper, was under engagement to Brady, and, like the comedian, Mantell asked Brady's advice, with the final result: he is now assured a greater income, for a year at least, than has been his in any five years of his stage career.

That Brady himself followed Hopper and Mantell into the domain of the camera man is illustrative of the trend in the field of the theater.

Mary Garden has been offered $150,000 to appear in a massive film spectacle, based on her great operatic success, "Salome," but Mary has refused to resume her artistic career

(*Continued on page* 180)

MARY ANDERSON



NAZIMOVA

CALVÉ AS "CARMEN"

Limericks for Light-Hearted Loiterers

They're Wonder-Workers, Too, for the Downhearted, Downtrodden, and Down-Just-for-a-Minute Reader

DURING the past month the Limerick Editor has been the recipient of thousands of limericks and hundreds of letters. People do say that his column is good for what ails them. He has been addressed as "Dear Limerick"; "Dear Old Lim" and "Rare Old Limburger." He draws the line—this is not a delicatessen; it's a symposium of five-line cheer. Even the Answer Man has been accused of writing these headings. Far be it! He is old and grizzled, with wrinkled trousers, while the Limerick Editor is young and handsome, with an arched neck. You'll all feel that way if you write, or leastwise read, limericks—so climb aboard! For the four best limericks about plays or players we offer $5, $3, $1, and $1 each month. The first four given below draw down the dividends this month:

FISHERMAIDEN'S LUCK.

Miss Fischer, well-known as a fisher,
Was fishing for fish near a fissure;
When a cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fishermaid in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

C. T. Barr.
Wheeling, W. Va.

HE'S KEEPING UP WITH THEM.

Now they claim Charlie's waddle is Ritchie's,
While Reeves says he invented his twitches;
But it's at Charlie we roar,
And this proves, more and more,
That his fame's more secure than his breeches.

Thos. M. Jackson.
29 Cosgwell St., Halifax, N. S.

AIN'T IT ORFUL?

Two movie-mad girlies of Lang
Were discussing which pictures to hang.
May said, "The most fittin'
Is of course Rogers Lytton;
For his work he deserves to be hanged."

Olga Stocker.
51 E. 42d St., N. Y.

IT PAYS TO TAKE WELL.

Oh, I wish I were Miss Billie Burke,
And could all disadvantages shirk—
Just a part she must play,
For a thousand a day—
Gee, what *could* the girl make, if she'd *work!*

Isabelle Alexander.
75 West End Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

AIRY, FAIRY LILLIAN.

"At the front" let them scrap all they wish,
From Jugobadwhiski to Nish;
I'd rather be seen
At the front of a screen,
Fairly captured by Lillian Gish!

Frederick Moxon.
22 Talcott Ave., Rockville, Conn.

AN UNDEREXPOSED FILM

Said a comedienne working for Kalem:
"I cant get a laugh!—what does ail 'em?
I'll smoke cigarets
And wear pantalets
While I stand on my head;—that will nail 'em."

S. E. Porter.
151 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.

Limericks for Light-Hearted Loiterers

TOO OFTEN A CROOQUE.

A comely young maid in Dubuque
Fell in love with a flim-flam film duque;
Every night she did go
To a new picture show,
For a luque at the duque in Dubuque.

Harry Pinsker.
1095 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ADVICE OF AN EXPERIENCED

Dont take your girlie to a picture show,
If Kerrigan's playing there.
She'll give her heart (you see, I know)
To the hero who will dare;
Like other ladies she'll sit and adore,
Like other men you'll get jealous and sore,
And when your girlie, like others fair,
Exclaims, "Now isn't he cute!"
You'll pull your hair and softly swear,
"Goldarn that lucky brute!"

Connie Williams.
303 Mill St., Memphis, Tenn.

HE USED TO HISS THE VILLAIN.

There's a bunch of bad actors I know—
Believe me, whenever they show
I shut both my eyes
With sorrowful sighs,
Until back to the bushes they go!

Charles H. Turnbull.
819 Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

IRISH ADA GIFFORD.

There was a young actress named Ada,
Who ordered a spud from a waitah.
She said, "Bring me one
That is baked and well-done."
And thus Ada ate a potatah.

John R. Stidman.
Elkridge, Md.

TO BESSIE BARRISCALE.

If Romeo had known your charm,
Your smile, your voice, your touch,
He never would have hung around
Jule's balcony so much.

D. DeJagers.
3307 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo.

AUTHOR'S EXPLANATIONS ARE ACCEPTED.

To a Movie show went Annabelle,
Expecting to see something swell.
She saw war films galore,
And then a few more,
Till she vowed 'twas a foretaste of—well—
[The place which Robert Ingersoll said does not exist.]

James J. Finnerty, Jr.
80 So. Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Note.—As a matter of fact, our heroine was too much of a lady to do anything like that. What she did do, however, was to stalk majestically across the street to the opposition movie house, where she surrendered a hard, thin dime for the privilege of watching Jack W. K. (three guesses) make love, and at the same time envy the heroine every time Jack pulled the Cupid stuff.

STRATEGY.

Miss Pretty Girl went to a picture show,
But the house was crammed unto the last row,
So trim ankles revealing,
She climbed to the ceiling,
On the 'stares' the fresh chappies furnished, you know.

Marjorie W. Spencer.
1527 Belmont Ave., Seattle, Wash.

MARY OF THE NAVY.

Said a sailor from London named True,
As he cast anchor one day in the blue,
"Oh! Mary, my dear,
You would surely appear,
If you knew how I 'ankered for you."

Donald B. Maxwell.
520 Church St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

"THE EDWIN BOOTH OF THE SCREEN"

HENRY WALTHALL

Mr. Walthall first became prominent as leading man for the old Biograph Company. He next attracted attention for his superior work in "The Birth of a Nation." Since then his masterly portrayals in "Ghosts," "The Raven," and other Essanay plays have earned for him the title of "The Edwin Booth of the Screen."

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

IN Billy Reeves' latest comedy there were six parrots. Billy said he had some time trying to find out whether the remarks came from them or the director. Evidently the latter had at other times used "parrot talk."

Naomi Childers, Vitagraph, announces her engagement to Harold Shattuck, manager of the Schraft Candy Company.

"Nothing is constant in the universe." To Lubin come Tom Moore, E. K. Lincoln, formerly Vitagraph, and Arthur Housman, from Edison and Kalem; Creighton Hale has returned to Pathé; Dorothy Gwynne, Famous Players, joins Metro; Ford Sterling leaves Universal and goes back to Keystone; to David Horsley comes Belle Bennett from Majestic; Alan Hale, Biograph, joins Lasky; Raver Film Company signs Ottala Nesmith, of Famous Players, and Teddy Sampson, Griffith, goes to Equitable.

"The Key to the Past" almost proved to be a "Key to the Future" for Winnifred Greenwood, American. In the shipwreck scene aid came just in time to rescue her.

Arthur Johnson is recuperating from a serious illness. As soon as the doctor allows, he will start to work in Lubin pictures.

If you want to get in "The Whirl of Life," see the Castles in that Cort film.

A new "leading lady" is occupying Warren Kerrigan's attention these days. Very new she is, too, for it was but a few weeks ago that this little daughter of Wallace Kerrigan made her appearance in this world.

Here is a new fable. Once upon a time a director had such sad music played that the actress shed tears, until the briny water surged about and an actor had to go in a boat for her. William Duncan claims to have rowed the boat.

Stage people attracted to the screen: Hattie Williams has signed with Oliver Morosco; Kleine has secured John Jarrott, Millicent Evans and Malcolm Duncan; Edith Luckett joins Raver Film Company; Lucy Cotton will be seen in the initial release of the Ocean Film Company; James Bradbury is with Selig; Mae Murray with Lasky; Edwin Arden with World; Bert Ensminger with Balboa; Robert Haines with Gaumont; Pat Rooney and Marjorie Lake will be seen in Universal pictures; Frank Belcher to Kleine and Nat Goodwin to Mirror.

Gladys Hulette, Thanhouser, says she knew queer things were sometimes done "In the Name of the Law," but she didn't expect to have her eye blackened.

The large sum that Edna May will receive from Vitagraph for appearing in a single feature will be given by her to charity.

"Hymen our hands and love did our hearts unite"—John Powers, assistant director of Imp, Universal, and Edna Pendleton, of that company; Malcolm Williams, Gaumont, and Florence Reed; Richard Johnson and Lulu Powers, Balboa.

We have with us this evening: Fay Tincher (p. 37); Inez Bauer and Robert Ellis (p. 47); Walter McEwen and Robert Ellis (p. 49); Andrew Arbuckle and Ruth Roland (p. 71); Joseph McDermott and Mary Malatesta (p. 81); Charles Richman (p. 86) and Arline Pretty (p. 87); William Dunn (p. 96); Lule Warrenton and William Dowlan (p. 99); Gloria Fonda (p. 104).

The Francis X. Bushman-Beverly Bayne combination, under new direction, will shortly be seen in "The Man Without a Conscience," a coming Metro release.

Kitty Gordon, of "Alma, Wo Wohnst Du" fame, is the latest star to succumb to the films, and will soon appear in "Jersey Lily" Langtry's old vehicle, "As In a Looking-Glass," under the World Film brand.

Helen Holmes is still flirting with death in the railroad stories being made by Universal under the subject title, "The Girl and the Game."

"It is an ill wind," etc. Madame Bourgeois, animal trainer of the Universal forces, suffered from pleurisy. She dropped off a twenty-five-foot wall accidentally. Result —it knocked the wind out of her, and the pleurisy with it.

Carlyle Blackwell's Great Dane, "Babe," won six blue ribbons and a cup at a recent dog show in Los Angeles.

Metro has scored again, this time by securing the works, prose and poesy, of Ella Wheeler Wilcox for picturization. And Miss Wilcox is to assist personally in the direction of same.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

While Edward Brennan and Grace Elliston were studying up the "dope" situation in Chinatown the other day some one "doped" Mr. Brennan's automobile.

David Horsley has stuck another leaf in his wreath of laurels. His latest invention is the "Axetitler," a device which photographs the spoken words of a character directly on the film.

Crane Wilbur's favorite appetizer is to "put on the gloves" and box a few rounds. 'Tis said that sparring partners are getting scarce.

Herr Batty must be ba—well, never mind. At any rate, he's taking chances when he fights a lion barehanded in the Centaur Feature, "Stanley Among the Voo Doo Worshipers."

Fritzi Brunette, Selig, believes that "dressing the part" greatly enhances the attractiveness and atmosphere of any Motion Picture production. She refers to clothing and personal adornment—not the reels.

Mary Pickford may be said to have achieved the final leaf on the wreath of laurel when the McClure Newspaper Syndicate offered her $15,000 for a series of articles, and guaranteed her a circulation of 35,000,000 a week.

Lou Tellegen, international star, protegé of the Bernhardt, super-subtle, thoro artist, has scored a new triumph in his screen rôle in "The Unknown."

Fair weather in Filmland, forecasts William N. Selig for the year 1916, and that means all kinds of good things in all kinds of ways.

"Beauty" is the female of a pair of sacred monkeys at the Selig Zoo. But the lure of liberty was too strong for Beauty, and she took to the tall timbers at the first opportunity, there to dream of India far away.

Betty Scott, Essanay, *wants* to be good, but cant. An unfeeling director wont let her. "Vampire for you!" cries he.

Metro has secured the services of John Tansey, who is accounted the best boy-actor in America. In "Black Fear" the young prodigy will die a dope-fiend's death.

Ernest Maupain, who as Le Moyne takes the part of the portrait painter in an Essanay five-reel feature, is an honest-to-goodness artist, and I can prove it. Go see "A Daughter of the City," and the portrait of Marguerite Clayton used therein is the work of his hand and brush.

George B. Seitz, Pathé scenario editor, pawned his best suit five years ago for seventy-five cents, in order to satisfy an empty stomach. Today he is making between $30,000 and $40,000 a year. Phew!!

Neva Gerber and Lucille Warde are collecting cats. Santa Barbara citizens are framing an anti-feline protest. Miss Gerber has left Beauty and is now unattached.

Some thoughtless person left the studio door open when a scene was being filmed in which Josephine Earle, "The Vitagraph Vampire," was acting. Josie wore an evening gown. Josie has a cold.

Theda Bara is going to appear in "Destruction," a Fox film. She's still at it.

Mary Roberts Rinehart has just finished "What Happened to Father," in which Frank Daniels will appear under the Vitagraph direction. Some combination!

Our $10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "Don Quixote" (of which Cervantes himself might well be proud); second prize to the author of "The Surprises of an Empty Hotel"; third prize to the author of "The Black Crook" (February CLASSIC).

Following her success in the Kleine-Edison feature, "Children of Eve," Viola Dana will be seen in "The Innocence of Ruth," under the same direction.

Does it pay to be a Governor? Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, has been offered $200,000 to appear in one picture—at least, so 'tis claimed.

Some man led Marie Doro (Famous Players) to the altar and married her—in real life. His name is Elliot Dexter, and Marie wears a Mrs.

Nell Franzen had an awfully accommodating mirror in "Yes or No," a coming "Flying A" release. It answered the question for her by reflecting what her life would be under two separate conditions.

Here's one way when you have that homely malady, a toothache. Paste a sign on your door, "Gone Fishing — Return Next Week." You will thus gain precious solitude. That's what Wallace C. Clifton, Selig scenario editor, did.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Antonio Moreno has a new valet, Mr. Cornelius Farhado. "Far," as he is called, got lost the other day, but Tony found him after a four-hour search.

Selig have the distinction of showing the first picture to be exhibited before the Pope in the Vatican at Rome.

Directors fight to direct her. Each one is pacified by a turn. Such is the fate—the enviable fate—of little Mary Miles Minter. Ah, Youth!

It is said that Cecil B. DeMille is his own rival—he's beat himself at it by improving upon "Carmen" with "The Cheat," in which Fannie Ward is star.

Mignon Anderson, famous Thanhouser ingénue, is to bring Maggie Tulliver's tempestuous young life before us on the screen. We all remember Maggie from George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss."

Motion Pictures score another triumph, this time as an aid to science. "Human Movements Analyzed," Pathé, is the reason.

Johnny Sheehan, American, wrote a sharp note to a safety-razor manufacturer. Reason: He almost cut his nose off.

They say everybody resembles some kind of animal. Now here's a good job for some aspiring photoplay actor or actress. Van Dyke Brooke is producing a three-part Vitagraph feature in which a collie dog, "Tango," played an important part. "Tango" died. Van D. B. is in a quandary.

Kathlyn Williams was voted even prettier off the screen than on, at the recent Los Angeles Automobile Show. Impossible!

Vitagraph and the Hearst newspapers have combined. Local animated newspapers and events of national importance will be filmed.

"Kid" Hogan, winner of many notable victories in the squared ring, is appearing in "Rose of the Alley," with Mary Miles Minter. He declares the picture is going to be a "knock-out."

Highways and byways—by one and by two—they come from every direction. Raymond Hitchcock took to the screen thru an attack of throat trouble. He came to recuperate, but he remained to act.

"Too much is enough!" groans Marin Sais, Kalem, in speaking of realism. While filming scenes on the Mojave Desert she and some of her co-workers were caught in a sandstorm, and—well, you heard what Marin said.

Here's a chance! Name the milk-white steed that is Stingaree's companion in the Kalem series by that name. He has yet no sponsor in baptism.

When you see Norma Talmadge and Robert Harron in "The Missing Links," Triangle, you'll feel just like you are among home-folks, it is so unassuming, so very *real*. It is Triang-ularly novel. Exeunt!

Henry B. Walthall has been duck-hunting in the flats along the Illinois River. Too bad you didn't know it in time. Many await him at the studio, for Henry is generous with ducks. As a fan would say, "He's ducky."

Jewell Hunt, Vitagraph, will shortly be seen in "The Dance-Girl of the Movies."

Sid Smith, Selig break-neck comedian, crashed thru a skylight scratchless. He is now called "India Rubber."

Marguerite Snow, Quality-Metro, will be seen shortly in "Rosemary," taken from the successful stage play.

Here's the scale of prices fixed by Jacques Jaccard, Universal, when he wants to film a real reel fight: Black eye, $1.00; bloody nose, $1.00; evidence of blood and minor bruises, 50c. This plan to get the "extras" to work realistically was invented by Francis Ford, but it is nothing to be proud of, say I.

Charles Chaplin is soon to be seen in "Carmen." Theda Bara and Gerry Farrar needn't worry—it's a burlesque.

Harold Lockwood is to appear in a series of two-reel subjects, the first of which is "The Tragic Circle," in which he is supported by May Allison, William Stowell and Ashton Dearholt.

The latest Phillips Smalley-Lois Weber picture is "Hop," dealing with the opium-smuggling question.

Grace Cunard is directing her first production, under title "Her Better Self." She is bettering herself.

Big Moments from Great Plays

WARDA HOWARD HENRY WALTHALL

SCENE FROM "THE RAVEN" (ESSANAY). EDGAR ALLEN POE MOURNS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS WIFE

BESSIE BUSKIRK JOSEPH HENABERY

SCENE FROM "THE RACE LOVE" (RELIANCE)

H. E. HERBERT GERALDINE O'BRIEN

SCENE FROM "HIS WIFE" (THANHOUSER)

EARLE WILLIAMS ANITA STEWART

SCENE FROM "THE SINS OF THE MOTHERS" (VITAGRAPH)

The "Sad" Girl Who Loves Laughter

Blanche Sweet's greatest desire is to have a part in making the world laugh. She takes many sad parts and in them sheds real tears, but her favorite parts are those that call for smiles, for she thinks there is enough sadness and misery in real life. To her life and laughter are dearer than all else.

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

CLARA YOUNG'S ADMIRER.—E. K. Lincoln is directing and playing leads in his own pictures. Jane Miller is with Fox. No; I have no favor to show between Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark.

MISS C. R.—Why, oh, why do you come to me about the "Letters to the Editor"? Warren Kerrigan will be seen in a three-weeks' serial, "New Adventures of Terrence O'Rourke."

P. W. E.—I agree with you about Miss Sisson. She remains with Biograph.

NOBODY HOME.—You say, "I was out riding one day. It was so warm that the popcorn growing by the wayside started popping." You need not be afraid of writing oftener. You write one letter a month, and think you are doing a whole lot. I have one correspondent who writes one letter every day and thinks nothing of it—and there are other people think the same.

M. E., HOUSTON.—You want a chat with Betty Nansen. We printed her picture in the September Supplement.

MOLLY MC.—Gadzooks! Zounds! Curses! etc., etc. I will go mad if I get any more letters about Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark, and Miss Hilton's letter about Mr. Bushman. I tell you, I am not the one to blame. All of you, understand? All this was caused by His Royal Highness, the Editor, and he is the court of last resort, so please get on his wire. I have troubles of my own.

ETHEL E. N.—George Fisher was Jack in "The Tide of Fortune" (Kay-Bee). Richard Travers was Ted in "A Man Afraid." Herbert Hayes was Amos in "The Whirlpool" (Essanay). Morgan Jones was Harcourt in "The Country Girl." William Russell is with Biograph.

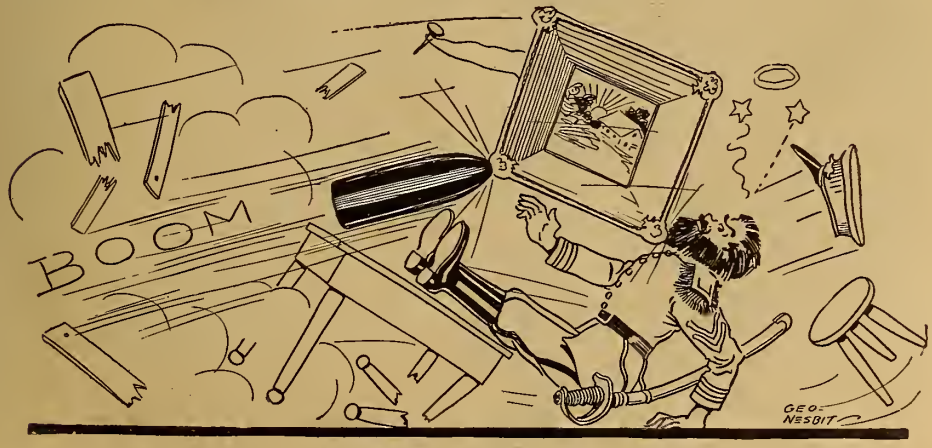
G. H. K., FRANKLIN.—Long "i" in Eyton. Dont ask how many companies there are producing, but probably over a hundred. There are about twenty who are making a living. You say you pity the Germans when the Russians get that new army of three million in the field. Yes; I pity the commissary departments of the German prison camps!

BUSHMAN CHAMPION.—Edgar Jones is no longer with Thanhouser. Edwin Arden with Pathé and Tom Mix with Selig. Yes, "Where the Trail Divides."

LIZ, HALSTEAD.—Frank Lloyd was the judge in "The Open Shutters."

WALLIE KAY.—Stewart Baird and Justina Wayne in "The Runaway Wife" (Kalem). John Murphy in "The Two Orphans." I enjoyed your letter.

MARION.—Thanks for your conception of me. With all thy faults, I want to hear from you again.



ON THE GENTLE ART OF STEALING

"STEALING THE BOSSES TIME? HEY AFTER NINE."
PUNCUALITY= IS THE WATCH-WORD OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT PROP
"LA! ME" THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS "AN HONEST MAN WHEN IT COMES TO STEALING - TIME"

FAE C.—Yes, we will no doubt print a picture of Frankie Mann soon.

RUTH E. K.—John Thorn was Ingram in "The Whirlpool" (Essanay). The English language is spoken by about 150,000,000 of people.

JAMAICA GINGER.—You overwhelm me. I appreciate it more than I can say. Bessie Eyton was Helen in "The Spoilers" (Selig). Gertrude Norman in "Fanchon the Cricket" as the grandmother. Ethel Teare was the girl in the "Ham" and "Bud" comedies. Evart Overton was Jim.

FRED H. A.—Chat with Marguerite Clark in July, 1915. Another soon.

CLARA W.—You say, "I am fifteen years of age, will soon be sixteen, and I think I am a pretty good-looking girl, judging myself, and I wear glasses." I dont doubt your word, but I am sure I cant help you get in the pictures. Better stay home with mommer.

ELEANOR B.—Jack Drumier was the lead in "The Ring and the Book." Marie Newton was the girl. Yes, that player was divorced and married again. As L. R. says, "If at first you dont succeed, try, try again," which is just what that player did.

EILEEN B.—So you want to know my right name. I left it—abandoned it—forsook it. Never use it any more. I dont know about "all the nations becoming engaged in the war." Dr. Koo has just been appointed Chinese Minister to Mexico. This sounds like peace, doesn't it? However, I am unable to imagine Mexico at peace; it wouldn't seem natural.

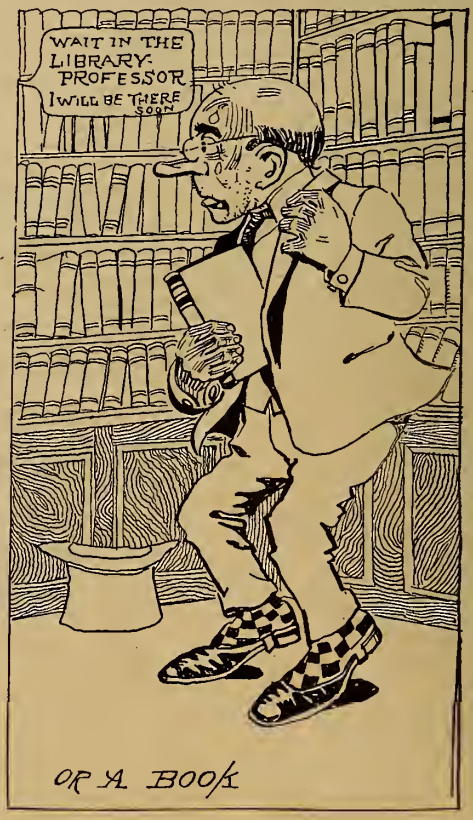
GEORGE M. A.—Riley Chamberlain and Lorraine Huling in "Getting the Gardener's Goat." Ah! but I enjoyed your letter. Muriel Ostriche in "Mortmain."

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.—Please sign your name, and it should be at the end of the letter. Mimi Yvonne was the child in "The Littlest Rebel." Eugene Pallette was the man in "When Love Is Mocked" (Selig). Jack MacDermott and Ethel Teare in "In High Society." William Lloyd and Joseph Manning in "Little Pal." Virginia Kirtley and Leo Pierson in "Two Brothers and a Girl" (Selig).

MELVA.—Hobart Henley was W. P. Chase in "The Flight of a Nightbird" (Universal). You say we ought to have an article about the players taking on fat. There are Mary Fuller, Ormi Hawley, Earle Williams, Cleo Madison, Harry Myers, etc., etc. Right you be. They may all become Bunnys and Arbuckles, however. Please send one of your photos.

LILLIAN M.—Marion Whitney was the girl in "The Apaches of Paris." Ruth Roland and Henry King had the leads in the "Who Pays?" series. Henry King and Dorothy Davenport in "Letters Entangled" (Selig).

BUBBLES.—Perish the thought! I played no part in the civil war. You have me wrong. No, the Salvation Army!



PAULINE S.—Yours was very interesting. I once owned a sailboat, until one day the wind got out of breath and I didn't get home until morning. I then bought a motorboat.

M. O. C.—No, we pay for all penographs we accept, but we are overstocked at present. Ben Wilson is with Rex. Gene Gauntier is still with Universal.

BESSIE T.—I answer you above. I do not know about the writers you speak of. The only living Belgian writers whose work was known to American readers before Belgium became the most pitied of all nations are Maurice Maeterlinck and Emile Verhaeren.

MRS. JAE N.—Florence Turner and Maurice Costello were among the first to become popular. So you want more about Violet Mersereau. Thanks for all you say about our Magazine.

G. E. H.—I was glad to hear from you again. I dont hear much from Pansy. She is very busy these days with Club affairs—Correspondence Club, I mean.

JOHN F.—Thanks for that information. You say George Uttell was the hotel clerk in "The Master Key." Thanks for that.

ALICE C.—Thomas Meighan opposite Charlotte Walker in "Kindling." Enid Markey was Daisy in "The Mating." Sunday is so called because it was anciently dedicated to the worship of the sun. Monday means the Day of the Moon. James Cooley is with Equitable.

BLONDY 1ST.—Webster Campbell was in "His Mysterious Profession." William Bailey was Jack in "The Suburban."

PALMIRA D.; EVELYN W.; W. L.; CAROLYN S. L.; MRS. A. L.; ROSEMARY M.; ST. JAMES; J. B., 422; ADAM & EVE; IRISH-MONTREAL; REBA L.; EDWINA N. H.; EDITH C.; RACHEL P. M.; CORNELIA H.; MAY C.; GERALDINE O.; EDITH A.; GOLDIE V.; MARY P.; BRUNET K.—Your letters are fine.

MRS. C. E. B. L.—Thomas Meighan was Burton in "The Fighting Hope." Not Ben Wilson. You dont write me any more long letters. Why, oh, why?

P. C. L.—Thanks for remembering me. I read your "Politics" with much interest, and I quite agree with you.

KATHLEEN M.—Arthur Albertson in "The White Goddess" (Kalem). You know fame is the sweet perfume of discovered greatness.

WILLIAM C.—Bob Frazer was the artist in "Duty" (Eclair). Helen Marten is with Gaumont. Vera Sisson is with Biograph. They are now in California.

L. C. L., WACO.—That's not so; the writer is greater than the orator, because he can be heard farther and longer. Even my little squibs are heard around the world. Max Figman was with Rolfe. Arthur Hoops in "Esmeralda" (Famous Players). William Conklin was Thomas Illington in "Neal of the Navy."

IRISH.—See chat with Grace Cunard in July, 1915. She and Ford in "Broken Coin."

BERTHA S.—Is that you, Bertha? Seems to me I have met you before somewhere. Morris Foster was Ralph in "The Deal in the Dark." No; Pearl White has signed a contract for another year with Pathé to be featured in another serial.

ATHLETIC GIRL.—Lillian Drew and Richard Travers in "Jane of the Soil." Lillian Gish and Robert Harron in "A Timely Interception." I'll remember you in my prayers—also in my will, for "them kind woids." Sally Crute in next Classic.

BESSIE T., TRENTON.—I cant tell George Larkin to send you his picture. You will have to write to him yourself. David Lythgoe was Dave in "Poet of the Peaks."

ESTHER.—Arthur Evers was Rev. Goodwin in "Always in the Way." James Morrison and Dorothy Kelly are with Vitagraph. Thanks for your criticisms.

FOXY.—Edith Storey is at the Brooklyn studio of Vitagraph. Thanks for those excellent and interesting pictures.

J. O.—Thanks for the verse about the Answer Man. You keep on teasing me, and I'll flare up. I hear these so often: "It has been my one ambition to get into pictures"; "I have no one in this world, wont you be kind to me?" "How can I become a photoplayer?" "What color tie did Earle Williams wear in 'The Goddess'?" etc., etc. That's why I have no hair. Jewel Hunt lives in Brooklyn.

MRS. B. D.—You did not give the title of the play in your last letter, and I dont remember your first.

BILLIE C., HOBOKEN.—If you would trouble yourself less about my business and trouble yourself more about your own, we would both get along better. I like criticism, but I hate small, petty snappings like yours. Broaden out—expand your chest! Clean your spectacles!

LILLIS ST. C.—I was tickled to death to hear from you. Where have you been all summer? Handed yours to the Editor.

PAUL H.—Thelma Cole, and Herbert Barrington was the son in "The Stranger in the Valley" (Biograph). Belle Slaughter was the heavy woman, and Eva Prout was Evelyn in "The Man-servant" (Kalem). Edward Lester was Lord Algy in "Who's Who in Society" (Kleine).

MRS. D. V. R.—The Editor says he will have a chat with Jane Gail, of the Imp, and a picture in the Gallery as soon as convenient. Why, Gertrude McCoy is with the Epic Pictures. Harry Beaumont no longer with Edison.

WILLIAM J. S.—The Editor also says he will have a chat with William S. Hart, of the Triangle, as soon as there is room. No; Eddie Foy is no longer with Keystone. It is true that Irving Cummings signed up with Horsley.

PORTLAND R. M.—Frank Lanning is with Paramount. Walter Oland is with Fox. He was Pietro in "Sin."

ETHELYN MAE.—I believe yours were answered under Kathlyn. Walter Miller is with the Fox now. Yes, he was with the old Biograph.

NOW! I HAVE HAD THE EXPERIENCE AND EVERYTHING SAID HERE IS TRUE AND YOU MEN CAN'T REFUTE IT. NO! I WOULDN'T ALLOW ANYBODY TO STEAL A KISS FROM ME.
OR—A KISS.

MELVA.—Howdy! Glad to see you again. Rockcliffe Fellowes is with Fox in "The Regeneration." You are perfectly right about the cash. Marie Edith Wells was Dorothy in "The Builder of Bridges." Ethel Grandin with Kleine.

DADDY'S GIRL.—Lasky produced "The Girl of the Golden West." Mabel Van Buren was the other girl. Ernest Maupain was George. Lionel Barrymore was opposite Betty Grey in "Mystery of Mary." Harry Benham is now with Imp.

RENETTA R.—Wheeler Oakman was Bruce in "The Rosary." Some of your others are pretty old.

HIRAM M., JOHNSTOWN.—I am strongly pro-Ally, I must admit, yet, by the spike of the Kaiser's helmet, those Germans have certainly won a place in the sun, and they have planted the seeds of Kultur all over the earth. Germany may be cut into six pieces and parceled out to her enemies, but her Kultur will live to the end of time. And what are the ingredients of Kultur? They are economy, thrift, foresight, team-work, organization, thoroness, initiative, perseverance, endurance, loyalty to one another and the will to succeed. I speak as much truth as I dare, and I as grow older I grow more daring. What Germany has not, and it is a cardinal virtue, is Decency, otherwise known as culture, refinement and good breeding, which she can get from the *gentlemen* of France and England in exchange for her other virtues. Anyway, I am not delivering a sermon at present.

BALLY.—It may please the court and gentlemen of the jury, as well as you, to know that Alice Joyce is with the Associated Film Sales Corp.; that Tom Moore has joined Lubin, to play opposite Ethel Clayton; that Marshall Neilan has returned to Selig; Henry King with Equitable; Edgar Jones with Metro; Florence Turner with MinA; Thomas Chatterton with American; Gladden James and Ormi Hawley with Peerless. Does that fix you up?

MARION D.—Most of your questions are old. I am green with envy to think that you are so much smarter than I am. Florence LaBadie was the girl in "Girl in the Dark."

NINA R.—William Hart was Dave Page in "The Roughneck." Harland Moore in "The Guilt." Nitra Frazer opposite Wallie Van. Heap much thanx.

MILDRED E.—Katherine Franek was the housemaid in "Tigress." Garry McGarry was the son. Lionel Adams was Fryor, and Evart Overton was Richard.

HORTENSE L.—Maud Milton was the wife in "Damaged Goods." Adrienne Morrison was the girl. Tom Forman was the brother in "The Explorer."

EILEEN H. — Irene Fenwick is with Kleine. Lillian Gish was Kitty in "The Rebellion of Kitty Belle" (Mutual).

GLADYS B.—I save all the photographs that fans send me. Mlle. Valkyrien was Youth in "Youth" (Vitagraph). Majestic produced "Ingrate." Johnnie Walker was Harry in "Her Happiness." Fay Tincher was Nita in "Casey's Vendetta." Kindly keep off the grass.

BARNEGAT PIRATE.—Winnifred Kingston was Molly Wood in "The Virginian." Rita Stanwood was the princess, and J. W. Burton was Rusty in "The Ghost Breaker."

JESSIE T. C.—Irene Howley is with Metro. Richard Turner is now playing opposite Anita Stewart.

HOW IT SEEMS TO HAVE A TALKATIVE PERSON BEHIND YOU AT THE PHOTOPLAY

EDNA MARY E.—Myrtle Gonzalez was Enid in "The Chalice of Courage." June Keith was the girl in "The Man Trail." Theo Salem, Jerold Hevener and Harry Lorraine in "Brown's Big Butler."

CUTIE CUCUMBER.—Good advice is a punishment that we should forgive but not forget. You refer to "The Lure of Mammon." Elmo Lincoln you refer to in "Her Shattered Idol" (Mutual). Cissy Fitzgerald is now with Kleine.

BARBARA S.—Thanks muchly for the picture; I shall prize it highly. Your letter was interesting indeed. Joseph Kaufman was Dr. Elliot.

MARY B.—J. Farrell McDonald directed those plays you mention. He is with Biograph. Arthur Hoops with Kleine, and Marie Doro with Griffith.

CHARLIE H.—The photoplay taken from Ibsen's "Ghosts" has been widely criticised by able critics, and very unfavorably. Not from the standpoint of acting or photography, but on the ground that the whole motif of the work of art was destroyed and its moral inexcusably twisted. I have not yet seen it, so I cannot pass judgment. Lionel Barrymore is with Metro.

HAZEL NUTT.—Frank Opperman, Charles Parrot, Mae Busch and Fritz Schade in "The Rent Jumpers" (Keystone). Helen Holmes is with Mutual now.

PUNKEYDOODLE.—Your letter brought tidings of great joy. I liked it hugely. So you want to tell Blanche Sweet to comb her hair. Anna Held is with Morosco. Also Elizabeth Burbridge and Lamar Johnstone. Yes, Francelia Billington is with Lubin. Also Lillian Wiggins and Gertrude Bambrick.

ELSIE M. E.—Forest Stanley was Robert in "The Rugmaker's Daughter." Jean Sothern was the blind sister in "Two Orphans" (Fox).

ANNA T. P.—Charles Maude was Jack in "House of Temperly." Thanks for yours. I really blushed with pride when I read how much you think of me. I reciprocate twofold. Elsie McLeod is no longer with Edison and is now with Fox.

A LESSON IN CHIVALRY

TEACHER—Willie, if you found ten cents, and your sister was with you, what would be the proper thing to do?

WILLIE—Take her to de movies!

BIRDIE AND DOROTHY.—I enjoyed both letters, and I hope to hear from you again soon. Mimi Yvonne is with Lubin, also Eleanor Blevins.

CRAYTON H.—Dick Smith was the husband in "A Bathhouse Tragedy" (L-Ko). George Stone was Georgie, and Carmen De Rue was Mary Ellen in "For the Love of Mary Ellen" (Majestic). Constance Talmadge with MinA.

DOROTHY C.—Jean Moyer was Amelia in "Rule Sixty-three" (Essanay). You refer to Cleo Ridgely in that Kalem. Richard Taber was opposite Ruth Stonehouse in "When My Lady Smiles" (Essanay). Rhea Mitchell in "In the Sagebrush Country" (Broncho). Victoria Forde was the girl in "Little Egypt Malone."

RUTH W. B.—Thanks, oh thanks for the fee. It will help me to buy my Christmas presents. Harris Gordon was the villain in "A Disciple of Nietzsche" (Thanhouser). Yes, "Diamond from the Sky" was very popular; about the same as other serials. No, we dont hear such an awful lot about Art Accord around here. You refer to May Emory in "A Tale of Twenty Stories." Thanks again. Yes, send it along.

B. C., NEWPORT.—Thomas Meighan was Burton in "The Fighting Hope." Your letter was long and interesting. No, I do not play golf yet, for, as James Huneker says, "Golf is a prelude to senility," and I have not got that far along. Remember, I'm only seventy-four!

TYLLYE.—I always did enjoy yours. So you think Theda Bara's eyes are more beautiful than Clara K. Young's.

NELLIE.—Darling Nellie Gray, why do you write so close? Leave a little space between the lines. Belle Bruce was Alice in "The Battle Cry of Peace." Writing this department is very much like motoring: it is traveling by means of series of explosions.

MARGERY, ALABAMA.—You say you have never seen any snow. You have missed a treat. Shall I send you some? I will be glad to see you when you come to New York. Stop in the office. Arthur Hoops is with Kleine. Myrtle Gonzalez and Richard Stanton are with Universal.

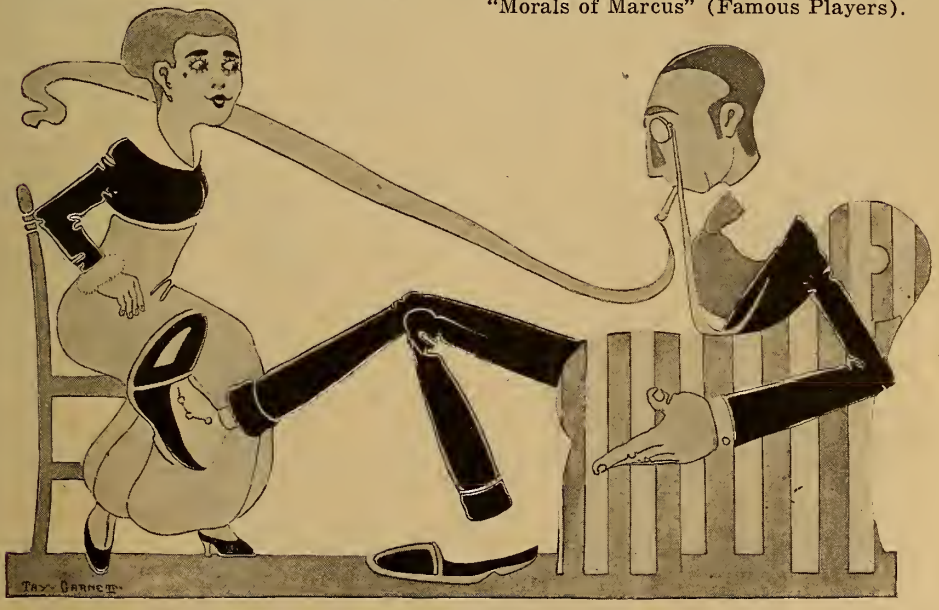
LITTLE MARY.—William Hinckley was the sweetheart in "The Brink" (Universal). Thomas A. Curran was the governor in "The Commuted Sentence" (Thanhouser). Ethyle Cooke was the wife and Dorothy Benham was the child. Florence LaBadie is quite a dancer also.

E. R. F.—The Editor promises a picture of Vivian Martin and Chester Barnett soon. Gladys Hulette with Mutual. So you want to see Cleo Madison and Thomas Chatterton. They make a fine couple.

ARNOLDNETTE T.—That's a fine description of me, but you are a little off. I mean—in the description.

BETTY B.—Yours was almost a young book on what you like. However, it was very interesting. That's nothing; Leah Baird was once a stenographer in Chicago.

IRENE, 16.—Marie Doro was Charlotte, and Eugene Ormonde was Marcus in "Morals of Marcus" (Famous Players).



SHE—Have you seen any interesting movies lately?

LORD SMALLBEIN—Oh, my word, yes. Why, only today I saw the most interesting picture about—ah—er—ah—things. I cawnt quite recall the title of the bloomin' thing, dont you know. Perhaps you've seen it?

DORICA.—Arthur Hoops in "Gretna Green" (Famous Players). So you dont want so many stories, but more information about the players. What say the others? Thanks for the snaps. Very fine.

FLASH.—I will tell the Editor you want a picture of Betty Brown to appear in the Gallery. George Lessey, of Edison and Essanay, is with Eastern Film Co., Providence, R. I.

RITA D.—Herbert Rawlinson is with Rex. Pat O'Malley in "On Dangerous Paths" (Edison). I understand Marguerite Clayton is going to Eastern Essanay.

NAN.—So you dont approve of Simplified Spelling. Look at the map of some of those warring nations and let me know if you dont think some of those names should not be simplified. Pearl White remains with Pathé.

FAYE J.—James Cruze with Lasky. So you want to know who Violet is? Perhaps if you write to Mr. Bushman personally he might answer. Jane Novak is with Universal. Edgar Jones is directing for Metro. Louise Fazenda with Keystone.

GUSSIE J.—That's nice. Hazel Buckham is with Western Vitagraph now, and Florence Lawrence is not playing. Thanks for the verse; quite original.

A. B. C.—They do say that Grace Cunard was born in Paris, France. You were too late for January. You want to change your mind. There is very little show for you in the pictures.

MARGUERITE R. DUBOIS.—Address Warren Kerrigan, Universal City, Hollywood, Cal. Bushel of thanks for your appreciative expressions.

MAY M. A.—Ormi Hawley and Edward J. Peil in "The Strength of Family Ties" (Lubin). George Larkin and Vivian Reed in "Bound by the Leopard's Love" (Selig). Ruth Roland and Henry King had the leads in the "Who Pays?" series.

ROSEBELLE.—Edna Purviance was the girl in "Shanghaied" (Essanay). You have the wrong title. Mary Pickford is a blonde. Thanks, very much.

DOUBTING THOMAS.—It takes a hardened film actor to play a double rôle where the two characters appear at the same time. Ordinary dual rôles are simply a question of costume and make-up. This is how it's done: The actor poses for one rôle on one side of the camera stage, with the aperture frame so screened that only half of the film is exposed. He times each expression and gesture. The camera is stopped, and the actor assumes the other rôle on the opposite side of the camera lens, and the opposite of the negative is screened. Again, each pose and expression is timed to synchronize with the previous rôle. If he apparently shakes hands with his opposite, or strikes a blow, the timing must be as accurate as a split second watch to register the effect properly.

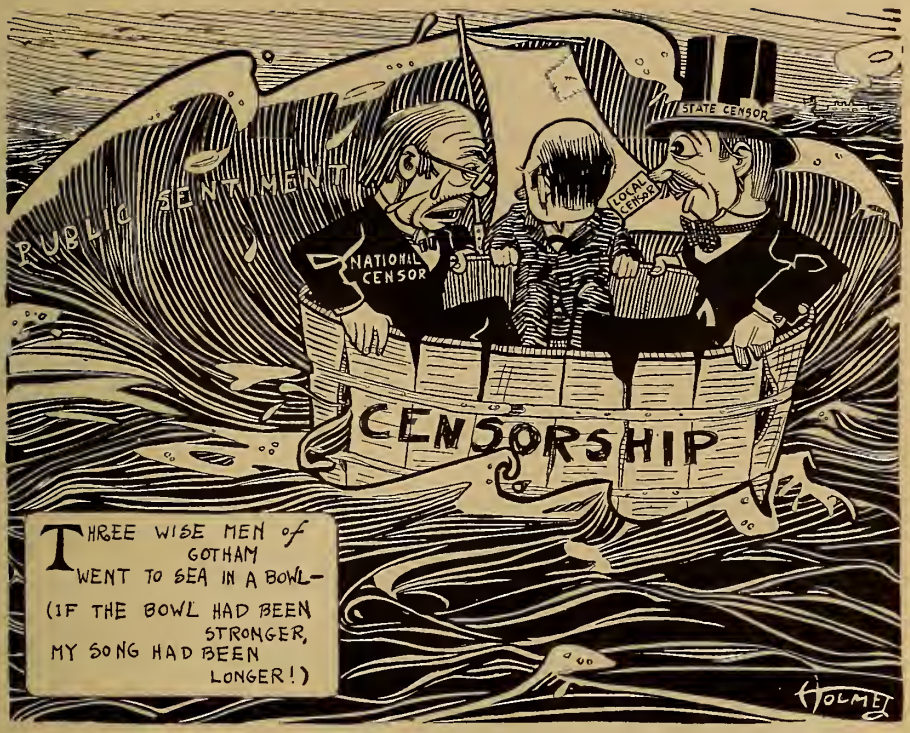
DOLLY V.—I agree with you absolutely. Harry Morey is a dandy actor, and I will tell the Editor you want a picture of him. Why, it seems Bessie Barriscale's father was an English actor and started to play when five years old.

OLA H. W., MONROE.—Viola Dana and Pat O'Malley had the leads in "Gladiola." Robert Conness was Ned. Milton Sills was in "The Orchid." You are so kind.

WILLIAM F. MC.—We had a write-up with Edith Storey in the April 1915 issue. That's a dangerous job to tackle. Disraeli is pronounced *Dis ra' ee le.*

WALLIE KAY.—I am sure Webster Campbell will answer you, and the Vitagraph Company will be glad to furnish pictures. Your scheme is a very interesting one.

"I DID NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A MOVIE ACTOR"


PUBLIC SENTIMENT
NATIONAL CENSOR
LOCAL CENSOR
STATE CENSOR
CENSORSHIP
THREE WISE MEN of GOTHAM WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL—
(IF THE BOWL HAD BEEN STRONGER, MY SONG HAD BEEN LONGER!)
HOLMES

Sir Francis.—It is true, Dorothy Gish was in New York recently. She is playing opposite Owen Moore, and they were taking pictures in Connecticut. You must be more patient. You expect the players to answer you by return mail? That is absurd and out of the question.

May E. P.—Came very near handing your letter to the Editor, but it was a trifle too long to print. I dont know, but I think that the one thing to be dreaded most just now is an inconclusive peace. What is the use of having peace now if war is to break out again in a year or two, when by settling things now, permanent peace can be secured?

Gertrude G.—Yes, that player left New York very suddenly. I do not know whether he ran off with a woman, or from one, or both. I have never heard of your long-lost cousin, William Rossett.

File C. J. W.—Nay, not so. It wasn't that Helen Holmes wasn't capable of doing society dramas, etc., but that Kalem preferred to release railroad pictures. Your argument is good. *Bueno* is Spanish for good.

Edna M. E. H.—Of course you didn't ask too many. How could I have said that? Robert Edeson opposite Muriel Ostriche in "Mortmain" (Vitagraph). Maidel Turner was Mrs. Wisner in "Mother Love." Marin Sais and Arthur Shirley and William West in "The Money Leeches" (Kalem). Edwin Carewe opposite Emily Stevens in "Cora." Robert Broderick was Joe in "Still Waters" (Famous Players). Eileen Sedgwick was the girl in "Eagle's Nest" (Lubin). Your others later.

Mary Ellen.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "A Momentous Decision." William Duncan and Grace Tregarthen in "The Little Sister."

Clara Williams.—"Neal of the Navy" was mostly filmed in and about Long Beach, Cal. Some scenes were made at San Diego and a few at San Francisco. Milton Sills was Burleigh in "Under Southern Skies."

Blanche Sweet, Defendant.—So you think Blanche Sweet's husband is a silver king. Are you sure she has a husband? Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs and Mary Miles Minter in "Barbara Frietchie."

Nellie L., St. Johns.—Norma Talmadge is with Griffith, playing in Triangle films. George Larkin is with Gaumont now. Thanks for the cards you sent me. They were very pretty and I appreciate them.

M. L. Rockford.—It seems William Garwood couldn't raise onions in New York, so he has returned to California to play with Universal. Francis McDonald was Bernard in "The Vow."

Janetta W. S.—Alice Dovey is with Casino brand of Mutual, and Gerda Holmes with Equitable. Robyn Adair was the clay-worker in "The Soul of the Vale" (American). So you think it is time we had a picture of Carlyle Blackwell.

RITA S.—No, he is not. It is not necessary for a girl to pose in order to become a model woman. A whole lot of thanks for those cigars. They were great, and I enjoyed them.

L. R. ALEXANDER.—"The Battle Cry of Peace" is being shown in Chicago and Boston as well as New York, and, in fact, all over the map. I hear it is going big.

ROMAINE, AUGUSTA.—I cannot answer your question, and your friend should consult a foot specialist. I think it is Lillian Russell who is quoted as saying, "To preserve the feet in a thoroly healthy and comfortable state the first object of attention should be cleanliness." About twice a day. William Highby was the constable in "Barnstormers." You refer to Eulalie Jensen in "The Wheels of Justice."

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Elmer Linden was José, and Carl Harbaugh was Escamille in "Carmen" (Fox). That was an artifice, not art. You want to know if the tree sends its roots down or if the roots send the tree up? Both.

DOROTHY B. F.—A list was sent to you. Thanks for all you say. A thousand thanks for that can of boned turkey which you sent me for a Thanksgiving present. While I am very fond of boned turkey, I much prefer boned fish.

MRS. R. S.—So you dont like to see stage stars in young-girl parts. They are often O. K., except when done in "close-ups." No; Kathlyn Williams is still playing. I agree with you that Earle Williams has a good face. The face of a man is like the face of a watch, for it reveals without what is concealed within.

SHE PUT THE "YES" IN "EYES," BE THEY CLARA'S OR THEDA'S

GRACE R. D.—Balboa are producing a new series, "Who Is Guilty?" Hobart Henley and Helen Holmes are playing in a new series for Universal. Robert Edeson and Loretta Blake in "The Absentee." Mr. Edeson is what we call a free-lance. He belongs to no one company, but takes an odd job from anybody who wants him at a very large salary—probably close to $1,000 a week.

CORSICAN EM.—Yes, but some beauty is not even skin deep. No answer on that Keystone, it cannot be obtained. Sorry.

OLIVE W. G.—Your letter was very fine. Yes, it was a love match, and sometimes a love match is a burning question.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—You were on time. Russell Bassett was Sid, and Constance Johnson was the wife in "Little Pal." Frank Borzage was Bill Carey in "A Knight of the Trails" (Kay-Bee). George Larkin was Alan in "Trey o' Hearts" (Universal). Mona Darkfeather in the Centaur Company. Leona Hutton is with Horsley.

BUDDY.—Mabel Trunnelle and Yale Brenner in "Two Vanrevels" (Edison). That's right, fine feathers do not make fine birds, but 'most all fine birds usually have them. Your philosophy is good.

VYRGYNYA.—Your allegiance to J. W. K. is a fixed thing and, that being so, suffers no sidetracking. You are right. Yes, you should give the devil his due, but you should be mighty careful that there isn't too much due him.

TEXAS COWGIRL.—Roy Stewart was Detective Blake. Yes; Donald Hall married Frankie Mann not long ago. It was a case of love at first sight, and the wedding soon followed. This reminds me of what Josh Billings once said: "Adam invented 'luv at first sight,' and it is one ov the gratest laber-saving masheens the world ever saw."

JULIE.—So you like contests better than anything in the Magazine. Try your luck at the new contest in this issue. Yes; Lenore Ulrich is with Equitable. Robert Gray is with Balboa.

KERRIGAN FIEND.—Thanks for the fee; it was much appreciated. Johnnie Walker was the pal of Edward Earle in "Land of Adventure" (Edison). Jean Dumar was Alice. Walter Miller was Angelo and Blanche Sweet his sweetheart in "The Coming of Angelo." R. C. Shumway was both brothers in that play. It was a double exposure. It was exceedingly kind of you. Thank you a whole lot for your clever words.

MISS H. K.—William Worthington and Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson in "Damon and Pythias." Frederick Perry, Walter Miller and Dixie Compton in "The Family Stain." I can supply you with facts and news, but not with brains.

BIRDIE.—So you will never name your club the "Four Leaf Clover" club, but will remain loyal to the Answer Man. Good for you! I dont mind those little things.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST.—A complete scenario should be sent to the manufacturers when submitting, but some companies will accept a synopsis. Flora Finch may have been to Canada this summer, but I cannot find out. She is no longer with the Vitagraph, and I dont know her present latitude and longitude. Your letter was really brilliant.

CARLETON.—Wallace Reid was in "Carmen" (Lasky). I enjoyed yours very much. You ask where Charles Chaplin's watch came from that he won in the Great Cast Contest. From the J. M. Lyons Co., of New York. Mr. Miller's also.

ARK M.—It is out of the question to give the information you desire. Haven't room. Perhaps you could obtain that information in back numbers of our Magazine in "Musings of a Photoplay Philosopher."

POPULAR CONCEPTION OF A MOVIE STAR TAKING HOME HIS WEEKLY SALARY

TWO BIG BOOBS.—Thanks for the Canadian coin. Thanks, also, for your suggestions. That's right, tell us what you like and what you dont like about our magazines. That's the only way we can tell just what to give you. Your rhyme is original, if not classic:

O, Rippy dear, if you just knew
How we two boobs admire just you!
Your head, your wit, your whiskers gray—
"You should not worry" and work all day.

Now, Rippy dear, when you get old,
We hope you will not take a cold,
'Cause if you do you will get worse
And spend an hour within a hearse.

CATHERINE OF ARAGON.—No, child, you will not "get all et up" if you should say something I dont like. I dont bite and am not cannibalistically inclined. Paul Doucet was Lucio in "The Devil's Daughter" (Fox). Blanche Sweet was the wife in "Two Men of the Desert." James Cooley was opposite Helen Ware in "The Price."

GRACE C. K., GREENWOOD, MISS.—You ask me what is the difference between high-priced furs and cheap ones. Well, about $396. The pronunciation gives them a quality value, too. $400 furs are *seal*-skins; $4 furs are seal-*skins*. But what do you want of furs down in Mississippi?

LOUISE B.—Address Mary Pickford in care of Famous Players, 507 5th Ave., New York City. Marguerite Clark is somewhere between 25 and 33, but just where I dont know.

CLARA YOUNG TUNE.—Betty Riggs was the girl in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" (Metro). The picture you enclose is of Constance Talmadge. So you want a picture of Howard Estabrook. Edna Flugarth is with the London Films Co.

JNO. MILLER.—George Wright, Bessie Learn and Frank McGlynn in "Across the Great Divide." There are about 600,000 words in the English language, but about half of them are scientific and are found only in text books of a technical character.

READERS.—Lottie Learn Garrity writes us that Johnson Briscoe was incorrect when he said Bessie Learn played the part of Janet Carmichael in the Little Princess Theater in Lincoln, Neb. The part was played by the elder sister of Bessie, Lottie Learn, who is now married to John Garrity.

ANNIE M. M.—So you liked "The Broken Coin." Earle Williams is playing in a serial, "The Scarlet Runner." It is a series of twelve two-reel pictures of adventure. In each episode he will have a different leading woman. Ah, ha! "Man is fickle ever, to one thing constant never."

PUZZLE PICTURE

WHAT MAGAZINE DID THE BOY GET?

OLD GENTLEMAN—My boy, run into the book-store and ask the man to give you the most popular magazine he has.

MARION B.—The reason that I say harsh things sometimes, is because a word to the unwise is not sufficient, and I have to take a club. Robert Ellis was Tony in "The Key to Possession" (Kalem). Owen Moore is with Griffith. Yes; "Temper" with Henry Walthall was released July 13, 1915.

DOLORES K.—Harold De Becker was Billy in "The Right of Way" (Metro). Since you insist upon knowing, my beard turned gray before the hair on my head, altho the former was about thirty years younger. I suppose it was because I worked my jaws more than my brains.

JACQUELINE E.—Jack Standing was John in "It Was to Be" (Lubin).

ETHELYN MAE.—Della Connor was the wife in "The Commuters." So you dont like my picture. Sad, sad! Woe is me.

M. M., READING.—Stella Razetto, Joe King, Lamar Johnstone and G. Ryan in "The Unfinished Portrait" (Selig). Jack Nelson and Winnifred Greenwood in "The Finger Prints" (Selig).

NANCY.—You refer to J. Flynn in that Bosworth. You were too late for January.

ANNA D.—Yes; Wheeler Oakman had the lead in "Under Calvary's Shadow." Darwin Karr was the son in "The Guttersnipe" (Vitagraph). So you want a chat and picture of Anne Schaeffer. I agree with you, it is about time. You will receive a notice when your subscription expires. Romaine Fielding is with Universal now.

ELAINE A.—Marguerite Snow was the Countess in "The Million Dollar Mystery." James Cassidy is with Lubin. Vincent Codella in "Forest Rose." Charlotte Burton was Vivian in "The Diamond from the Sky."

A. V. S.—Robert Walker was the composer in "The Girl of the Music Hall." Yes; I saw where the Chicago *Tribune* stated that Earle Williams would send printed material on "How to Become a Moving Picture Actor or Actress" to any one who wrote to him. Mr. Williams tells me he knows nothing about it, and says the Chicago *Tribune* has evidently been misinformed. He says Moving Picture acting, or any other kind, cannot be taught by mail.

SPRING CHICKEN.—Milton Sills was Burleigh in "Under Southern Skies." I am not so good as you think I am. I have many vices, but my principal vice is advice. Alfred Vosburgh was leading man in "Thru Troubled Waters" (Vitagraph).

MRS. J. S. R.—Alma Reuben was Alma in "Lorelei Madonna" (Vitagraph). Ethel Teare was the girl in "Ham and Bud."

LILLIAN A.—You have been misinformed, my child. Mary Pickford has not been divorced; in fact, she has been remarried. We haven't chatted Robert Warwick as yet.

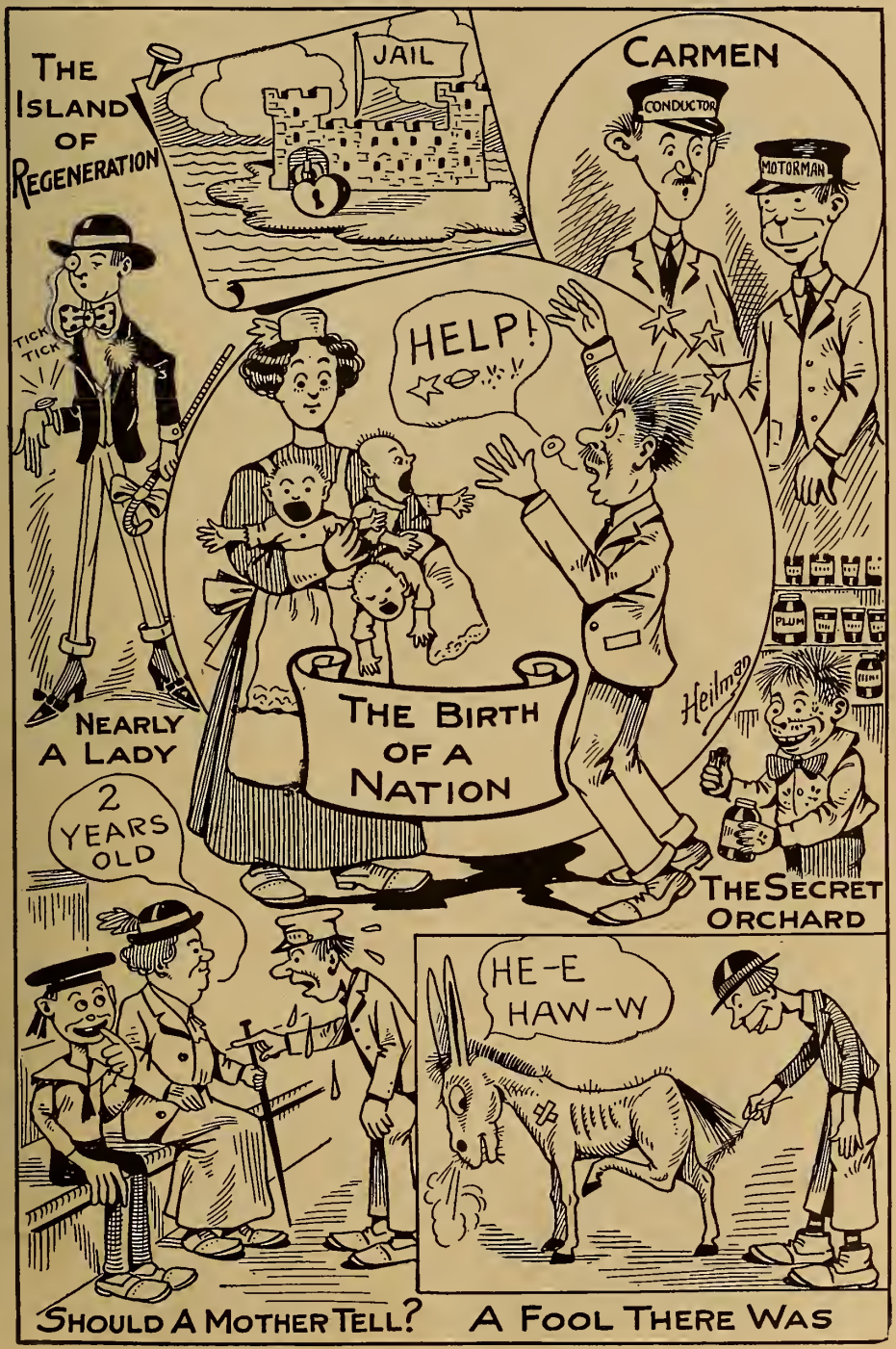
MRS. H. S.—Francis Bushman should be addressed c/o Metro, 1465 Broadway, New York City. Yes, to your second.

NELLIE.—Your letter was all talk, but very interesting. According to the last report available, there were 7,659,475 telephone stations in the United States, and 639,900 in Great Britain.

DOROTHY M.—Did you start to write a book? I have handed it to the Editor, who enjoys long letters. (Pity me when he sees this!)

HAZEL BELLE.—Leona Hutton was Molly in "The Protest." I believe Crane Wilbur answers his own mail. The Villain is a character who represents the evil tendencies of human nature and seeks to frustrate the purposes of the nobler characters. He may be either a heavy or a comedian. Sometimes he affects a touch of satirical comedy.

RAYMOND J. S.—Send a stamped envelope and I will send you a list of film manufacturers; you can then get in touch with them. No; it would be impossible for us to supply you with such a pack of cards. Thanks for your bright letter.



"SCREEN MASTERPIECES" (AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN)

BUNNY, 16.—No, not Helen, but Lillian Burns in "Arthur Truman's Ward" (Vitagraph). Vivian Rich was the girl in "The Heart of the Woods" (American). The drawing is very good.

M. P. O. K.—You can get one of those banners for twenty-five cents. Send it in Australian International coupons which are worth five cents each. Marie Eline was the child in "Heart of a Child."

MANY KIND FRIENDS.—Let me thank you all, in this meager way, for the various cards, books, cigars, tobacco, etc., that you so kindly sent me for Christmas. I am sorry I cannot express my appreciation in some other way. God bless you all.

MR. CHESTER, MELBOURNE.—Chester Barnett was Bud in "Gentleman from Mississippi." Yours was a very refreshing letter.

JESSICA, BUFFALO.—That "War Babies" talk was all nonsense. The number of illegitimate births in England and Wales for the months of April, May and June of this year was 9,644, which is 333 less than for the corresponding period last year. The same result is observed in France. Thus the call to arms has reduced the evil, instead of increasing it. I dont agree with you at all.

I. M. A. B.—No; I do not think a girl of fifteen is too old to roller-skate in the street. Next summer I am going to roller-skate down to the office every morning. I advise you not to marry for money unless you want to trade your liberty for a golden collar that will always be uncomfortable. The Kalem, I think.

JANET MCM.—Write to Universal for a picture of Grace Johnson. Lenore Ulrich is playing for Equitable. I suppose the reason that so many people tell me their troubles is because they haven't anybody else to tell them to. Misery loves company, but company does not love misery.

HASSAN.—Edna Holland was Madame Barastoff in "The Confession of Madame Barastoff." She is now with Vitagraph. Be patient and you will hear from Blanche Sweet. You say "It's a wonderful thing to be known and liked by 98% of the circulation. The other 2% are still smarting from something." I am sorry about that 2%, and I wish they would all come back. Stop in, any time.

KITTY K.—Dont feel a bit strange, come right in. Edward Bovini was Flamma in "When a Woman Loves." Charles Wellesley was Giuseppi in "Hearts Ablaze." James O'Neill was the young millionaire in "The Heart of a Painted Woman."

GORD B.—Viola Dana was in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Yes; "The Wanderer" is a reissue. Thanks for your kind words. I will be guided by what you say.

MALINDA.—No; I do not drink. Drinking is not among my many vices. I really do not know why people drink so much. As Dr. Aldrich says, "If on my theme I rightly think, there are five reasons why men drink: Good wine, a friend, or being dry, or lest we should be by-and-by, or any other reason why."

HAZEL NUT.—I will hand your brilliant ravings to the Editor. That was Father Time. I do not know why he is pictured with a scythe, unless it is because "all flesh is grass."

KAYSEE FAN.—I believe he prefers to be called "Jack Warren Kerrigan."

"SAY, HURRY UP! I GOTTA DATE WID ME GURL AT DE MOVIN' PITCHER SHOW"

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MARGARETTE K. T.—Yes; I have seen both "Carmens" now, but it wouldn't do for me to pass my opinion. You will have to decide for yourself which is the better. Thanks for the rubber bands. Did you think I needed to be held together or did you want to have a band around me all day? Better that than a street band, or even a band of Indians.

ETHEL T. C.—That was Milton Sills in "The Orchid." J. Frank Glendon and Leslie Austin in "Tables Turned."

ANNA WHEELING.—William Conklin, of Balboa, began in early manhood as a junior member of John M. Conklin & Son's dry goods firm of Brooklyn. Leah Baird is still with Vitagraph.

FROG BUBBLES.—Edna Purviance was the girl in "Shanghaied." The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE began in January, 1911. The CLASSIC in September, 1915.

TEDDY, 13.—The average weight of a man's brain is 3½ lbs.; of a woman's, 2 lbs. 11 oz. It was real clever of you to send me that book. Just what I wanted. Much thanks. Max Figman had the lead in "What's His Name?" Lolita Robertson opposite him.

MORMON BOY.—John Sturgeon was John Arden in "The Last Scene of All" (Edison). Bliss Milford was the maid. Herbert Barrington and Louise Vale in "Until Death Us Do Part." Please put "CLASSIC" at the top of your letter if you wish to be answered in the CLASSIC.

S. O. S., REVERE BEACH.—Gertrude Ryan was the sister in "Rosary." They are two different plays. William Farnum played in "Samson" and Warren Kerrigan played in "Samson."

OLGA, 17.—Now that you will see Crane Wilbur and Thomas Chatterton together, I wonder whom you will choose? For asking foolish questions, I have awarded you first prize. You ask, "If once nought is nothing, what is the half of forever?" The answer must be, Forever. As the schoolboy said, "If once nought's nuthin', twice nought must be sumthin'."

PUNKEYDOODLE.—Eva Prout was Given, Robert Ellis was Tony in "The Key to Possession" (Kalem). Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet in "Home, Sweet Home."

JUNIPER S.—I like what you say, but I dont like the way you say it. Keep your temper. A cross temper is a saw that cuts both ways, cutting both cutter and cuttee. It is a cross-cut and also a rip-saw. You refer to Isabelle Rea, who is not playing now.

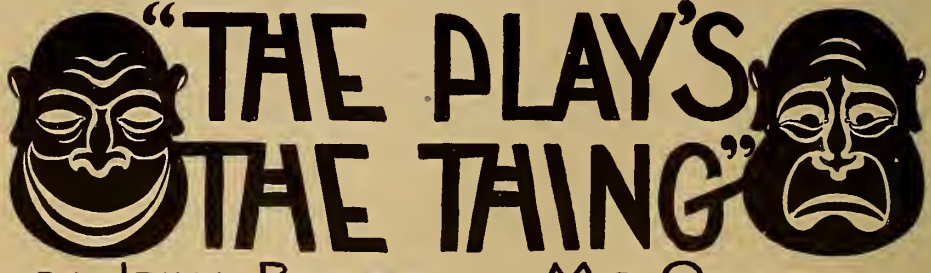
PINWHEELS.—They are sisters. I believe "A Million Bid" is not being shown now, but your exhibitor can still get it. You might write to that player.

NELLIE.—You here again? Edward José had the lead opposite Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was" (Fox).

MRS. ANNE M.—To settle your curiosity, Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly, and it is all her own. It is naturally blonde. She is naturally short. (But she is never short of money.) Sobeit!

LITTLE MISS, MONTREAL.—I am not sure whether Florence LaBadie came from St. Lambert, but she is from Montreal.

TOPSY, 14.—Ethel Stewart was Helen in "Cora." So you think I am a fraud? Why the thusness of the this?



BY JOHN RUSSELL MC CARTHY

When the snow is deep in the city street,
'Til it muffles the sound of your hurrying feet,
You are sure of one certain and sweet retreat:
"The play's the thing!"

When the north wind stings like the lash of a whip,
'Til you're red of nose and blue of lip,
There's a cozy hall into which you slip:
"The play's the thing!"

When winter howls like a beast of prey,
You are sure of one spot that is warm and gay—
The sun always shines at the picture-play:
"The play's the thing!"

Could you fill his shoes?

SUPPOSE a good job were open where you work. Could *you* fill it? Could you jump right in and make good, or would the boss have to pass you up because you lacked *training?*

The man who is offered the big job is the man who has trained himself to hold it *before* it is offered to him.

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☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEERING	☐ DESIGNING
☐ Mechanical Drafting	☐ BOOKKEEPING
☐ Shop Practice	☐ Stenography and Typewriting
☐ Gas Engines	☐ Higher Accounting
☐ CIVIL ENGINEERING	☐ Railway Accounting
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Commercial Law
☐ MINE FOREMAN AND SUPT.	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Metal Mining	☐ Teachers Course
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEERING	☐ English Branches
☐ Marine Engineering	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ ARCHITECTURE	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Building Contractor	☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Architectural Drafting	☐ POULTRY
☐ Concrete Engineering	☐ Textile Manufacturing
☐ Structural Engineering	☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Chemistry ☐ German
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ AUTO RUNNING ☐ French
☐ SALESMANSHIP	☐ Motor Boat Running ☐ Italian

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

DADDYKINS.—So you think Theda Bara the better of the two "Carmens." Harold Lockwood opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Crucible." Justina Johnstone was the sister.

M. F., TORONTO; MRS. VAL DE T.; MRS. ROBT. R. K.; ELIZABETH L.; MARIE H.; RUTH H. P.; FRANK E.; and HARRY W. S. —I enjoyed your letters, and am very much obliged.

LITTLE FLIRT.—You must not ask how old a player is. Harold Lockwood was interviewed in July, 1915. Yours was very fine. There are two distinct organizations of "I. W. W.'s," "Industrial Workers of the World," and each has the same name. They are humorously called, "I Wont Work."

BETTY BELL.—And you want an interview with Robert Mantell. I really dont know where Arthur Johnson is. Mrs. Anderson was Mrs. Lee in "Anselo Lee."

M. E., KANSAS CITY.—Sessue Hayakawa was the proprietor of the opium den in "The Secret Sin." William Shay had the lead in "The Heart of Maryland" opposite Mrs. Leslie Carter.

EDNA D.—I have never heard of another sister to Mary Pickford besides Lottie. There is just a little truth in that foul report, but only a little. The lie that is a half truth is most likely to be believed and it is therefore the most dangerous.

ELIZABETH C., SEATTLE.—Jack Pickford is with Selig, and Yale Boss is with Edison. Warren Kerrigan lives in Los Angeles, Cal.

ADELE O'B.—How do I know who is considered the best-dressed man in pictures? There are a lot of natty dressers, but you will have to decide. May Allison is playing opposite Harold Lockwood.

G. G. K., HARTFORD.—Certainly I believe in the New Thought. Why shouldn't I?—who doesn't? We *should* think nothing but beautiful thoughts of beautiful things, dream of nothing but beautiful colors and tender hues, and seek for nothing but lovely tones and graceful lines. But we cant always do as we should. Franklin Ritchie is with Biograph.

MARTIN.—The reason there were not odd figures in the Great Cast Contest was because the coupons called for just ten votes each.

A. M. W.—Lewis Cody opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Mating." Reva Greenwood is with the Humanology Co.

DIRECTOR—Say, do you know where all my actors have gone to?
NATIVE CHIEF—Sure! They all went into the interior.

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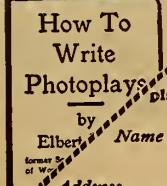

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ELBERT MOORE, Box 772MB, Chicago

BERNICE L.—I am sorry you were omitted. I agree with you that there is a great deal of kissing on the screen, perhaps too much of it, but why blame the dangers of kissing solely to the poor innocent microbe? There is seldom any sentiment behind a kiss when the players are playing before the camera? It is a very serious business indeed, and they are more intent on how it looks than on how it feels.

W. K. A.—Méliès are still producing. Mildred Bracken was with N. Y. M. P. Co. last. William Clifford was with Famous Players last. Antonio Moreno opposite Edith Storey in "The Dust of Egypt."

W. L. C., JR.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for list of film manufacturers. Anne Schaeffer in "The Barrier of Prejudice." Arthur Cozine was Fritz in "War" (Vitagraph). Robert Walker in "The Second Commandment" (Kalem). Renée Noel in "A Man Afraid."

CRAYTON H.—The time of Paris and London are just the same. Our time is about five hours and a quarter later. Thus, when we are eating our breakfast at eight, the French are having luncheon at one. Webster Campbell was the son in "Mother's Busy Week" (Beauty). Niles Welch was Benton in "Emmy of Stork's Nest" (Metro). Nell Craig was the mother in "His Crucible" (Essanay). Edith Thornton was the girl and Walter Duncan was the suitor in "Love and Swords" (Lubin).

JEANNIE E.—If you send a stamp or other fee you will receive your answers immediately. This rule was established because of the hundreds of letters we receive, some of which have to be held over another month.

G. M. G.—Hal Clements was opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Secret Sin" and House Peters in "The Captive." Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "Every Inch a King." Edward Sloman was Seneca in "Trey o' Hearts." Norma Phillips in "Runaway June." Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "The Bachelor Burglar." Harold Lockwood appeared in "Wildflower" and "The Crucible."

JANE R.—Yes; Josephine Crowell is still with Griffith. Rosemary Theby, Jennie Nelson and Harry Myers, three old Lubinites, with Universal in "He Was Only a Bathing-suit Salesman."

MADELINE P.—Thanks for that recipe for kiss cake, but cake-making is not among my numerous accomplishments.

MAIDA.—Yours was very fine. Anna Little opposite Frank Borzage now. People will have hard work getting small parts for Ford cars this winter. Ford took all the "nuts" with him on the *Oscar II.* Brilliant, Maida.

NELLIE.—And you here again? Isn't that nice! James O'Neill was Barnett in "The Heart of a Painted Woman." You are right; I never drink. If I did, I would not treat. The best way to *preserve* friends is to treat them considerably; the best way to *kill* friends is to treat them oftenly. Isn't that so?

HUGHIE MACK FLORA FINCH

IS IT THE SWEAT OF HONEST TOIL OR TEARS AT PARTING?

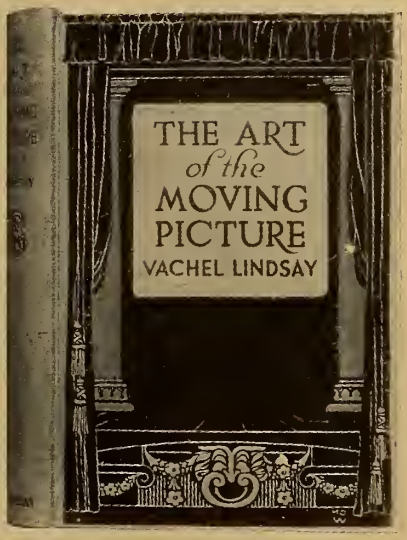
TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS JUST OUT

The Art of the Moving Picture

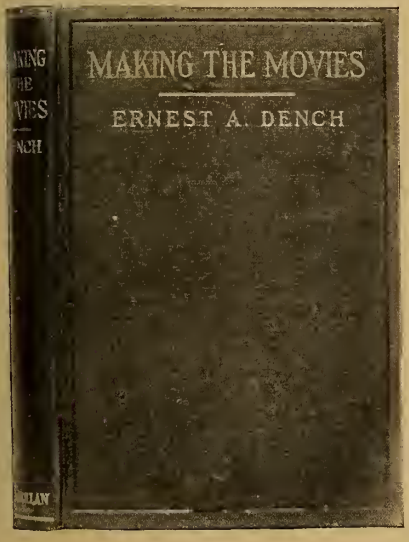
By VACHEL LINDSAY
Author of "The Congo and Other Poems," etc.

Cloth, 289 pages, 12mo, $1.25. By mail, $1.35

Mr. Lindsay's book is one of the first to be written in appreciation of the moving picture. His purpose is to show how to classify and judge the better films. He describes the types of photoplays, discusses the likeness of the motion picture to the old Egyptian picture writing, summarizes the one hundred main points of difference between the legitimate drama and the film drama, indicates that the best censorship is a public sense of beauty and takes up the value of scientific films, news films, educational and political films. The volume closes with some sociological observations on the conquest of the motion picture, which he regards as a force as revolutionary as was the invention of printing.



These two books fill a long-felt want. Mr. Lindsay is the first writer to take up this great subject and discuss the pictures in respect to their pictorial, sculptural and architectural effect. Every person interested in Motion Pictures should read this book. It will give him a new viewpoint, and it is extremely interesting. Mr. Dench's book is a book of facts and information. There are other similar books on the market, published years ago, and some of them are a trifle antiquated; here we have it brought right down to the minute by a writer who is well known to the readers of the Motion Picture Magazine and Classic.



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By ERNEST A. DENCH

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An informing little book is this, describing the way in which moving pictures are made. There are chapters on Putting On a Photoplay, Movie Stars Who Risk Their Lives for Realistic Films, How Railroad Photoplays are Made, How Fire Films are Taken, Making Cartoons for the Movies, Taking Films Under the Sea, The Work in a Film Factory, Aviation and the Movies, The Production of the Trick Photoplays and many other equally interesting topics. Mr. Dench knows the moving picture business from the inside and has written most entertainingly on his subject.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LOUISE F.—I will tell the Editor you want a photo of Courtenay Foote. Why, Josephine Earle's name is MacEwen. Earle is only her stage name.

TESS, NEWARK.—Well, Frank Daniels has signed up with Vitagraph for three years, so you will see some fine comedies. He is an interesting "character" and will make Sidney Drew keep on the job to hold his championship laurels. Edna Mayo is playing opposite Henry Walthall now. So you want Vitagraph to reissue the Vitagraph Bunny films. Perhaps they will. His son has left Vitagraph.

DEEBEE.—Yes, the California Motion Picture Co. produced "Salomy Jane." They also produced "Mignon" and "Lily of Poverty Flat." All have been released. No, your letter was just right.

HELEN M. R.—Max Linder was Max in "Max and His Mother-in-law." Arthur Hoops was opposite Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda." Marion Fairbanks and Boyd Marshall in "The Baby and the Boss."

F. E. M.—So you dont think Mrs. Sidney Drew is too stout. Very well, have it your way—she is too thin, then.

FREDERICK S.—Millicent Evans was Dora in "Dora Thorne" (Biograph). I agree with you that Earle Williams is not very versatile. The nightingale has but one song, but it is a good one. So you liked Naomi Childers and Virginia Pearson in "The Turn of the Road." We haven't interviewed Naomi Childers yet.

MADELINE C.—There was a Brief Biography of Ella Hall in April, 1915. A picture in March '15 Magazine and December '15 Classic.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Thanks for the tack. I am glad it was only a rubber one. Small favors, etc. Also thanks for the remembrance. It was quite different.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Yes; Dorothy Bernard is a fine little player. No, we do not adopt all of the words authorized by the Simplified Spelling Board. For example, they spell debt d-e-t. They omit the b, perhaps because they do not want 'a be in debt.

M. R., ELK LAKE.—Thanks for the pictures. I have sent them to the other magazine for you.

BERNICE S.—Look over our back numbers; they have a lot about Mary Pickford. All I can say about Louise Huff is that she is with the Liberty Company. Yes to your second. Thanks for that excellent fudge.

TRULY YOURS.—Just talk to your manager and tell him what you want. Alec Francis was Blink in "The Impostors" (World). Lois Weber was Daisy Dean in "Scandal." Yes; I enjoyed your letter.

BESSIE M.—Olive Golden and Gordon Griffith had the leads in "The Come-back" (Universal). Bertha Gerson and Samuel Winstraub in "A Hunchback's Romance." Agnes Vernon was the lame sister in "The Flight of a Nightbird." Your poem on "The Beautiful Snow" was excellent. If you have one on ice, I would like to see it. Anna Nilsson and Harry Millarde in "Haunted House of Wild Isle" (Kalem). Mary Fuller and Matt Moore in "A Daughter of the Nile" (Victor).

SWEET SIXTEEN.—So you say you love Antonio Moreno, and dont care who knows it. Hence, I am letting them all know it. I fear that you are deficient in the sense of proportion and have an exaggerated notion of the relative importance of your own affairs. Be I wright?

KITTY B.—Not Vitagraph, but Kalem produced "The Coquette," and Rea Martin, James Cooley, Harry Hallam and Joseph Sullivan in the same. Yes; I saw all except "Madam Butterfly." Stop in when you come this way.

BRECO.—Mary Miles Minter was the Christmas Fairy in "The Fairy and the Waif" (World). So you are collecting photos of all the attractive blondes in captivity. Peroxides included?

MARY M. D.—Ormi Hawley and Bradley Barker will play opposite for Kinemacolor. Yes; Edwin August is with World. Paul Panzer plays in the same company with Mary Fuller. Thanks for the fee.

MADGE, NEWARK.—Vivian Rich and Harold Vosburgh opposite, and Ruth Blair is with Fox. Perhaps you refer to Harry Morey. I dont know Harry L. Morris. That was taken in California and New York. You are kind enough to say that you think I do not get enough rest. What do I want of rest? As Carlyle says, "Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" While I am 74, there are no signs of my wearing out or burning out. You say that Burns burnt out at 38, but you forget that Scott never wrote a novel until he was over 40.

"What's the matter, son? Has some one in your family died?"

"No'm; worse'n dat. De Movin' Picture show's burnt down!"

THE CALL FOR GOOD PHOTOPLAYS

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FRANK D. GENEST.
4286 Sherbrooke St., Westmount, P. Q.

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Fee for reading, criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, $1.00 per reel), but to readers of the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

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H. J. S.—Why, Jewel Hunt is with Vitagraph. She is doing fancy dancing and leads. Yes, I know her well.

LLOYD B.—It seems that Doris Pawn was born in Norfolk, Nebraska. She is playing opposite Sidney Ayres at Universal City.

BABE, PORTO.—Your puzzle is good. The rule you want is this: Double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night; double the time of the sun's setting, which gives you the length of the day. We shall have a new puzzle soon.

MRS. A. H. D.—I am pleased to announce that Violet Davis was the child in "My Lost One" (Vitagraph). Her mother has just informed me.

G. C. M., NORTHUMBERLAND.—No; I haven't lost my nerve yet. Some people think I have too much.

ANTHONY.—My child, where have you been all these years—on a peace mission to Europe? William Duncan, Ann Drew and George Stanley had the leads in "Love and Law" (Vitagraph). You want me to bum with you during your nights in New York. Horrors! What will become of me?

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Anita Stewart is in Bayshore, N. Y., c/o Vitagraph Studio. Have you got the fever—one every day? No cast for "The Sand-Rat" (Kriterion). Edna Purviance is in Los Angeles with Charles Chaplin. Really you people are never satisfied. You wanted us to publish twice a month, and this we are doing, and now you want us to publish every week. Have a heart!

FLORENCE L. S., HAVERSTRAW.—You say that the principal objection to votes for women is that a woman will require an escort to the polls. Very true; granted! But most men require at least two escorts to get home from the polls.

C. J. E.—Alphonse Ethier was playing with Thanhouser last. Griffith is producing for the Triangle.

J. H. S., ROXBORO.—Your verse to the Answer Man was too good to print.

E. I. G.—Most players send photos when stamps are enclosed, but very few will pay your postage for you. A picture of Vivian Martin soon. The official flag of the U. S. has forty-eight stars, two having been added in 1912 by the admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union. Every star represents a State.

FLORENCE, TOLEDO.—How do I know whether Mr. Bushman's mother is living? He always answers his mail. Write him.

BEULAH H.—Bessie Barriscale was Helen, and Enid Markey was Ruth in "The Cup of Life." Enid Markey in "The Friend."

TOM—There's Gray. He's looking rather shabby.
JERRY—Yes, he's been afflicted with "Scribbler's Itch," and is writing scenarios.
TOM—"Scribbler's Itch," eh? Then I bet he has to scratch for a living.

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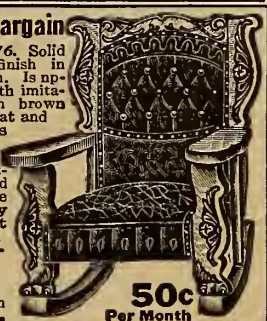

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J. S. K.—Glad you like our magazines. A "hand" in measuring horses is 4 inches. I am told that *Pour l'amour de Meek* is French for "For the love of Mike," but I doubt it.

JOHNSON D. C.—I want to give you just one word of advice. Iron out the disfiguring wrinkles of petulance from your disposition and watch the sun rise. E. K. Lincoln is with Lubin, also Tom Moore.

LORA C., PROVO, UTAH.—Joseph Kaufman and Ethel Clayton opposite in "Blessed Miracle" (Lubin). William Garwood opposite Violet Mersereau.

TYLLYE.—Glad to hear you are a subscriber now. Theda Bara and William Shay in "Sin." Blessings on your fair head for writing that dandy letter.

MABEL G. C., NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.—I enjoyed your letter. Write again, and stop in the next time you come across the pond. The Mirror is a stock-selling proposition and so is Triangle.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—You haven't written to Anthony yet. Joseph W. Smiley is with the Ocean Film Co., and Lilie Leslie is with the World. Winnifred Kingston was Molly in "The Virginian" (Lasky). Charles Perley and Augusta Anderson in "A Kentucky Episode" (Biograph). Leona Hutton was opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Protest." Anna Little in "The Man Afraid of His Wardrobe" (Mustang). L. Shumway and Edythe Sterling in "The Level." Tom Mix was the husband in "He Wouldn't Support His Wife."

AMELIA H.—The Editor will use a picture of Alan Hale soon. Yes, that other player you speak of married rich, but a fool and his wife's money are soon parted.

ABE, 99.—Glad to hear from you again. May Allison was born on a Georgia plantation. That may be why she plays Southern parts so well. Dont know where Anita S. is. Yes, as you say, be a sport.

SWASTIKA.—James Cooley was the lead in "The Coquette."

JACQUELINE.—Yes, Hepworth films are shown in the United States. We have no record of Tom Powers at present. Was glad to hear from you.

TYLLYE.—You should make use of your friends not by using them, but by being of use to them. Pearl White is with Pathé yet. You haven't a job—it's a position. Charles Wellesley, Zena Keefe and L. Rogers Lytton in "Unforgiven" (Vita.).

HERMAN.—I fear you are criticising something that you know little about. But since ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise. Alice Joyce is not playing at present.

TERRE HAUTE.—Tom Moore is with the Lubin now, opposite Ethel Clayton. The New Edison and Kleine exchange release both Kleine and Edison plays. There were about 25 "let out" from Vitagraph, and I expect there will be more. 'Most every concern have a house-cleaning about the first. Florence Lawrence is back again.

L. L. C., WATONGA.—Just write Universal, 1600 Broadway, New York, for those books. The average weight of an adult is 150 lbs. 6 oz. Send for a list of film manufacturers with addresses, and then you can write to the players direct to their company.

JOHNNY MOUSE.—Riley Chamberlain was the locksmith in "The Dead Man's Keys" (Thanhouser). Harry Driscole was the count in "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Leona Hutton was Molly Stewart in "A Knight of the Trails" (Kay-Bee).

F. A. A.—You say that war is a blessing in disguise. There may be two opinions about the blessing, but only one on the effectiveness of the disguise. Anna Luther is with Keystone. Thanks.

JOHNNIE C. P., MOPI CLUB.—Norma Talmadge in "Janet of the Chorus." She is now with Triangle. Yours was fine.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Lois Meredith was Margaret in "Conspiracy." Lottie Pickford's picture was published in November, 1911. Ruth Stonehouse in "Slim Princess" (Essanay). Frederick Church is with Universal.

EDITH H.—Harry Beaumont was opposite Viola Dana in "The Stoning." Helen Martin in "The Song of the Wage Slave" (Metro). Conway Tearle in "Seven Sisters." He is now playing on the New York stage.

BELLE S.—Have no record of Marshall Farnum playing in pictures—I only know of Dusty and Billy. We shall have a picture of Thomas Meighan soon.

E. M. S., FREDERICK.—Edgar Selwyn was Jamilthe in "The Arab." Charles Clary was Father Kelly in "Rosary."

EDITH A.—Yours was more of a chat. It seems the more a thing costs the more we like it and want it. H. Cooper Cliffe was Hamilton in "The Final Judgment." Arthur Donaldson is with World.

F. K.—Write to Olga Petrova in care of Metro. Harland Moore was the stenographer in "The Guilt." Ray Aitken in "Yarn Entangle."

SY. TUPPER III.—Matt Moore was Clareton, Mary Fuller was Ancine, Sidell Dowling was Magda in "A Daughter of the Nile" (Victor). Edward Roberts was Jack in "White King." Walter Spencer was Bert in "Playing for High Stakes."

DOROTHY T.—Jerome Storm plays with Broncho. Gene Gauntier is with Universal. Goldie Colwell was Kitty Cat in "An Oriental Spasm."

LILLIAN B.; CYRIL B.; I. G. R.; RUTH M. B., LITCHFIELD; MAY B. B.; C. M.; MARJORIE G.; DAHRIS B. M.; EDNA M.; MARGARET C.; MARTHA V.; KATHRYN B.; LOUISE R.; FAN D.; C. R. B; A. S. M.; MARGARET J.; MARY E. H.; NELL L. W.; MRS. J. E. C.; MAMIE S.; MRS. JAMES H. A.; ROSE B.; CECILE P. H.; E. C. MC.; ADA F.; BETH B.—Your letters were all very interesting, unusually so, but your questions have been answered before.

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THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., Dept. 1472
4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio S.Wabash Ave., Chicago

Echoes of the Great Cast Contest

THE prizes for the winners of the Great Cast Contest have not yet been all distributed, altho they are all ready and waiting for the players to make their selections. The unfortunate part of it is that the winners are widely separated and it takes time to get word back and forth, particularly since we must observe the order of precedence and wait for one player to make the selection before notifying the next. In the meantime the letters and telegrams of acknowledgment are coming in. Mrs. Mary Maurice, who received 2,277,500 votes and first prize, writes as follows:

My Dear Mr. Brewster:

I'm not sure that I know the proper thing to say on such an occasion. I have a vague notion that one should be very much surprised and somewhat reluctant about accepting so beautiful a gift, which one has done nothing to deserve.

Being very human, however, with a human's pardonable interest in himself and his own affairs, I followed the contest with interest and attention, and particularly towards the end with no little trepidation—and I felt a glow of pride and happiness when I learnt that I had won. And I confess frankly that the thought of the pleasure which the wonderful music machine is going to give me and my many friends entirely drowned any faint twinges of conscience that I may have felt.

I am very grateful to you, Mr. Brewster, and I am particularly grateful to the kind souls that were good enough to vote for me.

A $500 grafanola is a pleasant thing to own, but even more gratifying is the knowledge that it is evidence of the kindly feeling of so many people for me. And for this knowledge, thru you and your beautiful magazine, I thank them.

Most sincerely and heartily,
Mary Maurice,
"The Vitagraph Mother."

Here is W. Chrystie Miller's letter—Mr. Miller received 1,725,450 votes:

Dear Sir, Kind Friend:

I thank you for the beautiful golden gem watch and chain. I thank the great multitude of my dear friends who voted for me in the Great Cast Contest. Surely life is indeed beautiful when one has so many, many friends. The Motion Picture Magazine is indeed the photoplayers' greatest friend. To be niched in its columns with the great star players is a proud privilege. The Motion Picture Magazine is indeed the actors' Temple of Fame.

I wish you and your great staff and all your happy household A Merry Christmas

and A Happy New Year. May the dear old Answer Man live to a great old age in everlasting youth is the hope of,

Yours most gratefully,
WM. CHRYSTIE MILLER.

Beverly Bayne, who received 1,524,330 votes, writes as follows:

GENTLEMEN AND ALL WHO SO LOYALLY SUPPORTED ME IN THE CONTEST:

The prize which has been awarded me, the complete volumes of Shakespeare, will always be an eloquent reminder of my dear photoplay friends and of the estimable MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which promoted the contest.

Thanking you one and all, I remain,
In deepest appreciation,
BEVERLY BAYNE.

Little Helen Costello, who received 1,344,570 votes, writes this cunning little letter in her own handwriting, and we are sorry that we have no puppy dogs in stock:

DEAR EDITOR:

Please thank all my friends for voting for me. I wish I could give them all a kiss.

I would like very much to have Santa Claus to bring me a puppy dog, and a wrist watch, and a pretty doll and clothes for her, and for play a pair of high-heel shoes. I expect to play with my toys on Christmas.

I remain, as ever, HELEN COSTELLO.

Mabel Normand, who won fifth prize with 1,709,390 votes, telegraphs from Los Angeles as follows:

Cannot find words to tell you how much I appreciate the magnificent painting that I won in the Greatest Photoplayer Cast Contest, and I want to thank you, and the thousands who cast a vote for me. I shall always prize the painting as one of my most wonderful possessions. Wishing you, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and all its thousands of readers the best of future success, I am now and always,

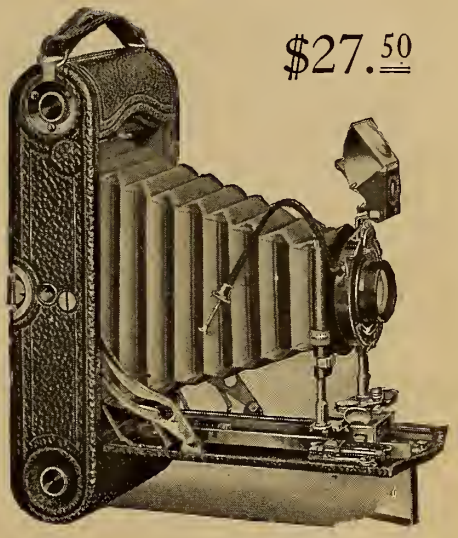
Your friend, MABEL NORMAND.

Antonio Moreno, who received 1,664,825 votes as "handsome young man," writes:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

I want to congratulate you on the great good you are doing in your magazine. Thru its columns the player "hears" the applause which is denied him on the screen. And encouragement is good for all of us. This is doubly appreciated by me, as I am not an American by citizenship—tho in spirit. Thanking you for the opportunity of selection from so many fine prizes, and for the beautiful painting by Gilbert Gaul, and thanking my friends for their interest,

Sincerely, ANTONIO MORENO.



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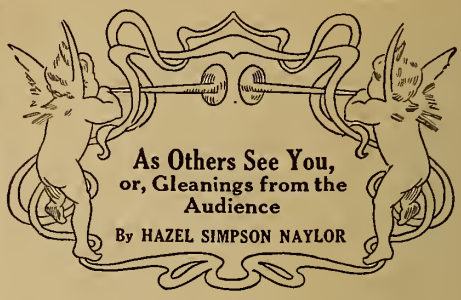


NEVER have I heard a photoplay so enthusiastically applauded as "The Battle Cry of Peace." Aside from the great work that this "call to arms" is accomplishing in arousing the slumbering patriotism and cocksureness of our nation, there is one bit which stands out in my mind as the work of personal genius. You know that heart-rending moment when the two sons, portrayed by Charles Richman and James Morrison, discover their mother and sister dead. It was there, it seemed to me, that James Morrison touched the pinnacle of greatness. It was *his* mother that lay there dead. Mr. Morrison *felt* the anguish which Mr. Richman acted.

"You know," said a youth watching Theda Bara in "Carmen," "Theda Bara has a superstition that she is going to die in nineteen hundred and twenty and is acting accordingly."

"Say," said the girl behind me, "I dont see Bryant Washburn any more. Aren't they releasing any? Oh, look, that's Ernest Gledenning. He isn't half as cute in the movies as he is on the stage. Say, that George Le Guere is some actor. Dont think much of this 'Seventh Noon' thing they call it, tho. Now you know Gledenning *is* cute—look at him there. Gee whiz! he ought to know the time it took to perform this show to the moment—that's the hundredth time he's pulled out his watch. Glad that's over. Here's a comedy at last—'Love and Law.' Aint that silly? Ha! ha! he's getting his this time." And then she stopped for breath.

Essanay's "The River of Romance," with John Lorenz and Elizabeth Tinder, was meandering peacefully on its way, when a kid in the audience

grunted aloud: "Some snap! All that guy does is kiss her!"

Eleanor Woodruff, you wonderful, superb American girl! In "The Heights of Hazard" you were absolutely exquisite.

For really artistic photography one must hand it to "My Madonna," produced by the Solax studios. Olga Petrova was beautiful, as usual, and Guy Coombs was very good. Indeed, as we filed out of the theater we heard a man remark, "That's the best movie I've seen in Buffalo in many a day."

"Hughie" Mack is right. He reminds us of a baby elephant to such a degree that every time he opens his mouth we long to throw him peanuts.

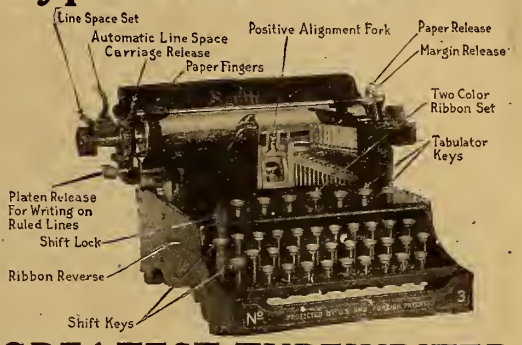
We have to take off our hats to "The Lamb." Douglas Fairbanks got every little bit of business "over" most effectively, and as for his funny little cough, well, it "got our goat."

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle were very amusing in "The Whirl of Life." In the rough-house scene, where the rejected lover, under the influence of liquor, makes love forcibly to the lovely Irene, who meanwhile wrings her hands and waits for Vernon to save her, a woman ejaculated, "Grab something quick and hit him over the head with it." Which holds a hint for directors—why not have the leading lady save *herself* for a change?

Marguerite Clark seems to put her heart and soul into everything she does, so that there is never any lack of "pep" in her photoplays. A woman who was watching her in "The Prince and the Pauper," not realizing that Marguerite was taking both rôles, said as Miss Clark was shown first as the prince and then as the beggar lad, "That's quite a different thing, but he's just as good-looking."

A little honest praise was handed out to Herbert Rawlinson in "On the Level," when a young fellow said, "Isn't he good! That's just the way you'd feel." We were sorry not to see Anna Little with Mr. Rawlinson, which suggests a bit of philosophy for movie stars: "Attractive partnerships spell success." Agreed we with "The Raven," "Nevermore."

Typewriter Sensation



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A Bargain Portrait Offer

TO meet the demand for fine portraits of the players, the "Motion Picture Magazine" has each year offered a set of carefully selected portraits as a premium to subscribers.

Last year's set of portraits was done in roto-gravure, a new process which is fast becoming very popular in the publishing business. The pictures were all half-life-size (11x14) litho tinted, strikingly attractive and very popular with our readers.

There are still a few of these pictures in stock and to close them out we are making a bargain offer. Last year we gave ten of these pictures free with a year's subscription to the "Motion Picture Magazine" at $1.50. Now you may have the entire set of seventeen pictures named below free with an eight months' subscription to the *Motion Picture Magazine* at $1.00 or a seven months' subscription to the *Motion Picture Classic* at the same price.

These portraits were formerly valued at 25 cents apiece or $4.25 for the set of seventeen.

LIST OF THE PORTRAITS

Edwin August	James Cruze	Mabel Normand
King Baggot	Romaine Fielding	Vivian Rich
Lottie Briscoe	Alice Joyce	Edith Storey
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Francis X. Busbman	Florence Lawrence	Arthur Johnson
Beverly Bayne	John Bunny	

This is an unusual bargain. Better take advantage of it at once. Just fill out coupon and mail with remittance. For Canada, add 25c postage, Foreign, 65c. Why not do it today?

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Name.....

Address.....

PEARL WHITE

(*Continued from page* 135)

me you could find pleasure in so harmless and prosaic a thing as, say, dining out—attending a family dinner, for example."

"No," she said decidedly, "I could not." That, at least, seemed to be a direct confirmation of his belief. But she spoiled it in a moment by continuing: "I could if people would let me. But they wont, and, really, I have come to dread such things. I like to do the usual things—find pleasure in doing them, too, for they are a change and are restful. I can enjoy simple amusements as much as—probably more than—the people who have not gone thru what I have and who are dependent upon the simple amusements. But I cant enjoy them in the company of these people because—well, because they will insist upon treating me as tho I were different from themselves. They must stare at one—must look into the very depths of one's ear, you know—to see if it is like everybody else's ear. And they insist upon asking how it feels to ride over a cliff in a car, to do this and that. That's so silly and tiresome! I dont ask them how it feels to darn a stocking or make a cake or do any of the thousand-or-so things that make up their day's duties.

He spoke of his vision of her on Broadway.

"Can you imagine," she said, "anything more enjoyable for me than a quiet stroll like that? But you wont catch me at it very often. For, as I say, people stare. To get the fullest enjoyment out of life I get out the car, pull my hat down over my eyes and drive out into the country."

His theory was about shattered now. It looked to him as if its opposite must be nearer the truth—that it was the simplest things that interested her most. To her the extraordinary in life had become the ordinary.

"Well, at any rate," he consoled himself as he left her, "I'm glad I was wrong about its being necessary to punch her head to make her happy."

SCENE FROM "DON QUIXOTE"
(SEE STORY BEGINNING ON PAGE 35)

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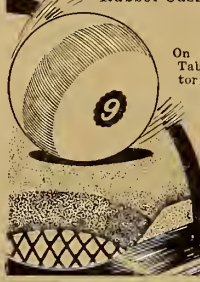
$1 DOWN

Play Billiards and Pool on a fine Burrowes Table of your own. $1 or more down, according to size and style. Small amount each month. Prices from $15 up. Full equipment of Balls, Cues, etc., free. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard). The Burrowes Table is portable—used in any room—on any house table or on its own legs or folding stand. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regis High-Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.



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HOBART BROS., Box M, Troy, Ohio

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

(*Continued from page* 137)
while the strife in Europe is in progress; moreover, Miss Garden has stipulated that it will be worth just a quarter of a million dollars.

Sir Henry Beerbohm Tree has just accepted D. W. Griffith's invitation to go to California and appear in several notable film productions, leaving his large theatrical interests in England, and even postponing his long-expected tour of this country in the legitimate theaters. The amount which Tree is to receive is surely written in not less than six figures.

Madame Emma Calvé is very modest in her demands, when we consider that she is now receiving $3,000 a week in vaudeville, and is surpassing all previous box-office records in every theater where she has appeared. The greatest of all the Carmens is satisfied to receive $25,000 in compensation for four weeks' time given to the camera man. But Calvé has placed a ban on "Carmen," and even has barred her entire grand opera repertoire. It is as a distinctly dramatic actress that the diva will appear, in fact in a thrilling spectacle.

But of all the sensational announcements which have emanated from the portals of the film magnates, none was so astonishing as that one which proclaimed the capture of Mary Anderson de Navarro, and erstwhile "our Mary." Here we have indeed concrete evidence of the influence of the Motion Picture, for there is not one theatrical manager of the past two decades who has not, some time or other, endeavored to coax "our Mary" from her prolonged retirement—not even when one impresario offered to pay Madame $2,000 a night, and devote half of his profits to charity.

To Thomas H. Ince the conquest of "our Mary" is to be credited. What will Mary do for the screen? That's a secret you could never guess. Like Calvé, Madame de Navarro has barred her entire stage repertoire.

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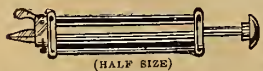

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Earle Williams, "The Christian"	4,300
Mary Pickford, "Tess of the Storm Country"	3,800
Henry Walthall, "The Birth of a Nation"	3,030
Theda Bara, "A Fool There Was"	2,590
Antonio Moreno, "Island of Regeneration"	2,530
Francis X. Bushman, "Graustark"	2,490
Edith Storey, "The Christian"	2,450
Marguerite Clark, "Wildflower"	2,420
Henry Walthall, "Avenging Conscience"	2,360
Mary Pickford, "Rags"	2,260
Anita Stewart, "A Million Bid"	2,240
Mae Marsh, "Birth of a Nation"	2,240
Edith Storey, "Island of Regeneration"	2,130
Warren Kerrigan, "Samson"	2,120
Anita Stewart, "The Goddess"	2,020
Francis Bushman, "The Silent Voice"	2,010
William Farnum, "Spoilers"	2,000
Pearl White, "Romance of Elaine"	1,880
Earle Williams, "The Juggernaut"	1,880
George Beban, "An Alien"	1,870
Anita Stewart, "Sins of the Mothers"	1,840

Mary Pickford, "Hearts Adrift"	1,640
Beverly Bayne, "Graustark"	1,620
Mary Pickford, "Esmeralda"	1,490
Henry Walthall, "Ghosts"	1,440
Anita Stewart, "The Juggernaut"	1,400
Grace Cunard, "The Broken Coin"	1,270
Clara Young, "My Official Wife"	1,270
Marguerite Clark, "Helene of the North"	1,260
Robert Warwick, "Alias Jimmy Valentine"	1,250
Harold Lockwood, "Wildflower"	1,240
Blanche Sweet, "Judith of Bethulia"	1,230
Viola Dana, "The Stoning"	1,200
Marguerite Clark, "The Seven Sisters"	1,200
Kathlyn Williams, "Spoilers"	1,070
Earle Williams, "Love's Sunset"	1,060
Cleo Madison, "Trey o' Hearts"	1,040
Arnold Daly, "Exploits of Elaine"	1,030
William Farnum, "The Nigger"	1,010
Lillian Gish, "The Birth of a Nation"	890
Geraldine Farrar, "Carmen"	890
Pauline Fredericks, "The Eternal City"	890
William Farnum, "The Plunderer"	880
Bryant Washburn, "The Blindness of Virtue"	880
Marguerite Clark, "The Crucible"	880
Betty Nansen, "Should a Mother Tell?"	870
Marguerite Clark, "Gretna Green"	850
Blanche Sweet, "The Case of Becky"	840
Ella Hall, "Jewel"	840
Earle Williams, "Sins of the Mothers"	830
Marguerite Clark, "The Goose-Girl"	820
Earle Williams, "The Goddess"	670
Marie Newton, "The Ring and the Book"	660
Clara K. Young, "Trilby"	650
James Cruze, "Million-Dollar Mystery"	650
Bessie Barriscale, "The Cup of Life"	640
Francis Ford, "The Broken Coin"	640
Theda Bara, "Devil's Daughter"	640
Norma Talmadge, "A Daughter's Strange Inheritance"...;	640
Harold Lockwood, "Tess of the Storm Country"	640
Romaine Fielding, "The Eagle's Nest"	640
Florence LaBadie, "Million-Dollar Mystery"	630
Mary Pickford, "A Dawn of Tomorrow"	630
Blanche Sweet, "Secret Orchard"	620
Crane Wilbur, "Perils of Pauline"	600
Francis Bushman, "Dear Old Girl"	490
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Theda Bara, "Two Orphans"	470
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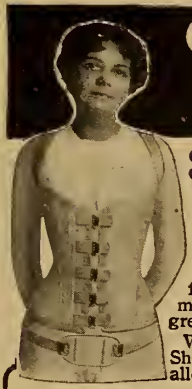

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No. 1.

1—A consonant.
2—A conjunction.
3—Foundation.
4—A handsome photoplayer.
5—Regulated.
6—Sorrowful.
7—A consonant.

No. 2.

1—A consonant.
2—A clever player.
3—A popular star.
4—Termination.
5—A vowel.

No. 3.

1—A talented photoplayer.
2—A stage.
3—Royal.
4—A net.
5—Drags by violence.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Sydney, Australia, comes a letter from Mr. Kenneth A. Gordon, who has some emphatic criticism of the "over make-up" of certain artists, who, he thinks, should know better. The letter is interesting:

I hope this finds you in the best of health and trust you will pardon the length of this epistle from "down under."

First, I must say I am sorry to see that so many of our big stars are spoiling themselves by making up too heavily. I happened to see "The Blessed Miracle," featuring Miss Ethel Clayton. Altho the play and acting were good, Miss Clayton was too heavily made up as regards eyes and lips, and this marred the success of the piece. Let Miss Clayton cast her mind back to some of her earlier plays, "The Scarfpin," "Faith of a Girl," "Heroes One and All," "When the Earth Trembled," etc., and she will perhaps change and go back to her old way, in which she looked ever so much better than now. Why should a beautiful girl like Miss Clayton so spoil herself? As Miss Clayton is my favorite, I was very much annoyed to see her so and determined to attack her first, and trust she will see this letter and "reform."

Again, take another instance, viz.: "The

Siren's Reign" (Kalem). I would like Misses Anna Nilsson and Alice Hollister just to see themselves in the above, and then perhaps they will understand how their "atrocious" make-up spoilt their work in this picture. Miss Nilsson is a beautiful girl and is spoiling herself by her make-up. Some others who are guilty are Misses Alice Joyce, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Marguerite Snow, Flo La Badie, Blanche Sweet and ever so many more, both big and small stars. Believe me, people seeing them so class them as "cheap second-raters," thereby lowering them in their estimation, and they know themselves when popularity is lost they are forgotten by the same public who once raved over them, and they become just "has beens." It makes one quite "mad" to see their "friends" of filmdom so spoiling themselves, as it has been a pleasure to see them in their work until now. Girls, just remain as you at first were, having your own complexions and not just for "the occasion" as now.

Second, I must just mention I have noticed the smaller details in pictures are sadly neglected. In "Shanghaied," in "Million-Dollar" series, James Cruze was being hauled up (unconscious) the side of a sailing vessel, and, to the amusement of every one, he grasped the rail of the vessel, tho still unconscious. Great! you say. Why, what is Mr. C. thinking of? One would fancy he was an amateur, not one with long experience like his. Again, in the same episode, Miss La Badie, on the high seas, jumped from the deck of the fast-moving *George Washington* liner, and, to the astonishment of all, the liner was seen to be stationary. The whole audience laughed. Could you blame them? And, further, Mr. Farrington's conception of chief of a criminal gang is somewhat ridiculous as he plays the excitable villain, and who can imagine any such but cool-headed? If the author is at fault, I apologize to Mr. Frank Farrington, but first we would like to see better in future. Personally, of all players in that series, I like Mr. Sid Bracy and "Little Susan" (Miss Lela Chester), whose work is so natural, more especially the latter, whose work is a pleasure to see. May I, thru this channel, convey to Miss Chester my congratulations?

Thirdly, now it's high time some one spoke against the authors. So here goes. Take "The Siren's Reign." On the death of Alfred Morrison, Margaret, the sister, visited his partner to settle the brother's affairs, and the partner asked her to become "the Morrison" of the firm (Blake, Morrison & Co.), and she, after a slight hesitation, assented. Now, honestly, do you or would you yourself do so without first weighing it up in your mind and thinking out everything—your ability, etc., etc.? And yet we have to put up with this class of stuff, which is supposed

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to be natural, everyday topics. If so, it's neither your day nor mine either, but the outcome of a "cracked" brain. Authors and scenario writers and editors, please let us have something that will prove of some use to us and not so much of the rubbish we now get. This applies not only to small but to some of the big pictures.

C. P. Whiteman, Jr., Dallas, Tex., waxes sarcastic on the subject of the slapstick critics and quotes a description of a "Knocker" that should make any of the species who happen to read it hide their diminished heads in shame:

Being a constant reader of your magazine, I note with displeasure each month epistles written by members of the "United Knockers' Association," their hammers always landing on "slapstick" comedy, thereby doing an injustice to Mabel Normand and Charlie Chaplin. I mention these two because invariably they are the object of some one's blows.

I know that they both lose lots of sleep over what these "pests" think of them, and it hurts their feelings badly. I suppose they shall quit making these "awful" pictures because some people do not like them. Knockers, you may rest assured that if these pictures are so degrading and detrimental to the soul and character, as you seem to think them, the coming generation is "ruint," as 99-100ths of the people are against you in your convictions.

I think it is up to Lois Weber to write and produce a play, she taking the leading part, the title of it being "Knockers," the basis of the play being on the saying "Every knock is a boost," and show these narrow-minded people what others think of them. Miss Weber, I think, could certainly show somebody up.

Did your mother ever say to you at the table, "If you see something you dont like, you dont have to eat it. Eat something else, but no comment." Well, knockers, when you pass a picture show and they are showing one of these "degrading and vulgar" comedies, you dont have to go in. Go to some other theater, but dont knock. You know, this is a free country. You can go anywhere you please, so long as you have a dime, take a trip and "everything." I think the following is the best description of a knocker I have ever seen and shall quote it for your benefit:

"A knocker you will usually find to be the same man that refuses to pay his dues. After God had finished making the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, He had some awful substance left with which He made a knocker. A knocker is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a

water-logged brain and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where other men have hearts, he carries a tumor of decayed principles. When the knocker comes down the street, honest men turn their backs, the angels weep tears in heaven and the devil shuts the gates of hell to keep him out."

There has been a motion made by Miss M. S., Herkimer, N. Y., that we pass a movie fan "Toleration Act." Is the motion seconded?

I dearly love your magazine and read it from cover to cover; but when I get to the Letters to the Editor, I sometimes think I have a political campaign paper—a big roar for somebody's own particular candidate and disparagement for all the rest. In each magazine some of the best players are attacked. I think all this criticism useless and make the motion that we pass a movie fan "Toleration Act." We all have our "Dr. Fells" amongst the players, but why write it up for the fans that do admire them to read? We all have our favorites and let's roar for them by all means—roar for smile, teeth, looks and all; but not dissect them, lest some one think we are too fond of them. Roar loyally and leave those players that do not appeal to us alone, for they appeal to others; and I believe all the successful players have earned their success by hard, earnest work. They are doing their best to please us, so let us have charity for them; at least in the magazine that belongs to *all* of the fans.

Miss Hilton's letter has left a very dark brown taste in my mouth. I think Mr. Bushman the most natural player on the screen. He has a wonderful personality and makes every play he is in real, because he puts his heart, brain and soul into his work. He richly deserves all the success he has won or ever will win, because he is the "last word" for sincerity and earnestness. Miss Hilton cannot see it because she has an eye for the glory of Wilbur only.

H. S., 2137 East 107th Street, Cleveland, O., admires Francis Bushman, but is fair-minded about the merits of others besides her favorite:

This is probably going to number among the thousands of indignant protests which a letter appearing in the November issue of your magazine, written by Miss Alma E. Hilton, Melrose, Mass., occasioned.

With reference to Miss Hilton's being blind, why, I would say that apparently she is hopelessly so. Her opinion of Mr.

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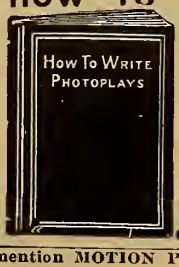

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Bushman must be more than skin-deep, for no other feeling would prompt any one to openly point out his bad points if he has any—not only his but of others. There is so much good in the worst of us and bad in the best of us, that it was just a little strong to bring such a charge against a man who must be *something*, else he would not have attained the esteem and position he now so deservedly holds. I must bow my head in token of my limited privilege to judge, but truly if Mr. Bushman cannot have the words "sincerity," "naturalness" and the phrase "depth of feeling" ascribed to him, I doubt very much Miss Hilton's taste in bestowing it on some one maybe as good but hardly more worthy. I never tried missionary work and never had a real desire to, therefore I cannot attempt converting her into a link in Mr. Bushman's chain of friends and admirers.

I never saw Crane Wilbur act, but what I have read and heard of him from persons who knew have convinced me that he must be a very natural and convincing actor to have been considered worthy of such praise. I intend to see him for myself at my earliest opportunity, and I anticipate enjoying him immensely.

Earle Williams' acting must be passed over as silently as possible, too. I have seen him several times and must confess to having enjoyed the pictures in which he played. He always seemed and looked as tho he knew what he was doing. Further, it may be that he has faults, but who can boast of the contrary?

But to return to Mr. Bushman, I will say that I think him thoroly a man, which is the greatest compliment that I can say to any human being. I will stand up against any argument that Miss Hilton or any one else wishes to place before the public's or private's eyes, and tho Miss Hilton still thinks his acting mechanical and maybe feigned, my opinion of him and his achievements will remain unaltered, and he certainly has my best wishes for his continued success.

It would gratify me if only a portion of this could be placed so that Miss Hilton could see it in your magazine. I certainly do think that she is "open to conviction."

Brunella, an interested reader of these columns, writes in answer to several letters that have appeared:

I have the December number of your very excellent Magazine before me as I write. I will refrain from praising its general excellence, indeed I lack the words to do it properly, and will confine my statements to the letters in the back. To me they are the most interesting feature of the Magazine. I am going to try to touch upon some of the topics contained in them, and tho my criticism

may be poor, it is at least the opinion of one "fan."

To take the letters of Mrs. P. F. Leahy first. In one instance she criticizes the attire of James Morrison in a play of the North. It has been my lot to pass part of my life in a city thru which thousands of men of all nationalities go on their way to the greatest lumbering tract in the United States. Mr. Morrison's attire corresponds in every detail to the attire of these men.

Passing to the Bushman-Wilbur controversy between two Melrose maidens, I will admit I am all for Miss Alma. I have tried very hard to like Mr. Bushman, but he remains one of those nasty pills that stick in your throat and simply cant be swallowed. He is called a wonderful actor. May I point out the difference between histrionic ability and accomplishment? We have many actors, but few who can make you forget that they are actors. Last week I dropped into a theater where "The Silent Voice" was running. From Mr. Bushman's manner I expected to hear the pianist drop into "Hail to the Chief" or "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and when lovely Marguerite Snow came on I dared not risk my good opinion of her by seeing her throw herself away on him, even in a play, so I got up and left.

As to Mr. Bushman's beauty, well, he may look good to some, but to me, never! Indeed, I will safely state that I have never seen my *ideal man* in the person of any Motion Picture actor, and never expect to, either. There are several very charming boys, tho, any one of whom I think may develop into greater stars in the future than any there are today. May I just mention Edward Earl, Charles Ray, Raymond Gallagher, Antonio Moreno, Jack Pickford and Tom Forman?

Mrs. Leahy calls Mary Fuller conceited. I'll tell you something, then judge for yourselves. A short time ago Miss Fuller and company were taking pictures in an Eastern city, not New York. The following statements are quoted from an interview with Miss Fuller which appeared in a local paper:

Miss Fuller—"I wish you could see me without my make-up; I'm much better-looking." And later, during lunch, "Without my make-up, dont you think I am really a charming girl?"

I have waited hopefully for several months for Miss Fuller to come forward and deny these statements, but as she has not, they must be true.

Miss Fuller is not *charming*. There can be no charm without beauty. She has neither.

Now I am going to stop. This isn't the last word in criticism—merely a few opinions from one fan. Some will differ from me, some may agree, but the cameras will keep on grinding just the same.

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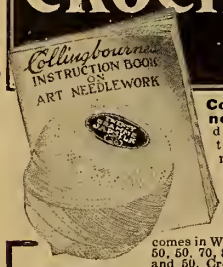

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It is the opinion of Miss Mamie Lahrssan, 2006 Lubbock Street, Houston, Texas, that the players should be given more encouragement:

Have been a reader of your wonderful MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for several years and will avail myself of the opportunity to state some of my opinions. I am not going to criticise the players, but a few of the writers to your Magazine. There appeared in last month's issue a letter in which the writer seemed somewhat offended because her favorite actor did not receive all the credit. She also wrote, "Miss A. E. H. must be sick, or Mr. Bushman did not answer her letter. There is a screw loose," etc. I only wish the party in question knew how ridiculous those few lines sound to others. Still another party says Miss Pickford pouts too much, and so on. It was those pouts and her smiles that made her famous, and without them she would not be natural. Of course, every one has a right to express their opinions, but there are more ways than one of doing so. If some of you knockers would pay more attention to the plays and not so much to the players, there would be less room to find fault with those outside of your favorites, who are trying to please the public, and it is up to the public to help them succeed.

I have been a most enthusiastic picture fan for a long time, and when I go to a picture show I dont notice the players alone, but study every detail of the play and think of Mr. Williams, Harold Lockwood, Marguerite Clark, Mae Marsh and many others too numerous to mention, in the character they represent, and leave with the firm belief that each one tried to do his best, even if the play did not appeal to me.

I also notice some one quite often insists on condemning the "Chaplin stuff." Perhaps it does seem foolish at times, but there are ever so many people who like those kinds of plays, and for those who do not I think the best advice is, stay away from the theaters that show them and leave them for the other fellow to enjoy.

There is no doubt, I presume, that the players appreciate such criticism, as it will help them to improve; but, as I stated before, there is more than one way of expressing it, and such as "Miss Fuller is conceited" or "Beverly Bayne's gestures are amateurish" does not add very much in the way of encouragement. I disagree with W. G. M. as to Miss Bayne's beauty, for she is beautiful, and the fact that she was an amateur when entering the movie field goes to show what wonderful things she has accomplished by hard work, and some day her many friends will see her as a shining star, if she is not one already. She does not receive all the credit she deserves.

In conclusion I will state that I wish this large family of movie stars—for in my estimation they are all stars, from the leading man and lady to the one with the smallest part (camera man included)—all the success which awaits them and with which they are sure to meet in the future.

Praise is always encouraging, and we thank Mr. James W. Smith, 1012 S. High Street, Columbia, Tenn., for his good words for our Magazine:

As I have been a reader of your most valuable and interesting Magazine for some time, I decided to drop you a few lines in an attempt to express to you my deep appreciation of your masterful and untiring efforts to place before the public a magazine that so universally meets with the requirements of the general public-spirited and picture-loving people of the United States. To say that MOTION PICTURE is a good magazine is an entirely inadequate expression. It is wonderful. I have been connected with newspapers for a number of years, and, of course, naturally picked up a few ideas about what it requires to edit, print and place before the people such a magazine. Every month I read it from cover to cover, and I like every article it contains. There is more genuine pleasure obtained in reading it than could be obtained in the same length of time by reading any other one magazine I know of.

I visit the picture plays not merely to be in a crowd, but to study the plays, the players and the possible effect the play might have on the mind of the public, and I have never witnessed a play that I did not get a good lesson from. As my plans and ambitions in life were shattered years ago, I attribute that as being one reason why I get so much consolation, enjoyment and pleasure, both from visiting the shows and from reading your magazines. Long live MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, its esteemed editor and the screen celebrities to which it is devoted!

A CLEAN FILM

By DOROTHY HARPUR O'NEILL

Greetings, New Year, young and coy!
A Play of vague surmises;
For the Future is there joy
When Life's Curtain rises?

Wilt "release" us from our sins—
Old Year's Film of Folly?
Bid our resolutions brave
Conquer melancholy?

Ah! I pray thee, touch thy lute
With reverential feeling;
May thy music render mute
The Old Year's wistful pealing!

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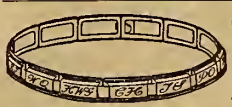
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Favorite Recipes of Favorite Players

By LILLIAN MAY

MARY MAURICE sat quietly in her dressing-room at the Vitagraph studio, waiting for a "call." She was dressed in a quaint, old-fashioned costume, and one could imagine that big boys and girls would come trooping in, presently, calling "mother." And sure enough they did—boys and girls of the big Vitagraph Company, for she is "mother" to them all.

"They are my family," she said; "I would be very lonely without them.

"Housekeeping? No, I dont do any now. Of course, I used to, but I'm alone now, and I couldn't live alone. It's hard to be the last of the family—the ones who go first are the happiest. But I love my work and I also love my old and new friends.

"MOTHER" MARY MAURICE ENJOYS COOKING

"I wish I *could* give you some nice recipes, but it is so long since I have cooked. The only thing I can remember is the old-fashioned kind of rice pudding.

"Use one quart of milk, and always heat it before putting in oven as it prevents curdling. To one quart of milk, use three tablespoonfuls of rice, and sugar to taste. Add a dash of salt and sprinkle of nutmeg. Bake two hours in a very slow oven. When it becomes a little brown on top, stir thru. Do this three or four times while the pudding is baking. When done it will be creamy and very good.

"Did you ever know," she went on, "that condensed or evaporated milk is just as good and more economical than fresh milk? I learnt that while in the mountains of California with my sister who had tuberculosis. The people sold their milk only to the sick people, so we had to use the canned milk for pies, puddings, and every kind of cooking. It is certainly a very good substitute."

Edith Storey is the globe-trotter of the Vitagraph Company. Her assignments usually mean thrilling experiences. But she likes simple, homely, everyday things, too. "I would love to spend more time at cooking and things of that kind," she said, "but I

LILLIAN WALKER LOVES TO DO THE SHOPPING FOR THE FAMILY

LOUISE BEAUDET MAKES DELICIOUS "IRISH TEA"

have so little time to call my own. I used to try chafing-dish cooking, but was always burning things—so I decided to specialize on salads as they dont have to be cooked.

"My favorite salad is made of eggs and tomatoes. Boil eggs hard, and cut in eighths. Cut fresh tomatoes in small pieces and mix with eggs. Cut one green pepper in pieces, and mix all together. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

"Fruit salad is delicious, too. Cut one can pineapple, two apples, six oranges and twenty-four marshmallows in small pieces, then mix and chill.

"For dressing, beat up two eggs in double boiler, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two of sugar and one of butter. Add pinch of salt and cook until thick. Cool and add whipped cream. Mix with fruit and serve on crisp lettuce leaves."

Lillian Walker was playing hippity-hop all over the yard of the Vitagraph studio. The famous dimples came into play when asked "Can you cook?" and she replied with the giggle so graphically displayed in scores of photoplays: "I certainly can; that's one of my principal accomplishments. I'll tell you something that's nice for lunch, or even for dinner. It's cheap, too.

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ELEANOR WOODRUFF HOLDS THE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR MAKING MARSHMALLOW FUDGE

EDITH STOREY'S FRIENDS ARE NOT AFRAID TO TRY HER COOKING

around each one, and fasten with toothpicks. Put in iron pot. When beginning to roast, add one-half cup of water. Let them steam, not boil. When done, remove from pot, add to the gravy one tablespoonful flour, one tablespoonful vinegar, one teaspoonful

(*Continued on page* 170)

"The haunting vision of the giant hand on her white shoulder!"

The Strange Case of MARY PAGE

By Frederick Lewis
author of
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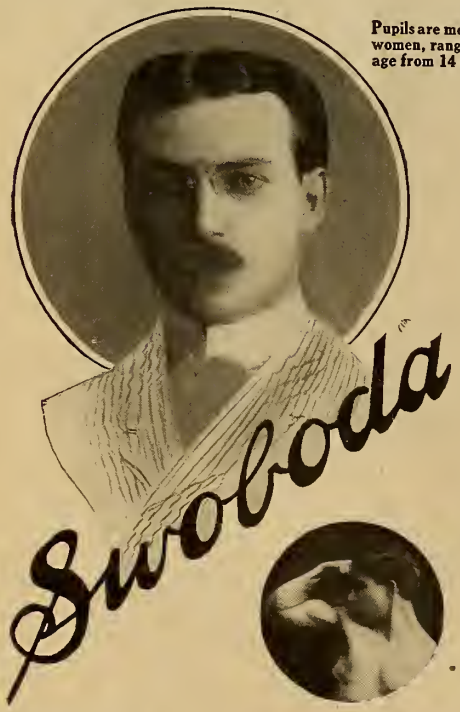

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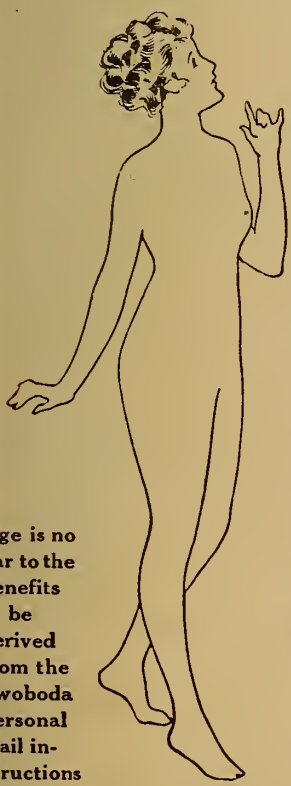

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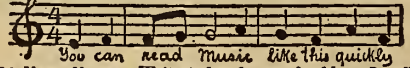

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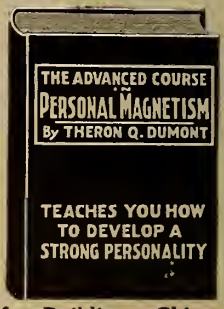

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Photoplaywright's Primer

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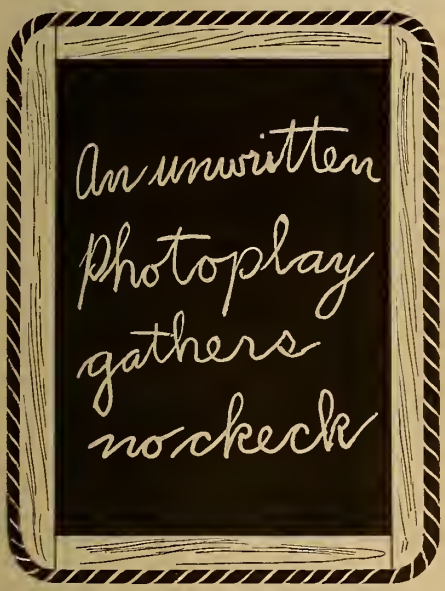

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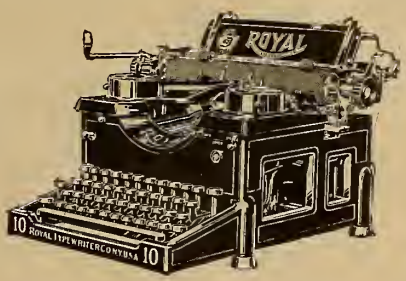

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By VACHEL LINDSAY
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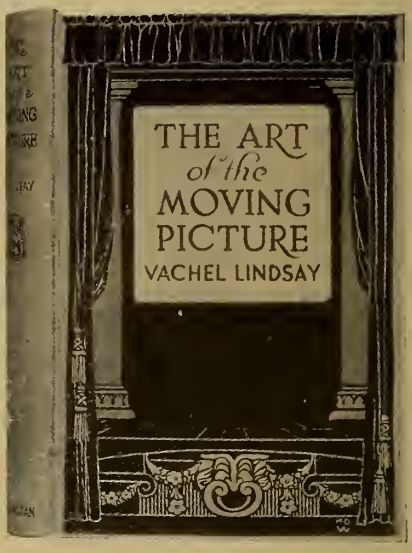
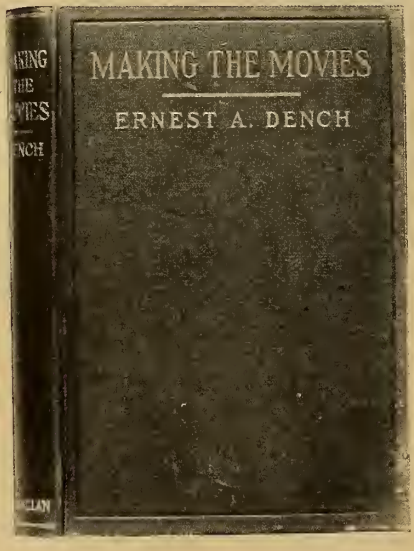


These two books fill a long-felt want. Mr. Lindsay is the first writer to take up this great subject and discuss the pictures in respect to their pictorial, sculptural and architectural effect. Every person interested in Motion Pictures should read this book. It will give him a new viewpoint, and it is extremely interesting. Mr. Dench's book is a book of facts and information. There are other similar books on the market, published years ago, and some of them are a trifle antiquated; here we have it brought right down to the minute by a writer who is well known to the readers of the Motion Picture Magazine and Classic.



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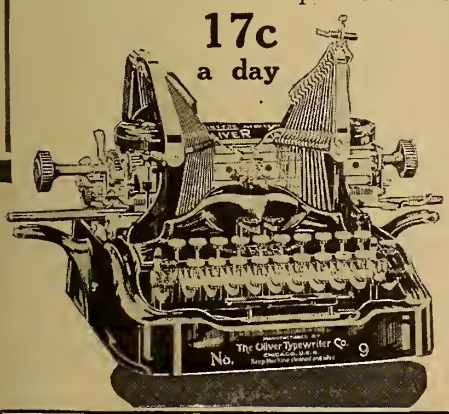

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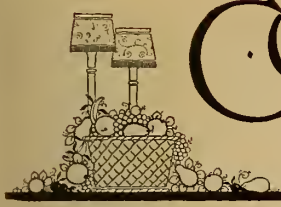

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE - 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Shadows

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

There's a country of shadows just over the street;
They call it the "Mayfair," and maybe you'll meet
Some talkative person who'll call it a show,
Or maybe a movie—I really dont know.

Time was when I pondered, with scorn in my eye,
Why people who paused there could never pass by;
So one day I ventured, and glimpsed on a screen
The wonderful things I'd considered so mean.
Yet was it all strange, and the folk who played there
Were really but shadows spread out on thin air,
No substance or matter, no voices or sound,
And yet of their doings the world echoed 'round!
I scoffed to myself, yet again and again
I went to see shadows of women and men;
And if I deserted they sang and they called,
Like sea-maids encircling a mortal enthralled;
I reasoned, nor could I by reasonings see
Why the shadows kept calling and calling to me.

I journeyed across the hill-country; I spent
A summer alone with a dog and a tent;
I rolled up my traps and I came back to town,
Unpacked all my trophies and settled me down.
I thought to get rid of the shadows, and yet
I longed just to see them once more, then forget.
I lighted my fire; ah! how could I know
Why the shadows kept calling and calling me so?

Then one winter's night I discovered their plan,
And I knew why their music within my soul ran;
I sat in the "Mayfair," and suddenly I
Was a shadow myself, faring forth but to die.
I clasped a sweet maiden, I kist her soft hair,
I listened to love's swift, imperious prayer;
Lo! I was the lover, and I was the slave,
As I was the master, the prowler, the knave,
The villain, the father, the mother, the maid,
The landscape, the ocean, the passing parade!
Then suddenly blank was the curtain; where now
The shadows who mimic and saunter and bow?
But from a far country a melody came,
A-calling and calling and calling my name!

Now I, one with them until death do us part,
Send back their fond callings, from heart unto heart;
A shadow of shadows, and one with the free,
Until life and I but dim mem'ries shall be!

JAN 22 1916

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Motion Picture Magazine

(*Trade-mark Registered*)

Vol. XI MARCH No. 2

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter

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Use this treatment *persistently,* and before long your skin will take on the greater loveliness of "a skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. For sale by dealers everywhere.

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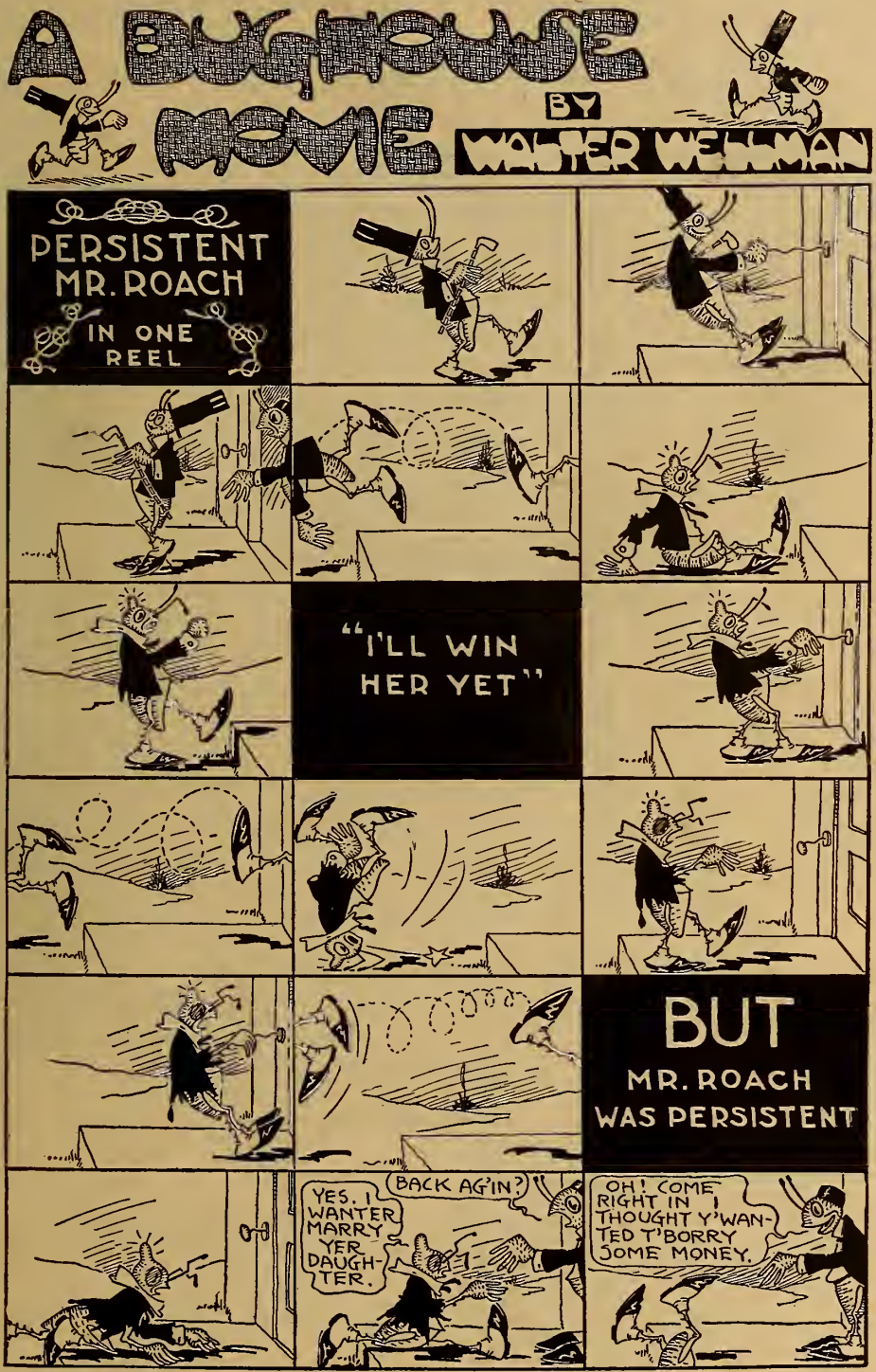
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1724 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Tear out the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter

Gallery of Picture Players

SEENA OWEN
(Griffith)

HAROLD LOCKWOOD
(American)


A BUGHOUSE MOVIE
BY
WALTER WELLMAN
PERSISTENT MR. ROACH
IN ONE REEL
"I'LL WIN HER YET"
BUT
MR. ROACH WAS PERSISTENT
YES, I WANTER MARRY YER DAUGHTER.
BACK AG'IN?
OH! COME RIGHT IN! I THOUGHT Y'WANTED T'BORRY SOME MONEY.

Edna Mayo's Latest Gowns by Lucille

Here are four of the wonderful gowns worn by Edna Mayo in "The Strange Case of Mary Page"

Picture at right:—Summer afternoon gown of flowered taffeta in lavender blue with an organdy embroidered overdress and sleeves. The hat matches and has a lace brim and hand-made flowers.

Picture at left:— Blue taffeta coat trimmed with sable. Cut very full and has Portia sleeves.

Picture at left:—White and silver tulle gown with a draped overdress of white and silver brocade faced with flesh satin. The sash of pale green goes round the back only and is fastened at the side with a diamond buckle. Handsome flowers in pastel shades are employed both in the skirt, underskirt and bodice.

Picture at right:—The bodice of this gown is of pale blue taffeta, the top part of the skirt of the same color; the lower part of the skirt is a deep blue. There is a silver lace petticoat edged in pale blue. The bodice has a fichu of lace with bindings of pale yellow and green; ribbon and bow in front of the same colors. There are two lace aprons on sides of skirt.

Stronger Than Woman's Will

By Gladys Hall - Biograph

THE Count de Graymont preened himself, peacock-wise, and coughed fastidiously. David Ross, broad back set, complacently ignored his titular visitor. At length De Graymont strutted into unmistakable range of the mill-owner's level, gray eyes, and announced, with pomposity, "Sir, I have the honor to be here as suitor for your daughter's hand. Ah, monsieur, I love—sin-cere-ly—"

"Indeed!" Ross's steady eyes took in the amorous applicant disdainfully—the oily, curled hair; the sated, cynical mouth; the sensual eyes; the foppish figure; the ultra-fashionable clothes—then he smiled. "*Indeed!*" he observed again.

De Graymont swelled out his chest. "And now, monsieur," he puffed, "if I marry your daughter, conferring upon her the title of Countess de Graymont, raising her to royal blood and patrician rank; if, as I say, sir, I marry your daughter, what will be her dowry?"

Ross smiled again, shrewdly. Then he spread out his calloused, broad hands and studied them.

"I'm a working man, De Graymont," he said, with irrelevance and quite ignoring a chair in reference to the Count; "I've been working since I was a little kid. I've worked with my hands, by the sweat of my brow, and I've cashed in. And the one I've been toiling for longest and hardest, the one I've indulged, and worried over, and pegged at it day in and day out, is my girl. I loved her mother. When *she* died I concentrated on our kiddie. And hark ye, De Graymont, I'm not buying worthless popinjays for my girl." Ross rose as he finished, and thundered at the pallid Count.

"Sir!" haughtily began the titled one——

"Dont 'sir' me!" shouted Ross. "I'm d—d sick and tired of seeing you drooling around my place. I thought Ann 'd have gump enough of her own to send you hiking, but it seems she hasn't had. I want a *man* for my daughter, d—n it!—a *man* with blood in his veins and with work-scars on his hands. I dont care a conti-

nental for your tin title. A plain American sits well enough on *my* stomach Now, be off—I'm busy."

Ann was waiting for De Graymont's return. She really had little hope of his success, for her father had taken no pains to conceal his feelings on the De Graymont subject.

Ann was an average American girl. She was unspoiledly young with the happy youth of simple living, early hours, a petted home. She was dark, rose-tinted and slender. And her pretty head was crammed with the stuff that dreams are made of. Love had not, hith-

erto, touched the borderland of her existence. She read of it, voraciously, and talked of it, endlessly, to her chosen girl friends, but actual contact with it had not been hers.

She knew that George West, the general manager of her father's mills, was fond of her—in a big, clumsy, worshipful way. She knew, too, that her father thought well of George. But *that* was not *love,* she thought scornfully. *Love* was a chimerical thing—brilliant as fire on jewels, soul-stirring, heart-throbbing, glamorous, thrilling. Love swept one off one's feet, and caused one to renounce the world and all it held. Not that there was any particular reason in most practical cases for world-renunciation, but it certainly made good reading, and Ann preferred it that way.

It would be plainly stupid to marry George West, whom she had known all her days, and settle down in Plainsville, and hear the same old talk of the mills and trail around with the same old crowd. No doubt George would wear carpet slippers in the house and go to sleep over his evening paper. He was honest and hard-working and all sorts of obnoxious and death-to-romance things.

De Graymont had been different. Ann was not quite sure that *this* was love either—but it certainly was nearer to it than anything she had seen so far, and he was a Count! An honest-to-goodness lover with a handle. It's not once in a blue moon that a small-town girl, unexploited, unheard of, can capture a *title.* Her girl-friends were agog over it. They had invited themselves, individually and collectively, to her French "chattoo," and Ann had accorded them gracious hospitality, à la De Graymont.

With it all—the talk, and the title, and the titled one's perfervid onslaughts on her time and person—Ann had got herself into a transport over the Frenchman. Her father's opposition was like the match to a dynamite fuse. It was the last bit of necessary atmosphere. It vitalized the hesitant spirit of romance. It gave birth to the zest for the forbidden. Ann *loved.*

De Graymont rushed in upon her from his call upon her father, face apoplectic, curls awry.

"He is *insult*—ze papa!" he shouted. "I am *thru,* Ann—I go!" He paused, and mopped his brow with a silken, incense-laden, crested handkerchief.

"Ah, no——" Ann moved near to him timidly—"dont——" she pleaded softly, her soft eyes sweet with supplications.

De Graymont seized her to him, ruthlessly. His eyes swam, his breath fanned her cheek, hotly—"Zen come with me, my American rose," he panted," leave ze papa—ah, my love—my little angel-one——"

Three months later Ann Ross sat at her desk in her room at the Hotel de Tours, Cairo. And she was still Ann Ross. Over her stood the Count de Graymont, and he was smiling unpleasantly, habitually.

"These little scenes, chèrie," he purred, "they are becoming too frequent—they harm one—one's beauty—one's charm for a man——"

"Oh!" Ann turned on him desperately, and it would have touched her

"DONT 'SIR' ME!" SHOUTED ROSS

father to his soul's quick had he seen her face. All the dream-sweetness had gone out of her dark eyes; they were agelessly, abortively weary, and disillusioned—the eyes of a woman who has wept too many tears—too young. The rose coloring had been drained from her cheeks, and her mouth had hardened unpleasantly. She had the look of one on whom age has been forcibly imposed. She was old before ever she had been young—old and crushed and shamed.

The man who had done these things looked down upon her immovably.

"Dont excite yourself further, chèrie," he insulted her; "if you are too proud to send for your fortune, I am too proud to marry you. We shall not fight ze matter out again—you and I. I am bored by repetition. When ze papa—what is it he calls it so refinedly?—'cashes up,' zen we shall make you ze Countess de Graymont; until then—adieu; I leave."

Three weeks later David Ross received the following brief letter from his daughter:

DEAR FATHER: Please come to me at once. The Count has deserted me without ever having made me his wife, and left me to face destitution and shame, alone. Your heart-broken daughter,

ANN.

George West, who had delivered the letter to Ross, and suspected bad news, watched him narrowly. He saw the nerveless hand drop the sheet of paper—the broad back bow—the proud, straight head bend as under a heavy yoke. "I did my best, mother," he heard him mutter, "but I guess a man dont know—I jest didn't get the hang of her, poor, little baby-girl." Then he collapsed for the first time in fifty virile, unshamed years.

The next day he sailed for Europe, giving out to the papers that he was going to visit his daughter, the Countess de Graymont, in Cairo.

A month later Ross arrived at the Hotel de Tours, and was shown up to his daughter's suite, where she lay with her small, crumpled son on her arm. It was a bitter moment to David Ross. He had builded high and shining dreams for this beloved, only child. And it seemed the end of all things to find her like this—destitute, shamed, and forsaken in a foreign

"THESE LITTLE SCENES ARE BECOMING TOO FREQUENT"

place—her fatherless and unnamed child on her arm.

De Graymont was easily traced, and he agreed to the marriage for a substantial consideration. Ross wasted no words on him. There are some men to whom it is sheer idiocy to talk. He saw them made man and wife, and he watched his daughter's bridal face with a terrible tightening of his heart-cords. This—this tragedy-touched woman—this unwed mother—was *his* little girl—the baby over whom that other Ann had hung in a rapture of adoration. Why, she had died with words of the baby on her suffering mouth—that other Ann.

After the ceremony, De Graymont was shown the door. "We will discuss matters further, tomorrow," Ross informed him. "I have seen all I can stand of you today."

But De Graymont never came back again. Instead, on the following morning, his robbed and murdered body was shipped to his lineal acres.

It had got about the streets of Cairo that De Graymont was to marry the American in return for much gold from the wealthy papa. Two dark, sinister, sloe-eyed scavengers of the streets decided that De Graymont had lived his allotted time according to Allah, and they trapped him upon his

THREE WEEKS LATER DAVID ROSS RECEIVED

departure from the hotel, cleaned him of the American gold and left his body to the clarifying sun.

Two weeks later, David Ross, his daughter and grandson started the return trip for Plainsville.

Sitting wrapped in rugs in her steamer-chair, her baby cuddled up against her sullen breast, Ann de Graymont stripped her sere heart of dreams and her mind of sentiment. There were two tendernesses left her—for the white-haired, sorrowful father, and for the blinking, bewildered, suckling morsel she held.

People in the home town attributed the changed Ann to the untimely death of the gallant Count, and sympathized with her extravagantly and discordantly.

A month later David Ross was stricken down, and Ann was told that he could not possibly recover.

The night he died, Father Daly, the parish priest, was with him, and George West and Ann, kneeling by his bedside, were watching his face, gaunt, stolid, and dry-eyed. The old mill-owner turned to her and kist her tenderly. She alone knew what that kiss meant—forgiveness, and love, and sympathy. Then he said, gravely, "My daughter, I leave you my mills as a sacred trust—be good to my people."

An hour later his kindly lips were eternally stilled, and Ann was sobbing dryly, rackingly over a wide-eyed, lustily protesting infant.

A BRIEF LETTER FROM HIS DAUGHTER

West leaned back in David Ross' own chair and stared at the daughter of David Ross, unbelievingly.

"You say you are going to reduce the—*wage-scale?*" he parroted.

"I said just that, George, exactly." Ann stared at him, resolutely.

"Have you a reason?"

"I have. A good and sufficient one. I do not feel that I am getting enough out of these mills to provide suitably for my son's future. He is the Count de Graymont, you know—and he must have—*money*—money—plenty of it. He——"

West's face hardened. He interrupted rudely. "I refuse to accept the reduction," he rasped.

Ann rose. "Very well," she acquiesced, "then I shall close the mills until you *do* accept the reduction. Good-day."

"Ann!" West rose from his swivel chair and went over to her. "Ann—I cant *believe* this to be *you*—this terrible, hard woman. Dont you remember your father's dying request, Ann?—'Be good to my people'? He made money, did David Ross, but, by Heaven, he never did it over another fellow's broken back! He had a heart of gold—your dead father, Ann."

"I know it, George. But we are not discussing my father, nor my father's policies. And you have no reason to believe me to be the old Ann, George—because I am not. The old Ann is as dead as—as David Ross, George—dead, and buried, over in Egypt."

"Did you care—like that?"

Ann stared at him an instant; then, grasping his speech, she shrugged. "Never mind me," she snapped, "or my caring, or anything. The point in hand is this reduction business. Do you accept the new wage-scale?"

"No. The men cant live on a penny less. Have you no mercy, Ann?"

"Mercy? Mercy—for *men?* I *despise* them!" Her dull eyes flamed balefully, then she recovered herself.

"I am firm, George," she said; "we will close the mills."

That evening West called on Ann in her father's house. His eyes and mouth were grim and he held a crumpled letter in his hand.

"You are making me do things," he began abruptly, "that are foreign to me. But I cannot watch hundreds of men go mad with hunger and fear, and not raise my hand. You are *starving* hundreds of their babies in order that *yours* may have the utmost superfluities. You are taking from those others their very mother's milk—warm, sufficient clothing—the sheer body-needs; you are turning respectable, honorably toiling people into bestial things—things of oppression—smarting righteously under cruel injustice; you are winning the black hatred of your father's people—for the setting befitting a De Graymont. Is it worth it to you—Ann?"

"My son's future is all I have. Therefore, it is worth *everything* to me."

"Then"—George held the letter forward—"I must act. If the mills are not open in twenty-four hours, this letter goes to the newspapers."

Ann glanced at it briefly, and her white face went gray. It was the note she had written her father telling of the Count's desertion of her—and of her impending shame. She swayed,

"MY DAUGHTER, I LEAVE YOU MY MILLS—BE GOOD TO MY PEOPLE"

and George steadied her, gently. The love that he had known for her in happier days stirred his heart, spurred by the compassion of the strong and unconquered for the hurt and stricken.

"Ann, I am sorry——" he whispered. "I am enforcing a painful duty."

The girl stood silent. She had bought, with her youth, her faith, her body and soul, an empty title. That title gave her prestige, socially made a personage of her. Very well—she had paid in dear coin for the "French handle"—she would see that nothing stood in the way of its glory. If

money were necessary to her greater triumphs, and her son's acclaim, then money she should have, tho she drew it from the arteries of living men.

She raised her dull eyes to West and shook her head. "Threats dont go with me," she said coldly; "the mills *stay closed.*"

"Very well," agreed West; "I give you twenty-four hours. Good-night."

Father Daly came over immediately upon the receipt of a note from Ann. He found her where West had left her.

"My child," he greeted her, "what is this thing you are doing?"

"Father, I must be left to decide this myself," the girl returned. "I have sent for you to beg you to get a letter for me, now in the possession of George West. It is a letter I wrote my father from Cairo, when I was in trouble there. West found it in my father's desk, and is threatening me with sending it to the papers. Wont you *please* get that letter for me?"

"I will get the letter, my child, but you must promise to open the mills. The people are starving, Ann, and cursing you in bitterness and wrath. Do not let your tragedy make a hard woman of you, my daughter. There is good in men's hearts—and God in their souls. Ye dare not offend them so grievously."

For two days West and Father Daly pleaded and threatened and cajoled. They appealed to Ann from every known angle—they abased themselves before her. And they were appalled at the heart of stone in her young breast. *"This,"* they said, "is what one scoundrel has done with a woman—made an unthinkable monstrosity of her——"

"IF YOU DO NOT GIVE IN, I SHALL READ THIS FROM THE HOUSETOPS"

"There was a time," West told Father Daly, sadly, "when Ann Ross wept from her heart over a starving bird—and now——"

"I know," the good Father shook his venerable head; "hate has entered in," he said, "and locked all the doors."

For two days there was a sullen quiet in the mill cottages, then violence broke out.

Ann was in the library when she heard the sound of the mob down the

main street. They came swiftly—unfamiliar looking creatures, with snarling voices, pinched faces, and baleful, vengeful eyes. "If she wont listen to us we will——" the mob leader was shrieking, and the others drowned his voice by hisses and yells.

Father Daly and West had been in David Ross' study, going over some papers, and, hearing Ann's call, they went to her in the library. A glance was enough.

"The men!" exclaimed Father Daly. West's lean face tightened. "The poor brutes," he said; "the instinct of self-preservation—that is all."

Ann stood by the window, cold, impassive, unmoved.

West turned to her. "Those starving men out there are *desperate,* Ann, —what is your answer?"

Ann laughed disagreeably. *"There* is my answer," she said—"those deputies. I sent for them at the first alarm."

There was an instant silence; then Father Daly stepped to the window and looked down into the ugly sea of faces. He held a letter aloft, and he turned to Ann—"If you do not give in," he said, "I shall read this from the housetops!"

Ann flinched, and her eyes stormed. Stronger than her stubborn will—mightier than her determination—was the tidal wave of scandal this disclosure would bring upon her head.

She looked the priest full in the face and surrendered.

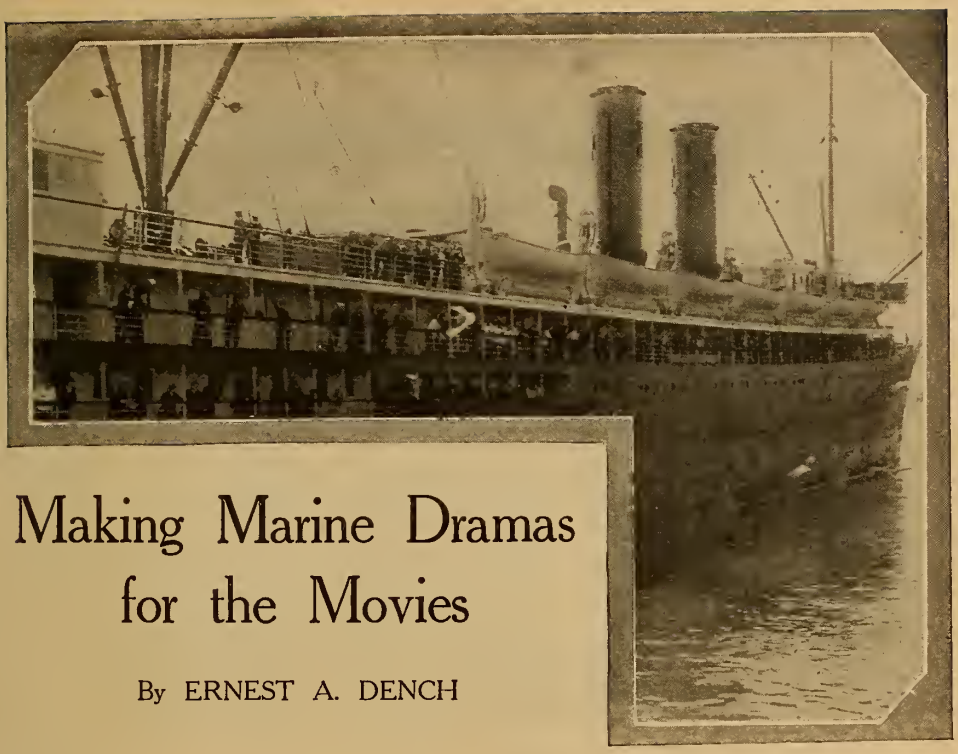
Flinging the casement windows wide, she raised her hand. "The mills will be open tomorrow," she called, "at the old wage-scale."

Cheers came up to her—curiously sweet cheers—and now and then a hoarse sob—and a broken, grateful sound of women weeping.

And turning, she found West close to her side. And suddenly, miraculously, a new world was born.

TULLY MARSHALL DE WOLF HOPPER DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JANE GREY ORRIN JOHNSON

A GROUP OF STAGE STARS OF THE FINE ARTS CO.



Making Marine Dramas for the Movies

By ERNEST A. DENCH

If there is one thing that exhibits a peculiar hold over the Motion Picture producer, it is marine life in all its phases. What accounts for this fascination? A study of the movie screens will soon reveal this prime specialty of the film producer. He adores thrills more than anything, and water craft supplies the desired element to his complete satisfaction.

He seems, however, to have a liking for no particular kind of craft, for he will handle anything from a raft to an ocean liner. Among the stunts often put over are these: accidentally turning over a rowboat; drifting on a raft; wrecking a craft by jamming into another or by running up against an iceberg or rocks; and setting a craft on fire. This is merely a handful, cited just to show why he is fond of the sea as much as is the hardened sailor.

When a scenario stipulates that a yacht has to be set on fire and a boiler explosion despatch it beneath the waters, an old craft is purchased. After the preliminary deck scenes leading up to the sensational situation have been produced, the vessel is divested of its interior fittings, for the producer is not so rash with his money as is commonly supposed. The next stage is to saturate the ship with oil and turpentine and place sticks of dynamite in the hold. It is dangerous work for the men who are assigned this task. Immediately their work is over, they jump off the yacht into the sea and are picked up by a motorboat and taken to safety. Another instance of the producer believing in getting full value for his outlay is that the dynamite is never timed to explode until the ship has been well burned. Oftentimes scenes are also taken for several productions at the same time.

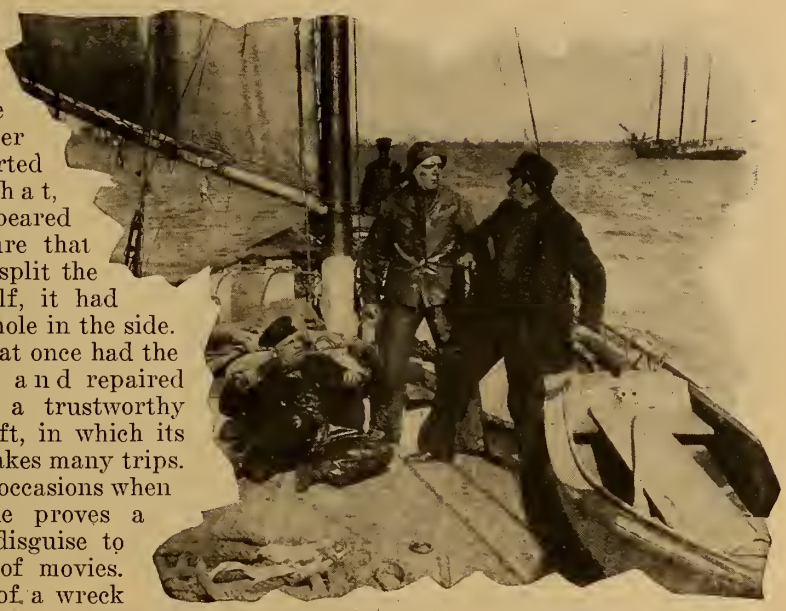
In the Vitagraph picture, "My Official Wife," it will be remembered that an expensive yacht was blown up by a torpedo. Clara Kimball Young, the well-known photoplayer, witnessed this stunt and declared it was a shame that such a pretty boat should be destroyed. The director informed her, jokingly, that she could have it as a gift if it were of any use to her after it had got into the clutches of Davy Jones. She decided to take a sport-

SCENE FROM "SHIPWRECKED" (KALEM)

SCENE FROM "THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION" (VITAGRAPH)

ing chance and had a diver investigate the vessel. To her joy, he imparted the news that, altho it appeared in the picture that the torpedo split the yacht in half, it had only torn a hole in the side. Miss Young at once had the yacht raised and repaired It is now a trustworthy pleasure craft, in which its fair owner takes many trips.

There are occasions when a misfortune proves a blessing in disguise to the makers of movies. On hearing of a wreck along the coast within easy distance, the director will promptly journey with his band of players and camera man, weaving a marine drama en route and getting all the atmosphere he requires.



SCENE FROM "THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN" (REX)

Neither is he averse to the other money-saving plan of cutting views from an animated newspaper.

There is also a certain film concern which, unlike others in the same business, apparently does not believe in the value of realism. It shows a marked preference for the easy and inexpensive way of framing up a wreck in the studio. A miniature model of a ship is placed on the edge of the top of a green-covered table. The actual wreck is operated by electricity and is photographed some distance away from the camera. On the next fine day some sea scenes are produced on the near-by coast. Both negatives are then cut in two and one section of each used. The first negative is cut in half from the table-top, which is the water-line, and the half of the other one matches exactly. This gives the perfect illusion.

WARREN KERRIGAN IN "THE OYSTER DREDGER" (UNIVERSAL)

When you see the cabin flooded with water, or filled with smoke and flames,

SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE LIFEGUARD" (MAJESTIC)

and the passengers and crew frantically trying to escape, you may know that these situations are faked in the studio; they would be too dangerous if produced on a real ship, and the inferior lighting conditions would not permit good photography.

In the producing of that masterpiece, "Atlantis," the *C. F. Titgen* (8,137 tons), of the Scandinavian-American Line, was hired. Five hundred players acted as the passengers who fought for the boats; many leaped into the sea, some of whom were "drowned." All the horrors, in fact, of such a calamity were dragged in.

Many were the rehearsals to get the actors to render vivid portrayals.

SCENE FROM "PIRATES BOLD" (MAJESTIC)

ORRIN JOHNSON IN A SCENE FROM "D'ARTAGNAN" (TRIANGLE)

Strange as it may seem, the *C. F. Titgen* was not sunk at all. Its wreck was only cleverly suggested. The producers saved considerable expense by having a wooden replica of the liner made and sunk it to the bottom.

The Motion Picture director is also partial to stories of pirate days. The difficulty the Powers Company had when about to put on a play of Billy Hayes, the noted pirate and smuggler, was to locate a suitable craft. On a trip to San Pedro the director had the good fortune to rent, for a week, an antiquated ship which had been confiscated by the government. On board was an old Norwegian, who informed him that the ship was originally *The Sprite,* a vessel which had seen many a bloody encounter and was the one with which Billy Hayes had terrorized Pacific Coast towns for thirty years. This was certainly a strange coincidence.

For all his sins, the Motion Picture producer is deserving of praise rather than censure, since he has the knack of putting on a good picture. That is all that concerns the movie fans.

A Film

By BELL RUMFORD

There is a precious picture film by each of us possessed,
Enduring thru the passing years, its worth will bear the test;
Upon its surface we, at will, in outline clear may trace
The record of unnumbered deeds and many a kindly face.

The story told upon this film will vary, yours and mine,
And yet for each one, as we look, will smiles and tears combine;
For every scene that's sad there are two that happiness instil,
And each one must admit his tale owns more of good than ill.

However long this film may be (determined by our years),
We never weary of its length, which but the more endears;
And not the wealth of all the world, however poor we be,
Could buy from us this precious film, whose name is Memory.

The Cruise of the Motion Picture

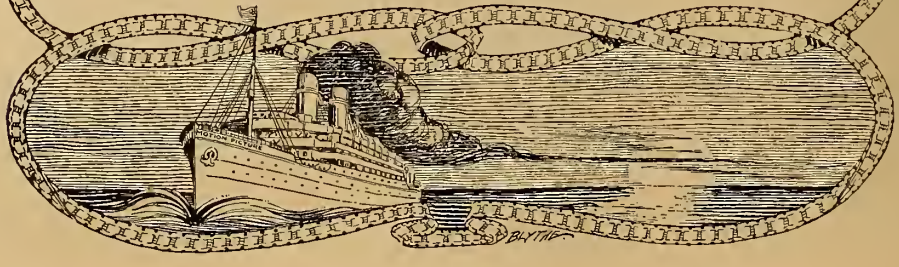
By Joseph F. Poland

The good ship Motion Picture is quite ready for her trip;
Just see the bright young faces smiling at us from the rail.
And the elders all are smiling, too, as only elders learn to do,
Who, with the family, ev'ry night, on this good ship set sail.
The music starts to playing, and the anchor now is weighed,
The shore is fading fast behind, and very soon we'll be
Where yonder light so brightly gleams—it is the land of golden dreams
Towards which the Motion Picture takes us, o'er a golden sea.

Forgotten are the woes and worries of the busy day;
We are as children once again, let care and trouble flee.
The banker and the humble clerk, the man who with his hands doth work,
The children of the rich and of the poor, too, we can see
Tonight are sitting side by side as o'er the golden waves we glide;
Rank does not count—we're all as one, whene'er we make this trip.
No matter what a man is worth, no matter what his place or birth,
Each one can dream his golden dreams upon this good old ship.

What! Is the voyage o'er so soon, and must we disembark?
Back to the unromantic, gray old world of everyday
Our faces we must turn once more, our hour of peaceful bliss is o'er,
The lovely land of golden dreams has faded far away.
But, when another evening comes, again we'll troop on board
Of the good ship Motion Picture, and we'll sail away again
To the land where skies are always bright, the land where hearts are ever light—
The Movie-land of golden dreams, across the Golden Main.

Sail on, O Motion Picture, sail! The world's before you spread,
And the glorious flag of High Ideals is flutt'ring at your mast;
A message mighty you convey unto the great wide earth this day,
And eyes are bright and joy is rife wherever you have passed.
Sail on, and scatter hope and cheer and comfort to the mass;
Sail on, still giving pleasure to the young and to the old;
And where'er your Light of Knowledge gleams there'll be a land of golden dreams,
And life itself will seem to be a sea of molten gold.



POOR LITTLE PEPPINA

(Famous Players)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

ABOVE the vineyard the air was golden and fluid and odorous as wine. It hazed the gray-green olive slopes and the long, curling, white roads with a mist like an enchantment, and thru it, poising their flat, purple-heaped baskets on their hips, the girls and youths of Bernardo's vineyard moved in their scarlet waistcoats and saffron kerchiefs like the old gods come back again. Under a less poetic sky the young people, for the most part, would have revealed themselves as sturdy-limbed, black-haired young peasants with flat backs and flashing teeth and pleasant, common faces, but there was one girl of another, finer clay.

Dressed in a blue kilted skirt and tight waist, that revealed every curve of her soft, immature figure, Peppina, the foster-daughter of old Dominico, carried her strangely colored head like Diana herself. About her small ears and pure, wide forehead crisped the bright masses of her hair, golden and umber and burnt orange where the sun had scorched it, a strange chaplet for an Italian girl, and one that her black-browed sister-workers scorned openly with tossings of their own shiny blue-black curls. Yet there were bold masculine eyes that strayed often after the sun-kist head bent over the low, heavy-globed vines.

"Mark how Bernardo stares!" whispered Teresa to her neighbor, with a spiteful giggle. "What idiots men are to admire such a milk-skinned, pale-eyed creature with moon-colored hair! A true Lombardy girl should be ashamed to look like Peppina; indeed, they do say——".

The rest of the sentence lowered to a whisper, and both girls tittered.

"Poor little Peppina!" said Assunta,

MARY PICKFORD

kindly. "She can carry only a very small basket and soon tires. I think she scarcely earns two lire a day. She is like the Americano ladies who come every summer and have to be helped over the stone walls! I wonder if it is true, that you have said?"

Unaware of the admiring or mocking eyes upon her, Peppina stepped down her row, cutting her clusters with curious ineptness and pausing now and then to touch a blue corn-flower or scarlet poppy, that chanced among the stubby vines, with tender finger-tips. In her blue eyes at these moments lingered a wistful dream, the shadow of a half-remembered thing. Her full, delicately curved lips smiled painfully, as tho, while her soul remembered, her body could not forget; and her slim hand, beautiful in shape and rough and brown with work, crept to the breast of her ugly gown. She was standing rapt in such a moment when a coarse touch fell upon her shoulder in sordid awakening.

"Come, come; this will never do!" growled the master of the vineyard, a greedy glance on the startled, lovely face—"your tray but half-filled, and you stand and dream like a grand signorina! Your kind father will beat you if you go home with empty hands tonight." He bent closer till his heavy breath stirred her hair. "One kiss, little one," he leered, "and you shall earn more lire than any of the others. Two kisses, and you shall have a new, velvet bodice and string of gold, glass beads to wear to Mass. Marry me, and you shall never work at all!"

"No—oh, no!" panted Peppina, straining back from the thick hands

"YOU WILL MARRY BERNARDO, OR I

and closely nearing lips; "I—I do not wish to marry. I beg of you, for the mercy of Mary, not to trouble me further. Indeed, I do not want to marry any one!"

"So I'm not good enough for you, eh?"—Bernardo's face thickened a dull crimson—"me with a real house and a vineyard and three mule teams! What do you want—a grand signor? Pooh!" he laughed harshly—"not marry at all! I shall tell Dominico of that and see what he has to say. Do you think he wishes to support a great, lazy oof of a girl forever? And when we *are* married, my proud beauty, I shall find a way to teach you pleasanter manners, I promise you!"

WILL THROW YOU OUT OF MY HOUSE!"

A clatter of hoofs on the hard, white roadway saved Peppina from further arguments. White and shaking, she turned to meet the flashing smile of the lady in the victoria, while Bernardo, doffing his greasy cap in sullen obeisance, slunk away down the busy row.

"Peppina, child, what is the matter?" Countess di Sagon leaned from the carriage with a look of concern. Her white-gloved fingers touched the bowed, bright hair, and suddenly Peppina reached up and caught them to her breast with a little cry.

"*Povero me!*" she said pitifully, "ah, I am so unhappy! But I will not burden you with my poor griefs."

"Tell me all about it, Peppina," commanded the Countess; "you know how fond I am of you, child. What has happened? Has your father been cruel to you again?"

"Oh, no, madonna!" Peppina shook her head; "but it is worse than a beating. I would rather be whipped a

hundred times than do what he says I must do!" She shuddered and flung out her hand in a shivering gesture toward the vineyard. "See, madonna, that ugly, great creature in the brown velvet and the cap of red? He is Bernardo, the master of the vineyard, and a very rich man. My father wishes me to—to marry *him!*"

The Countess' glance traveled along the gaily colored rows, halted a moment on the squat, loutish figure of the overseer, and returned to the girl's pure, tragic young face. "Horrible!" she cried passionately; "but you must not! you shall not—your father cannot force you to marry any one."

"Last night he said it," moaned Peppina—"'You will marry Bernardo, or I will throw you out of my house!' and I have nowhere to go. Yet—to marry that man—madonna, I think I would rather die!"

"You shall do neither." The Countess opened her gold purse with decisive fingers. "Here, take this money, child, and this card"—she wrote a few words rapidly and thrust it into the small, hard hand—"it has an American address on it—my brother's. If your father persists, you must leave home and go to New York, and Hugh will get you some honest work to do." She bit her lips with a troubled frown. "I wish I could do more for you, dear child," she sighed, "but my husband—there, there; dont try to thank me, but go if you must. Anything in the world is better than a loveless marriage."

Peppina folded the gold piece in the precious bit of paper and thrust it into her bosom, as the victoria glided away into the golden haze. The dream had left her eyes, and a desperate purpose filled them. "The Blessed Virgin has heard me," she murmured palely; "next

Sunday they read the banns; there is no time to lose. I shall go." She looked around her at the noisy group of grape-gatherers, the purple vines, the terraced slopes, as tho they had grown suddenly strange and unfamiliar. "I shall go—*tonight!*" she said.

A white moon was bathing that same world of slope and vineyard in silver light when two shadowy figures crept swiftly up the hill from the village that evening. In the covert of an ancient ilex they paused, and the taller of the two thrust a shapeless bundle into the other's hands.

"Go behind the hedge and put them on," he directed gruffly, to cover the breaking of his voice; "they are but poor things, but the best I have."

"I shall love them because they are yours, brother Beppo," whispered the girl-figure—"they will comfort me when I am far away."

Three minutes passed to the bell-notes of a nightingale and a little shamed form stole out of the shadows with wavering step, a form in shabby velveteen trousers and jacket, with Peppina's sweet, golden curls about its quivering face. The man, waiting stolidly, uttered a sound that was like a groan, and started forward with outstretched hand, that fell, shaking queerly, on the misty curls.

"These—must—come off," he said difficultly. "Aie! but I hate to do it! Yet it must be done."

He took his case-knife from his belt and fell to work shearing the girl's hair, and, as the light tresses slipped thru his blunt fingers to the grass, he breathed hoarsely, as tho in pain. "It is finished," he said at last. "Put on thy cap, bambina, and let me see."

Cap perched atop shorn head, Peppina faced him gallantly.

"Well? Dont I look like a boy, Beppo?" she challenged.

"You look like—like an angel!" groaned the man, and suddenly buried his homely, twisting face in his hands. With a coo of astonishment, the girl ran to him.

"Why, brother! Why, Beppo!" she cried. "Do you really care so much because I am going away?"

The man drew away from her sympathy and suddenly put back his head as tho defying some one. "Peppina," he said rapidly, "before you go I must tell you something. You are not my real sister at all! It is seventeen years ago this harvest that Soldo, an old crony of my father, brought you to him to bring up as his own. He would not tell us your right name or anything, except that you were an American whose father had done him a wrong. He gave my father a large sum of money to keep quiet, and went away. Always, each year, the money came, until you were ten years old; then it stopped, but my father was afraid to tell any one the truth then. That is all I know. My father would kill me if he thought I had told you, but it is only right you should know."

THE WAIF OF THE SLUMS

A silence fell between them, threaded by the girl's quick breathing. In the mystic glamor of light her small face took on a beauty and gladness that brought a sharp cry from Beppo.

"You are pleased!" he said bitterly. "Well, I do not wonder at that. We are a low, common lot, and you—you are a lady!"

"No, no, Beppo!" the girl denied hurriedly. "Indeed, I was only amazed at what you have told me. It doesn't make any real difference—I shall always love my brother Beppo who has been so good to me!"

"Your—brother Beppo," repeated the man, slowly. He bent over the small, glorified face and touched his lips to the pure, wide forehead. "Let me hear from you, if you can, Peppina—and God and all his saints guard you! And now—the night is growing late—you must hurry on to the station, or you will miss the train."

"Good-by, brother Beppo!" said Peppina, softly, and gave him her lips, fully, frankly, like a child — "*dear* brother Beppo!"

"Good-by, Peppina," he said thru stiff lips, and closed his eyes that he might not see her go. Then, in the stillness and the moonlight, he slid to the grass, buried his face in the shorn, sweet locks of hair, and lay very still, so still that a lizard scrambled across his fingers and a fawn crept out of the shadows to drink at the ruined well near-by. It was dawn before he staggered up, gathered the locks of hair into a knot in his handkerchief, and strode stiffly home thru the azure morning.

"I shall never hear of her nor see her again," he muttered, as he went. But three months later he almost heard. A letter came to Dominico,

asking for the girl to be sent to America, and stating that her father had offered a large sum for her return. Cursing his unlucky fate, Dominico wrote back that the bird was flown, and silence closed around Peppina's fate. Only Beppo remembered, kneeling at night before the soft mass of hair, on his hill, as before a shrine.

Hugh Carroll was in an exceedingly bad humor. The weather was just rough enough to make the ship a thing of freaky motions and uncertain positions; the food was, consequently, uninviting, and he was horribly bored. To be sure, a certain, very beautiful young lady, whose picture smiled from frequent Sunday newspapers, had intimated, modestly but unmistakably, that she was quite willing to make not only this journey pleasant, but another more perilous and longer voyage upon the sea of matrimony. But Hugh Carroll was tired of complacent, conventional women. He was tired of prettinesses too pretty to be true and practiced charms and flattery. He thought, irritably, that he was seasick, but he was only bored.

Lurching along the passageway to his stateroom and a cigar and novel, he flung open the door with unnecessary vigor and paused, amazed, on the threshold. There, huddled in an incredibly small heap of blue velveteen limbs and stubby, yellow head, lay a poorly dressed Italian boy with colorless face and closed eyes. It did not require a second glance to see that he had fainted away. With an exclamation of pity, Hugh was on his knees beside the bed, forcing his silver brandy-flask between the pale, delicate lips.

A wave of bright color rewarded his efforts. In a moment the boy had struggled to a sitting position and was looking dazedly around the room and up into Hugh's face.

"Oh!" exclaimed Peppina, and a deeper color tinged her cheeks, as she looked down at her boy-clad limbs, "oh, I remember now—I didn't mean to stay, sir, but I looked in and saw *that*"—her hand gestured waveringly toward a tray of untouched food on the table—"and—I—I—was so hungry! I will—go—now——"

Hugh put his hand strongly on the limp, little shoulder, and uttered a shocked exclamation: "Hungry? Good Lord, boy—here, eat every mouthful of this before you say another word!"

He watched the small intruder's pathetic attempts at restraint and daintiness, noting, with growing amazement, the beauty of the small, brown face under the curling, burnt golden thatch of hair.

"Do you mean to tell me that they dont feed the steerage passengers enough?" he demanded at length, irritated at his own heat. "Why, this is shameful. Come along with me, my boy, to the captain, and I'll report——"

"No! no!" Peppina was on her feet in terror. "I—you dont understand! I have no right on the ship. I am a—what do you say?—a hider, behind some barrels in the hold——"

In hurried words, that tripped and tangled over one another, she told how she had lost her money, and something else even more valuable—a paper with an address on it: how she had hidden for three days and then staggered from her hiding-place in desperate search of food.

"But you speak English well for an Italian lad," exclaimed Hugh, as she paused for breath, "and there is something in your face—well, I wouldn't call you the peasant type in the least."

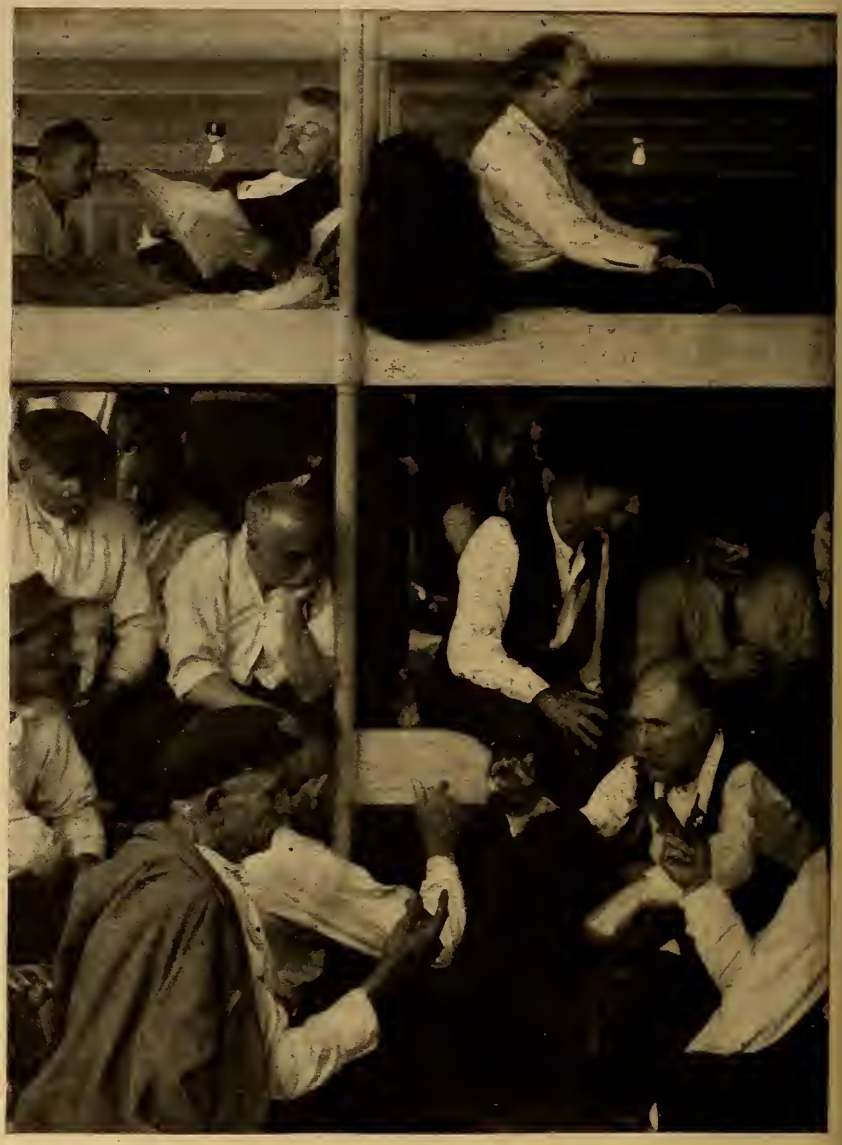
"But I am a peasant," Peppina affirmed, miserably; "my name is—Beppo! It was a kind Americano lady taught me her tongue. Ah, sir, dont tell them about me, or the captain will send me back, and I—I *cannot* go back! I would rather die!"

Hugh was touched. He laid a kindly hand on the trembling shoulder.

"Get back to your hiding-place, boy," he said gently; "I suppose, as a lawyer, I'm compounding a felony in helping you break the law, but there's something in your face—— Well, hang it, I'll risk it! We will dock in two days. Come up here every day at this time, and I'll have a tray for

you, and when we're almost ashore, hunt me up and I'll see you land safely. Perhaps I can find something for you in the line of work."

For a long while after the small, stammering, grateful figure had slipped away, the young American sat slumped in his chair, gazing with knitted brows at an elusive fragment of a boyhood dream — a dream of a Face out of a world of faces, a Woman who would stand out for him in a world of women. For thirty years he had been waiting that woman-face, and now it almost seemed that he had caught a glimpse of it under the strange golden thatch of the Italian stowaway. But he was not a visionary, this Hugh Carroll, and he thrust the notion from him with a laugh at his own folly, and went on deck to play horse-billiards with the girl who was not, and never could be, his girl o' dreams.



A FRIENDLY STOKER, STRUCK BY THE LAD'S NEED OF PROTECTION,

Three days later he forgot his careless promise, in the bustle and confusion of landing, and drove away from the wharf in his waiting motor, with no backward thought for the slight, piteous little figure watching over the steerage rail.

Peppina accepted the situation as one eats the morsels dealt out of

PILOTED HIM SAFELY ASHORE

Fate's hand, whether bitter or sweet, and a friendly stoker, struck by the lad's need of protection, piloted him safely ashore, under the supercilious noses of the blue-uniformed officials. Alone and penniless, Peppina stood on the cobbled wharfway and faced New York. And yet, strangely enough, she did not feel alone. In spite of the handsome stranger's neglect of her, Peppina felt, unreasonably, that somewhere in the tangle of bricks and stone she had a friend.

The next few weeks did little to support her faith. Driven from one petty position to another, Peppina was often hungry, and still oftener houseless. Her boy's garb protected her from the worst that could have befallen her, but her thin, little shoulders and arms were often striped with the blue badges of blows, and her heart was sore with the sound of curses and scoldings. One day a peddler of fruit for an Italian pushcart man, the next a bootblack's assistant, she toiled thru the hours in an apathy of despair, and huddled often at night on park benches, looking up at the far, unfriendly stars and wondering whether they could see Italy and Bernardo's vineyard and dear, good Beppo, too.

Only once did discovery seem near. One evening her erratic star had guided her on an errand into the backroom of an innocent-looking building, whose front bore a saloon-keeper's sign. Left for a moment, while the bartender went out to wait on a customer, Peppina fell into a doze on a low stool against the wall. It was the sound of angry voices that finally aroused her, and she peeped around the edge of the table for the source.

Three Italians stood in the center of the room, arguing fiercely, in their native tongue, over an open letter.

"The girl is gone," snarled one of them, with a menacing gesture. "If I ever come within dagger-length of Dominico, I shall take the worth of her out of his hide!"

"You say her father refused to recognize the one you substituted, eh?" asked the second. *"Peste,* Soldo, I do not like this business. It is too risky. Me—I do not want to spend the rest of my days behind bars!"

"I told you so, Soldo, not to try to pass off any of your fakes on Torrens!" growled the third, "and now you have the man's lawyer nosing on our trail and getting hotter every moment. The only way out of it for us is——" A

ghastly gesture finished the sentence. Peppina, sick and faint, started up from her chair, with a strangled gasp that brought the heads of the conspirators about with the precision of mechanical things. With the same precision, three hands sought three daggers. Then the one named Soldo shook his head.

"Trouble enough," he said briefly. "Get out, boy, and see you keep your mouth shut over what you may have heard here. If you so much as breathe a word of this——" Again the dreadful gesture. Peppina waited to hear no more; but, safe in the street, she lifted her harassed face to the stars that could see her and her Italy.

"If I could but meet *him* again!" she breathed, and the words were like a prayer. She was young, and troubled, and clean-hearted, and perhaps the good saints heard; for it was only a week later that she did meet him.

In her duties as messenger boy, she was sent with a box of flowers to an uptown address, and the young man in the evening suit, who handed her the generous tip, uttered an exclamation that brought her eyes swiftly to the smiling, well-remembered face.

"My word, but it's the little stowaway!" Hugh exclaimed ruefully; "my conscience, or the substitute for one I possess, has been giving me the devil of a time about you!"

Peppina struggled to reply, but the lump of gladness in her throat choked back the words. It would never do for a messenger boy to burst into tears and catch a young man's hand to his breast, kissing it over and over in the fantastic Italian fashion. She stood, crimson and abashed, fumbling her cap and looking away from the troublously kind face, about the richly lighted, luxurious room. And then, in spite of herself, the cry came. For there, glowing gently in a great, deep, silver frame, smiled the Countess di Sagon as she had smiled from the victoria in the gay Italian sunshine two months ago. Peppina flung herself on her knees before the portrait and held up clasped hands.

"Mia madonna! Mia madonna!" she cried.

"That is my sister." Hugh's voice held amazement. "Surely you dont know her, Beppo?"

"Ah, but I do!" Peppina paused on the edge of explanations, with a despairing gesture. "Oh, there is so much to tell, and you have guests. Some other time, signor—if you would be so kind."

"Tomorrow afternoon, then." Hugh penciled a few rapid words on a card and handed it to her. "There—here is the address of my office downtown. I will be there at four. You shall tell me all about it then."

It was almost an hour before the time when Peppina pushed open the glass door with its magic caption, "HUGH CARROLL, *Attorney-at-Law*," the next afternoon. A throb of disappointment shook her heart as she saw the room was empty, but she found a stool behind a great hedge of files and sat down, patiently, to wait. The great leather-covered office chairs were, she thought, too terrifyingly large. She had hardly taken her seat when the door clicked again and heavy footsteps crept stealthily in.

"He'll be here in an hour or so—I know his ways," growled a voice that chilled her heart with a premonition of evil. Surely she had heard that same voice before. "He's up at the Torrens house now, making his plans to trap us; d—n his smooth hide!"

"He's had the square-toes on our trail for a week," snarled another voice, with a rasp in it. "I tell you, boys, it's him or us. How about it—is it him?"

Thru a crack in the files Peppina saw the three plotters of the saloon, each with something in his hands that drove the warm blood from her cheeks. What were they doing in Mr. Carroll's office with a knife and a rope and a stiletto with a long, ugly, blue blade? The gentle tick of the mahogany clock on the wall seemed to roar suddenly within her very brain. She must do something—she must think quickly. In a very few more tickings of that clock he would be here.

"GET OUT, BOY, AND SEE YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT"

She shuddered at the vision of him lying rigid on the deep, soft, red carpet, brighter red lacing his white skin, and an unseeing, awful smile——

A fire-alarm box on the wall near her caught her eye. In a flash she was on her hands and knees, creeping toward it along the floor. The desperate hazards of her plan filled her with cold fear, not lest the three merciless men beyond discover her, but lest they discover her before she had time to set the alarm.

"What was that click?" Soldo turned a startled face on his companions. "Hark! Dont you hear it?"

"You are nervous, my friend," sneered the oldest of the ruffians. "Is this, then, your first little affair? Light a cigaret and compose yourself, I pray."

Again the moments ticked by with insufferable precision, while Peppina crouched in her hole, listening as tho all her senses had been merged into the one need of hearing. At length it came—the welcome clang of the engine-bells and clatter of eager hoofs below. The three men ran to the window, with muttered curses, and Peppina, seizing her precious moment, sped by them and out of the room. She pushed thru the jostling crowd about the door, sped across the street, and clutched a policeman by the arm.

"Meester Torrens—where does he live?" she gasped. "For the love of the Virgin—*where?*"

"It was a little Italian boy who saved you." Mr. Torrens leaned back against the cushions of his motor, with the relieved relaxation of a tired man. "You had hardly left the house, Carroll, before the bell rang, and there he stood, babbling a hodge-podge of English and Italian about daggers and offices and the lawyer-man with the kind, good smile. And then, before we could question him, over he keeled in a dead faint, and no wonder—broken arm, gash on his head! Some auto had evidently hit him, and he'd picked himself up and staggered on. Gad! he's a plucky youngster! My wife had all the servants running for

"DONT YOU KNOW ME, DARLING?"

the doctor in a jiffy, while I hit it after you, and a lucky thing I did, eh?"

"Very lucky." Hugh Carroll's voice did not sound like that of a man who had just had a hairbreadth escape from a violent death. Anxiety puckered his young face into fine lines. "The kid was hurt?" he asked. "What a rotten shame! I say, Torrens, I dont suppose you could get that chauffeur of yours to start her up a little faster? There's something about that boy I cant explain."

In the Torrenses' beautiful hall the two men were met by the mistress of the house, finger on her lip, face raised to her husband's kiss with a strange, white, luminous awe.

"Hush," she said—"hush, she is asleep."

"*She*—who?" Hugh Carroll thrust his friend aside and faced her, a startled wonder in his eyes. "Do you mean——"

"I mean——" Mrs. Torrens went to her husband and laid her cheek against his overcoated shoulder. "Dick, you remember our little girl we lost so long ago? I always believed—I prayed—she would come back, and she has come." She burst into noiseless weeping, with gasping words across her tears. "It is—a miracle. The little prayer—she made up herself: 'God send every little girl a mother like mine'—today I heard it again—and then I knew——"

Hugh Carroll drew away from the two, who clung together in the sacred isolation of their parent joy, and strode into the silent library, where he could be alone with his own amazed and wondering soul. Before the eyes of his memory floated a small face framed in strange, golden curls, wistful and woman-sweet—the Face of all the world's faces, the Woman—the thought dizzied him like a light too strong for bearing—who had come to him out of a world of women. He drew a hard, slow breath. For the present, rest for her and adjustment, and for him patient waiting. But for the future—*their* future—a garden, and flowers, and beauty, and *she,* at last, held close to his breast.

THE MOTION PICTURE BOY
STUDIES INSTITUTIONS TO LEARN THE TRUE SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE
POCHAHONTAS AND JOHN SMITH
THE SCHOOL — HISTORY: — POCHAHONTAS AND JOHN SMITH
WHAT JOHN SMITH WAS IT ?
SPEAKING ANTHROPOLOGICALLY AND GENEOLOGICALLY, FROM WHICH ITEM OF THIS HETEROGENEOUS MASS, SPRANG POCHAHONTAS ?
VISION
HE TRIES TO THINK
NOW, THE MOTIVE IN THIS CASE, WAS — HOW TO GET — HOW-TO-GET-☆! ATTENTION PLEASE.
YES UM — "HOW-TO-GET"
HOW ELSE DID THE INDIAN BENEFIT HUMANITY, BESIDES THE SAVING OF JOHN SMITH AND THE DISCOVERY of TOBACCO?
HAVE I NO FRIENDS NEAR
JOAN OF ARC
POCAHONTAS
SUFFRAGETTE
VOTES FOR WOMEN
THEN, MAY WE NOT CLASSIFY POCHAHONTAS AS AMONG THE BRAVEST OF WOMEN ?
THEN, SIR, GOING FARTHER, CAN YOU CONSIDER WOMAN AS A MERE RIB ?
OH, I'LL GO FARTHER ALL RIGHT AND WONT STOP UNTIL I GET TO THE
MOVIES
THRILLING ACT POCHAHONTAS AND JOHN SMITH
SOAK HIM, CHIEF
VIC SMITH

"The Iron Man of Dawson"

JOHN JOHNSON is a commonplace name, but the man from the North country who answers to it is decidedly the opposite. He and his famous bunch of "huskies" are the idols of all Alaskans, and for three consecutive years he and his pack of Siberian canines have won the Alaskan sweepstakes—a three-hundred-mile race over the Dawson trail of snow and icy vastness—"mushing" night and day, beating their way thru trackless wastes, and fighting the fierce elements. Colma, the leader of the pack, has been the subject of many fiction stories, and both man and beast take prominent parts in the Mutual picture, "The Death Lock."

$250.00 IN GOLD

Will Be Awarded to Those Readers Who Best Answer the Question:

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

IN the February number of this magazine we printed five pictures of photoplayers, announcing that in the March number we would print several more, and that we offered $250.00 in gold prizes for the best answers to the question, "What are they saying?" We are now printing four more pictures, making nine in all, which completes the set. In the April number, for the convenience of those who have not saved a copy of the February number, we shall print the entire set of nine pictures, and on April 3d, at noon, the contest will close. All answers must be at our office on or before that time. While some of these pictures are scenes from photoplays, it is not necessary to know what those photoplays are, nor is it necessary to see them. The prize-winning answers need not mention the scenes nor the plays from which these pictures were taken, nor are they desired. In other words, it is immaterial to us what these characters were saying, or were

Picture No. 6

supposed to be saying, when these pictures were taken. The question is, What are they saying now? What do they *appear* to be saying *now?* What words best fit the situations? In awarding prizes, the judges will not consider the original plays and situations; hence, it makes no difference whether the contestants do or do not correctly state them, for they have no bearing on the contest.

Picture No. 7

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize	$100.00
Second prize	50.00
Third prize	20.00
Fourth prize	10.00
Fifth prize	10.00
Sixth prize	10.00
Seventh prize	5.00
Eighth prize	5.00
Ninth prize	5.00
Tenth prize	5.00
Eleventh prize	5.00
25 prizes, each $1.00	25.00
Total	$250.00

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Any person may compete, and he or she may send in as many answers as desired; but each answer must be complete in itself—that is, a contestant must not send in *part* of his or her answer at one time and the balance of the answer at another time.

2. Each set of answers must be fastened together, must contain the name and address of the contestant, and be addressed to Contest Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. Postage must be fully prepaid on all answers, and we cannot undertake to return any answers.

Picture No. 8

4. Letters should not accompany the answers, and we must decline to give any information about the contest other than that which appears in these columns.

5. All answers must arrive at this office between February 1st and April 3d, 1916.

6. While the full set of nine pictures will appear in the April number, no

further information or advice will be given in that number or elsewhere.

7. It is not necessary to tell what *all* the characters that appear in the nine pictures are saying, nor is it necessary to give an answer to all nine pictures. It is possible that one or more of the prizes will be awarded for

Picture No. 9

just one sentence that fits just one picture. In other words, a contestant may send in only one answer, and it may state only what *one* of the characters is saying, and still win a prize.

8. It is not necessary to describe nor to title each picture, nor to name the actors therein, nor is it necessary to cut the pictures out and mail them with the answers. The number of each picture should be given.

9. Say what you have to say in as few words as possible. The shorter the answer, the better. And the neater the answer, and the more artistic the design of it, the better chance will it have to win a prize, other things being equal.

10. A mere title to a picture might be sufficient to win a prize, provided that title implies what the characters are saying.

11. It is not necessary to devote a separate sheet of paper to each picture; the entire nine answers may be contained on one page of paper if desired.

Here are some sample answers:

Picture No. 8—"The Rivals."
Billie: Well, do you get her, or do I?
Earle: I'm afraid it's you, Billie.
Picture No. 7—"Hubby Gets a Raise!"

(Continued on page 182*)*

The SURPRISES of an

by EDWIN ~M~

This novelette is based upon the famous Novel of
ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Francis Trehurn Marchmont, an easy-going New Yorker, prospects a valuable copper mine in Montana, and he and his friend, Charles Manders, decide to sell it to Cadwallader Bennt, the aged copper king, for two million dollars. Marchmont returns to Montana, and Bennt offers him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Marchmont is forced to accept, as Bennt owns the railroad. Bennt goes to Paris in style and meets the young and beautiful Lucie Fairbanks en tour with her father. They are poor and Mr. Fairbanks forces her to captivate Bennt. On his deathbed he sends for her, and she marries him, inheriting his vast fortune.

Marchmont has gone to Narragansett Pier and meets Manders and his latest fancy, Birdie Jameson. Count Alfred de Varnes is Manders' rival, and Marchmont has reason to fear him. Marchmont engages a room in a hotel that has become deserted thru a diphtheria scare, and Mrs. Lucie Bennt, who is cruising on her yacht, takes rooms in the same hotel. She is traveling under an assumed name, warned by her lawyers that another wife has appeared to claim the Bennt millions.

Marchmont meets her and they become sudden

EMPTY HOTEL

LA ROCHE

friends. As he sits on the veranda late at night, she rushes down from her room, in dishabille, and tells him that some one is spying on her from the room above. Marchmont investigates, but the mysterious intruder escapes.

MARCHMONT sighed easily. The fellow had received a warning—a nasty fall—and was evidently badly injured. They need expect no more scares for the night.

"Please allow me to accompany you to your room," he said, protectingly; "we have nothing more to fear."

Lucie turned, the tragic stare melted from her eyes, and for the fraction of a second her hand rested on his arm.

"I *do* trust you, Mr. Marchmont," she said; "after what has happened, you will think me both heartless and hysterical."

As Marchmont escorted her up the dim stairs he searched for a proper reply. He felt that he was entitled to aim a punitive shaft. But she sighed with just the slightest little catch in her breath, and his inclination melted into impersonal tenderness.

"You are the one who has been treated cruelly," he affirmed, "and I'm going to see this thing thru to the end."

She opened her door and he stepped in and lit the gas. Most cavaliers would have had the forethought to have poked about a bit in the closet, and to have taken soundings under her bed, but Marchmont

stood stiffly in the middle of the room, his eyes lost in vacancy.

A few tiny bits of plaster at his feet had set him to thinking.

Presently he turned to Lucie. "I'm going to ask," he announced in an offhand way, "our rubicund host to change my room—tonight. I shall ask for the room adjoining this. Not that you will sleep any sounder," he hastened to add with a touch of embarrassment, "but misery loves company, you know."

Lucie smiled her appreciation and he imagined that for an instant she looked quite wistfully at him. Then he opened the door and walked stealthily down the hall, rather priding himself that he was the man of the hour to such an alluring and helpless woman.

An empty hotel, Marchmont reflected, can sometimes be more crowded than a full one—it's the lure of the solitude that pulls us together.

Instead of descending to the office he stopped at the foot of the stairs and took off his shoes. The bits of plaster on the floor of Lucie's room had come from the ceiling above, and he meant to investigate the cause of their falling.

The door of the room above him was ajar, and he pushed it softly open, striking a match as he did so. In the dim circle of light he made out a bed, a dresser and a heavy, overturned chair.

Marchmont lit the gas and tiptoed to the place on the floor that he judged corresponded with the cracked ceiling below. Under his feet was one of those hideous hotel rugs of the "Persian-made-in-Yonkers" variety, and he whipped it up and ran his hand slowly over the floor.

His finger sank into a small hole, and getting down close to it he noticed a few grains of fresh sawdust around the edge. By applying his eye closely to the hole he could distinguish a few feet of the pattern of the rug in Lucie's room, and once the shadow of her arm, as she drew a comb thru her hair, seemed to beckon up to him.

Marchmont drew back and replaced the rug. For a flecting second he blushed. He was adopting exactly the same spying tactics as his predecessor in the room—and the other fellow evidently knew exactly what he was about. As for Marchmont, as he squatted, Turkish fashion, on the rug, he acknowledged that he did not. He prided himself, however, that he was in the right; ergo, the other fellow must be in the wrong. The scamp might be her husband and might be acting perfectly within his rights. He, Marchmont, might be dragged in as the innocent third person in a nasty domestic imbroglio. For a brief second the thought flashed thru him that the whole affair might be a cunningly devised scheme to enmesh him, but he quickly dismissed the suspicion as unworthy of the lady.

Her fright and her appeal to him had been genuine, of that he was certain. That she did not know the identity of the intruder was not so certain.

Marchmont, squatted on the pseudo prayer-rug, brooded over these things for a long while. The while he smoked, his hand plucked at the gorgeous, woven flowers around him. Suddenly it came in contact with something small, sharp and hard. His fingers closed over the object, and he examined it closely. It was a cuff link of a foreign pattern, with an intricate escutcheon of many quarterings, worked in delicate enamels.

Marchmont turned it over and over, admiring the beautiful workmanship. "A gentleman's ornament," he appraised—"a man who is proud of his lineage. I think with the help of Allah tomorrow will find me on a most exhilarating man-hunt."

He pocketed the cuff link, salaamed in mock solemnity across the rug, and stole noiselessly out into the hall.

Two minutes afterward a highly irritated gentleman had aroused Henry J. Barclay from his slumbers and was entering a midnight complaint against the broken springs in his bed. He demanded a new room for the night, ran his finger down the formidable list of vacancies, and selected a room on the second floor.

"I HAVE THE MATE OF YOUR CUFF LINK, YOU PRECIOUS SCAMP"

As Marchmont slipped out of his clothes and into the rather musty bedding, he rolled over rather abruptly. Just as he expected, the rusty bedsprings groaned in noisy protest. But he trusted that the sounds would be sweet and reassuring music to Lucie in the room next door.

On the following morning he called on Count de Varnes.

The Frenchman held out his left hand in greeting, and looked down whimsically at his right wrist which lay ensconced in a sling.

"The hazards of racing," he explained. "The brute of a car backfired as I started to crank it, and here I am hors de combat."

Marchmont took on a look of deep commiseration. It was all he could do to keep from asking the Count if he had enjoyed the fire and the artful trunk strap.

"I'm more or less of a surgeon," he said; "will you let me examine your wrist?"

De Varnes held out the injured member, and Marchmont deftly felt the bandages.

"And now your left hand," commanded Marchmont.

The Count willingly delivered his uninjured hand to his visitor, who unfastened the cuff link and examined the wrist bones carefully.

"It is not at all serious," pronounced Marchmont; "you have wonderful carpal bones and muscles. The bones are not even fractured, but the muscles are torn a bit."

De Varnes smiled delightfully upon him, and all the while the words kept singing in Marchmont's brain: "I have the mate to your cuff link, you precious scamp!"

The conversation drifted into things financial, and in illustrating a point Marchmont happened to mention the name of Cadwallader Bennt. Thereat a curious, baleful blaze, behind a deep curtain of lashes, lit up the velvet eyes of De Varnes.

"You knew him—and his family?" he asked, abruptly.

"Bennt, yes—he trimmed me in a mining deal to the queen's taste. I never had the heart to meet his relict after that."

De Varnes' eyes grew slumbrous again, and Marchmont prepared to end his call. Once in the street again, he permitted a broad smile to divide his rosy countenance.

"I'm a deuce of a clever chap," he adulated, "and I think the man is ready to admire me."

He marched on down the drive, swinging his cane to the lively tempo of his thoughts.

Marchmont halted. His face fell. A serpent had crept into his Eden.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "you dont suppose that De Varnes and his peephole are leading me on to destruction. I was in his wife's room last night—perhaps he knows it. Perhaps he *likes* it."

Marchmont walked on somewhat more soberly, and it came to him forcibly that there is more than one way of being a fool.

Perhaps De Varnes agreed with him; at any rate, he drew up to his writing-table and managed his left hand to such good advantage that this long and closely written letter was the result of an hour's penmanship:

My Dear Sweatt:

My suspicions are turning more and more into certainties. In a day or so I will wire you instructions, and in the meantime the land lies as follows: The woman registered at the Continental under the name of Fairbanks has every indication of being our objective. I have located her room and prepared a hole in the ceiling to keep watch on her movements and overhear her conversation. You had better send me an experienced detective at once to take charge of this monotonous work, which is just a bit degrading for me. As soon as I have confirmed her identity, will expect you here to help carry out the balance of our plans. There is one thing certain: We have got to persuade or compel her into New York State.

Knowing you are perhaps a bit impatient, considering the big stakes, and assuring you of my watchfulness, I am

Devotedly and devoutly yours,

De Varnes.

The injured man folded his letter and handed it to his man.

"My *dramatis personæ* in this pretty little drama," he reflected, "are rapidly enlarging. There's Lucie Fairbanks, the ingenuous star, whom we may decide to cast as the adventuress, Lucie Bennt. Then there are Sweatt, the heavy, and Manders, the juvenile, and Birdie, the sweet soubrette—quite a nice little cast for the prolog." He smiled at his play of fancy. "And now the curtain rises again, and we have Mrs. Thomas Cadwallader Bennt, the unknown and persecuted first wife of the copper king—she's my real heroine. As for the others, there's Marchmont"—his smile broadened—"he's the self-appointed leading man. If he wasn't such an ass, I'd feel sorry for him."

He waved his hand as if ordering the piece to begin. "There remains De Varnes," he added by way of afterthought, "who apparently sits in the audience—author, producer, hero, who knows!"

In the meantime the self-styled leading man had seemingly gone into a dotage. Tea was being served for Manders and Birdie on the lawn of the Jameson cottage. As the butler approached from the house with the tea-cart, Marchmont sauntered up the walk. He sighed at the rapt look on his friend's face.

The shrubbery parted, and a small boy, with a bean-shooter, peered cautiously thru. Marchmont stepped up behind him.

"Give me your shooter, Ned," he hissed—"I'm going to take a shot at the butler."

Birdie's dumbfounded nephew surrendered his weapon. Marchmont adjusted a buckshot in the leather, and, just as the pompous butler bent over the table, he drew back and let fly.

There followed a sudden, hoarse cry, the clatter of broken china, and a plump hand clapped upon an ample trousers seat. The shot had found a sensitive mark.

Marchmont stepped out of the shrubbery, leading the small boy by his ear. The telltale bean-shooter dangled from Marchmont's hand.

"I was not quite in time," he said sternly, to frustrate the dastardly attack, "but I've captured the assailant *flagrante delicto*—red-handed." He released his hold, and the aggrieved, small boy put off blindly for the house, making the air hideous with his cries. Marchmont pocketed the weapon, and even went so far as to tell the butler that he was a noble old martyr. The sights and sounds of the outrage quickly passed off, and Marchmont joined the others at the tea-table.

Toward the edge of evening Marchmont rose to leave. He sighed quite audibly as he bowed to Birdie and shook his cane, mockingly, at Manders. They were happy, their affair was progressing famously, and he persuaded himself that his own happiness came thru theirs.

"All the world loves a lover," he ruminated, homeward bound, "and, as I am Charlie's alter ego, it follows by extension that I must be loved, too."

Enjoying the substitute as much as he could, he passed by De Varnes' hotel. A burly figure in top hat and modish, frock coat was ascending the hotel steps, and Marchmont saw room for further philosophy.

"There goes," he reflected, "a fine figure of a man with an excellent mustache, a good complexion and presentable raiment—the externals of a gentleman. But something tells me he isn't. Why not? My reasons are too delicate to publish; they would be laughed at. No doubt the man does not know himself."

Marchmont passed on, and the riddle with fawn-colored gloves was ushered up to De Varnes' rooms.

"Count de Varnes, I believe," he said, striking an easy attitude.

The light was bad, and the caller had an exalted bearing. De Varnes was impressed. "I am Seth J. Brainard," he announced, "a friend and confidant of Micah Sweatt. I am here to put myself at your disposal."

De Varnes' manner changed. "Who are you?" he asked sharply, "and what do you want?"

"By profession I am a detective—Sweatt thought that you needed me."

"A remarkable fellow—Sweatt," said De Varnes; "he has anticipated my letter. And now drop your air of bombast gentleman and get ready to go to work."

Altho Marchmont took elaborate pains with his toilet and donned a marvelous dinner-coat that had set a fashion in Palm Beach, Lucie Fairbanks did not appear in the dining-room.

He left his cocktail untouched and ate his meal in moody silence. Marchmont had believed that, like himself, she had taken the empty hotel as a charming adventure and was game to see the thing thru. The strange events of the evening before set their chain of suspicions before him again, and he wandered out on the empty veranda to smoke and to hold an unedifying converse with himself.

He admitted to himself that he had looked forward to spending the evening with her—she was bright, pretty, companionable. And he flattered himself into believing that he was her protector.

With no one to talk to, much less protect, Marchmont fell asleep. How long he slept does not matter, but he woke up suddenly with the sound of voices in his ears.

The conversationalists were seated in a recess just a few feet away from him, and the man's voice held a note of protection and intimacy.

"Your case will be settled in two weeks. Until then you should remain in strict seclusion."

"Well, pray heaven," asked the querimonious voice of Lucie, "what do you call this?"

"Quiet enough, but the papers must not be served on you."

In the ensuant silence a nerve-racking sigh escaped from her.

"It will soon be over," the man comforted, "and then you will be free to do as you please."

"Divorce!" the answer to the enigma, shot thru Marchmont's awakened senses. "I might have known it from the beginning."

Shortly after this Lucie's companion

lit a match, whipped out his watch, and arose hastily.

"I must be catching the midnight," he said. "Oh, Mr. Shillaber!" she cried. "I promise faithfully to do whatever you say—a terribly lonely two weeks."

The caller left, and Marchmont followed her toward the office door. She turned at the sound of his steps, and, in the half-light, he noticed that her face was very white and troubled.

"I just hate this place," she burst out—"hate everybody!"

"Mrs. Fairbanks," said Marchmont, gravely, "I know of no finer stimulant for raw nerves than the mighty song of the sea," and, taking her arm, he marched her down to the rock-strewn beach.

It was quite a while before they spoke. Each sat peering out over the dusky, star-spangled waters.

Marchmont held back all the foolish, tender words that yearned to spring forth. His self-complacent brain was in a mad whirl.

"Lucie," he said, with sudden bluntness, "when your divorce is granted, may I speak?"

She looked at him keenly thru glorious, star-lit eyes, then touched his arm ever so slightly. It was a message of both hope and restraint.

"I believe we had better be getting back," she said quietly, "to my Castle Perilous."

Marchmont saw that she was not in the mood for pretty speeches—he had hardly earned the right to set himself up as her orator yet—and he led the way back to the hotel.

In the office he bowed, and would have left her, but she drew close to him, and her eyes held a reproach.

"If I can guess my duty," he said, "I think we had better search your rooms."

They climbed the stairs, and he felt the quickening pressure of her hand on his arm. Marchmont looked under her bed, poked modestly into her closet, and, when her back was turned, glanced covertly up at the hole in the ceiling.

The rug had been removed, and a nice, round, white, auricular object covered it. It was a perfectly formed ear.

Marchmont hastily drew the bean-shooter from his pocket, fitted a buck-shot in the leather, and let fly.

Instantly an ear-splitting scream came from the room above, followed by the rapid slamming of a door.

Lucie shrieked; Marchmont laughed. "Dont ask me what happened!" he said, chuckling unfeelingly, "but rest assured that you will have no further trouble tonight." Shortly afterwards she heard the groans of his bed-springs thru her wall and a chorus of cackling, hysterical laughter. Marchmont was a strange man, she thought—perhaps an unfeeling one—but he certainly was a champion protector.

In the morning, after an unbroken sleep, that left him pink-gilled and refreshed, Marchmont greeted Henry J. Barclay, bent over his imaginary ledger account.

"Say," he volunteered, "last night I booked a swell guest by the name of Brainard; put him in eighty-six, and this morning he had gone—vamoosed!"

"Very unaccountable," said Marchmont—"very."

"Yes, and the strangest part of it is that just a few moments ago he sauntered in, paid his bill, and left. Said he was suffering from a bad case of otalgia—what's that?"

"I take three guesses," said Marchmont, sententiously, "and my first one is earache."

"I tell you, Mr. Marchmont," said Barclay, dispiritedly, "what with diphtheria and this new one, otalgia, I guess I'll have to close the old shebang up."

"Stick it out, old chap," encouraged Marchmont, giving him a heartening slap on the back, "I'm having a perfect breeze of a time."

But, on his saunter down to the Casino, Barclay's threat to close up set him to worrying. With Lucie going to another hotel, amply supplied with eligible men, his rôle of protector would pale to the vanishing point.

Being a somewhat deliberate but resourceful man, he was pleased with the facility with which a dazzling scheme dawned upon him. He stepped into a stationer's and, with the air of a fastidious customer, purchased a single sheet of writing-paper, with its corresponding envelope, of above a dozen styles. Armed with these and a variety of pen points, he seated himself on the Casino veranda.

THE CONSPIRATORS PROCEED TO MAKE GLAD THE HEART OF THE CONTINENTAL'S LANDLORD

When Manders and Birdie drove up in his car, they found Marchmont engrossed in a pile of letters which he was rapidly penning.

"Why this industry?" asked Manders.

"Barclay threatens to close up the Continental," explained Marchmont, barely glancing up. "I'm arranging to prevent it."

Birdie picked up one of Marchmont's missives and read it:

PROPRIETOR HOTEL CONTINENTAL,
Narragansett Pier, R. I.:
Please reserve rooms for a party of three, to arrive some time within the week.

JABEZ GREENAPPLE,
Providence, R. I.

"Who's Jabez?" Birdie asked.

"Purely a friend in my dream-world," said Marchmont. "You see, I'm going to ask my friends to mail these letters in. It will cheer Barclay up wonderfully."

"They're all in a similar handwriting," sneered the doubtful Manders.

"Nothing easier," said Marchmont; "please sit right down, draw up, and add a few to the collection."

They could not resist his whimsical appeal, and, making very light of the matter, the three conspirators turned off a collection of applications for rooms that would crowd the Continental to the doors.

"And now," said Marchmont, when they had finished, "as a present indication of prosperity, I want you both down to dinner with me tonight."

"Sorry; cant," said Manders. "You

will meet my only fellow-guest, Mrs. Fairbanks."

"I accept," said Birdie, firmly. "I'm dying to meet her."

"So am I," said Manders, and added, hastily, "but most widows are either garrulous or dangerous."

A few hours later, as he and Marchmont lingered over their brandy and cigars in the Continental's dining-room, he saw no reason to change his opinion.

Marchmont's little party had passed off very nicely, and Lucie and Birdie had struck up a sudden companionship. The night was a brooding, breathless one, and they had gone out on the veranda for a breath of air.

Lucie fairly ached for a sensible woman in whom she could confide. Under Birdie's laughing, blue eyes and carefree manner she fathomed a character of deep sympathies and tender womanliness.

Bit by bit, as they sat in the pale moonlight, she confided her strange story to the younger woman; her deathbed marriage to Bennt, her cruise on the *Sapphire,* and, latterly, the web of mystery and intrigue that was spinning itself about her. Birdie drank the whole tale in, her eyes a-glisten, her hand gripping Lucie's. It was more absorbing than the strangest novel.

"And now a penance for your interest, my dear," said Lucie; "I must ask you to seal your lips as far as Mr. Marchmont is concerned. Dont breathe a word of my story to him, until you have my permission."

"I understand," said Birdie, and the little hand-squeeze that went with the words was tenfold as expressive.

In the brief instant that they rose up to welcome Marchmont and Manders, a handsomely mustached man tiptoed out of the shadow back of them and made his way to the street. Except for a slightly swollen ear, it was the same faultless Brainard who had taken it on himself to become the

WHAT HAPPENED WHILE MARCHMONT AND MANDERS WERE MOTORING

eyes and, yes, the ears of the injured De Varnes.

He hurried to the latter's rooms. He was big with his news, but insisted on playing the guest first. In very much the manner of Lucie, he retold her story to De Varnes. His audience did not hold his hand, however, nor even pat him on the back.

"Yes, yes, I know most of this," he said, impatiently; "but you have established the fact that Lucie Fairbanks is Mrs. Bennt. We must wire for Sweatt at once and finish up the job."

De Varnes completed his remarks with a deduction that Brainard tried his best to understand, but failed.

"The time has arrived," said De Varnes, "to quicken up the play by booing Marchmont off the stage."

ON THE NEWPORT ROAD

On the following afternoon Lucie invited Birdie to take a secret trip out to the *Sapphire*. By skillful maneuvering they outwitted Marchmont and Manders, and these disconsolate gentlemen were perforce thrown into each other's company.

"Let's take a whirl down the Newport Road," suggested Manders.

"If you dont mind," suggested Marchmont, meekly, "I'd rather take a stroll back in the country and pick wild flowers."

"You're raving mad," shouted Manders; "but I dont mind piking the car up a lane or two to please you."

"We're going back to Peacedale, the scene of your childhood," Marchmont informed Barclay, "and will be back to dinner as usual."

Henry J. Barclay scarcely heeded him. In his trembling hands was an assortment of letters—a stampede was centering on the Continental from every town in Rhode Island.

Marchmont and Manders' car had barely whirled out of sight when a guest trod lightly up to the desk. He carried a black, lawyer's bag, and was by far the most unattractive-looking visitor that Barclay had ever registered.

"I suppose you're Mr. Jabez Greenapple," hazarded Barclay; "I received your letter and will see what I can do in the way of rooms."

"Yes, Jabez Greenapple—accent on the apple," said the new guest, in a high, oily voice; "I'm glad you recognize me."

Barclay was on the verge of weeping with joy at the unexpected turn in his fortunes. He waxed confidential, rehearsed the diphtheria panic, and showed Greenapple a heavy morning's mail.

The guest looked the letters over carefully, wetting his lips repeatedly with a long and waxen tongue.

"I should pronounce them all forgeries," he said, finally, "with the exception of mine." Barclay eyed him wildly, the thick blood mottling his face.

Greenapple ran his eyes over the register. "And I would say further that this man, Francis Trehurn Marchmont, writes a suspiciously similar hand."

"What can I do?" wailed Barclay. "Isn't there any law to protect me?"

Greenapple sized up his man. "If you wish to retain me," he said, "as a lawyer, I will advise you."

Barclay instantly agreed, and recounted every move of the mysterious

Marchmont, up to the final jaunt to Peacedale. Greenapple was an attentive — even flattering — listener, and complimented Barclay on his perspicuity.

"Your case now rests in my hands," he said. "I shall start proceedings instantly," and wheeling about, he glided out of the office.

In five minutes he squatted, toad-like, in De Varnes' rooms. "Our butterfly Marchmont is fixed," he announced; "by six o'clock I'll have him under arrest. The laws against swindling are rigid in Rhode Island—his bail bond will be a heavy one—will hold him till morning, at least."

"Sweatt," said De Varnes, "you're a wonder; the fellow has thwarted me at every turn, and you cage him up like a monkey."

"There's a lot at stake," said the other, wetting his lips; "my wits are sharpened to the breaking-point. The wrong Mrs. Bennt is waiting to perjure away her soul in New York once you deliver the widow into the State."

"The case will never be fought," said De Varnes; "so I wrote you from Paris. Lucie Bennt is too high-strung to drag her name thru the slime of the courts and the press."

A moment of silence fell between them. Each was busy hoarding his secret thoughts. De Varnes looked up.

"And now I make my boast," he said, "playing my trump against yours."

"And your card is——"

"In six hours I will have Lucie Bennt out of Rhode Island and whirling toward New York."

Sweatt permitted himself a toothless smile and glided toward the door.

"One thing more," said De Varnes; "be on the beach at midnight. In case of trouble, I will display a strong, red light."

Manders fed gas to his hungry engine and urged the big car over the homeward road. Night was coming on, and as it was, they would be late to dinner.

At a crossroads town, some ten miles from the Pier, a man stepped out into the road's middle, and waved for them to stop. As Manders drew up with a grinding of brakes, the countryman peered keenly into their faces.

"I hev a warrant here," he said, "fer Francis Trehurn Marchmont—be you he?"

"I'm the unhappy person," admitted Marchmont. "What have I gone and done?"

The constable climbed on the running-board, and directed them to the home of the justice of the peace. In the parlor of that imperturbable personage, Marchmont sat down and read the history of his crime, as recited in the warrant.

"The lock-up aint very comfortable," admitted the justice, "but I'm obleeged to confine ye."

"Here," said Manders, whipping out his wallet, with numerous speeding fines in mind, "what's the amount of the bond?"

"I've got to have Rhode Island real estate," said the justice, "to the amount of five thousand dollars."

Marchmont sank deep into his chair—he was already condemned—but Manders sang out: "Birdie—she owns her cottage; I'll be back in a jiffy, old skate."

The door slammed behind his retreating figure, and his car roared angrily as he opened the throttle wide. With the powerful racer swaying under its terrific momentum, the ghostly scenery flickered past him like a film.

Birdie, white as a ghost, met him at the steps of the hotel.

"Something terrible has happened to Lucie," she cried; "I left her for a moment when we returned from the *Sap*—from the beach. When I came back to the veranda she had gone. Her cap and gloves are lying where she left them; she has not been to her room."

"Hop into the car—quick!" commanded Manders, in the big voice that she admired. "Marchmont is under arrest. The first thing is to get him out of pawn and then to get him excited. He's a man-eater when aroused."

The overworked car rushed back over the rough roads. Manders, the

devil in him aroused and his blood a-tingle with the brooding disaster, crowded the machine forward on its final burst of speed.

Together he and Birdie pried Marchmont out of the justice's rocking-chair, where he lay in a sort of melancholy, unsociable coma, and whirled the startling facts about his ears. Marchmont listened, desperately, and broke silence. "De Varnes, her husband," he said gloomily—"what can we do if she chooses to elope with him?"

And then Birdie, in her hour of temptation, proved faithless. She stooped and whispered something in Marchmont's ear.

He sprang up suddenly, a scarlet blush mounted to his cheeks and the light of berserk battle glowered from his eyes.

"Lucie, you poor little stray!"

He wheeled savagely upon his friends. "Give the fat minion your house," he commanded Birdie, "and, Manders, if there's a steering-wheel left on your car give it to me!"

In a trice they were on the road again, Marchmont's big frame jammed rigidly behind the wheel.

The countryside slipped by them, with a mounting song of hate from the angry engine. Marchmont ground his teeth, and the cords in his neck stood out like a wolfhound's. They swept down in front of the Continental, and Marchmont asked Birdie to get out.

"This is man's work," he said, "against devil's work—some of us may not get back."

He shot in the spark, and the car leapt ahead.

"Where are we going?" gasped Manders.

"For the open sea, if this hulk, or a launch, can get us there," cried Marchmont—"he'd never dare to take her away by land."

Manders leaned back and tried to keep his cigar from blowing to ribbons. Marchmont's brain appeared to be still working.

At the water-end of a wharf Marchmont brought the car up standing, and, followed by Manders, descended the gangway to the float.

A launchman sat dozing on the cushions of his boat, and Marchmont shook him roughly. To a volley of questions he replied that no launches, nor even rowboats, had put off from the wharf that night.

DE VARNES IS A HELPLESS WITNESS TO HIS DANGER

"What strange yachts have made the offing this week?" asked Marchmont.

"There's the *Oriole* dropped her hook yesterday, and a big, gray steam-yacht came in on the ebb this morning."

Marchmont jumped into the launch,

and, with Manders by his side, ordered the man to cast off.

They slipped out into the curtain of night, headed for the strange yacht. "When you get within a mile of her," ordered Marchmont, "throttle your exhaust and run up to her very softly."

He stripped off his coat and wrapt it around the launch's light, so that it shed a sickly light just around them.

"You dont happen to have a six-gun with you, Charlie?" he asked. "No? —never mind," and Marchmont relapsed into silence.

Presently the launchman cut off his exhaust, and the boat slid along in silence.

"She's getting up steam," said Marchmont, suddenly—"I can hear them stoking."

As they came up alongside of the yacht, a ribbon of white vapor oozed from her funnel. She was ready to sail any minute.

Marchmont fended the launch off, grasped the yacht's ladder, and mounted to the deck. A light shone from the cabin windows, and he slipped aft and tried the door. It swung outward, and he entered.

In the center of the cabin stood De Varnes, calmly unpacking some clothes from a suitcase, and Lucie sat before him, her eyes fairly burning with loathing and fear.

De Varnes spun around, and Marchmont stood over him, topping him by half a head.

"At first," he said, in a regular, parlor voice, "I thought of carrying you up to the masthead and allowing you to drop on deck, but that would be cruel and tiresome. I'm rather labor-saving."

He nodded to Lucie as if nothing had happened, and held the door open for her

A DULL EXPLOSION BOOMED ACROSS THE WATER

exit. As soon as she had passed, he followed and locked the door after him.

Marchmont gave a loud call that brought the yacht's captain aft on the run.

"Muster all your men at once and put them into the boats."

Marchmont's confident voice, and his big shape in the night, backed with a persuasive revolver, set the captain about his task in a jiffy.

The crew lowered themselves into the yacht's boats and the little flotilla started to pull for the shore. Then Marchmont turned to Lucie, for the first time dropping his overbearing manner.

"Will you permit me to escort you back to the Continental?" he asked—"Solomon is saving your dinner."

She swung down into the launch, and they sat silently as it started the shoreward jaunt.

Marchmont followed her gaze. The yacht was on fire, and, fanned by the breeze, the flames were piling high.

"My God!" cried Marchmont; "turn back—we must get De Varnes." The launch spun round and headed for the doomed vessel. When still a mile away, the yacht seemed to lift out of the water—a fairy thing of molten fire—and a dull explosion boomed across the water.

The sea lay inky-black before them, with tiny, blazing torches of wreckage marking the yacht's grave.

Marchmont ordered the launchman to put about for shore, and they sat in awed silence. And on the beach a shuddering figure remembered the words, "In case of trouble I will display a strong, red light."

LATER

"I was asleep in a chair in the country, dear," said Marchmont, quietly, "when Birdie came and whispered a secret into my ear. It brought me to you in a flurry."

Her hand rested on his arm, like a tired sea-gull.

"You do not even know my name," she said.

"There's no particular luck in names," said Marchmont; "it's only a fashion for identity's sake, and I'll take yours on suspicion."

He leaned forward and stared her, coolly, in the eyes.

Lucie turned hers out over the waters, and something caused her to grip his arm and scream.

Marchmont broke the silence. "If I can do anything for you, Mrs. De Varnes, please call on me." It came Lucie's turn to stare coolly at him.

"I can tell you my secret now," she said, very deliberately; "I am Mrs. Thomas Cadwallader Bennt."

Marchmont could think of nothing to say. He was in that rare state of suspended animation when the brain races but the voice limps.

But the little hand rested on his arm like a tired gull, and he did not urge its flight.

SOLOMON

Making the Punishment Fit the Crime

(A Scenario in One Reel, Translated from the Egyptian)

By HARVEY PEAKE

Scene: Common Pleas Court No. 1, Jerusalem.
Time: Something or other B. C.
Persons: Solomon; three prisoners; officer.

Solomon: "Of what are these prisoners accused, officer?"

Officer: "Beating a jitney chariot driver out of three denarii, O mighty wiseheimer!

Solomon: "So? And what might the business of the fat one be?"

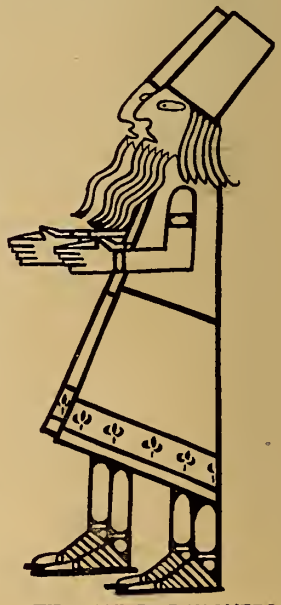
Fat Prisoner: "I, your majesty, am social secretary to your forty-seventh wife."

Solomon: "In that case you are familiar with pens, and I noticed this morning that the royal swine were about to break out. Have him conveyed to my Imperial Palace, officer, and see what he can do with their bungalow. And you other cowering wretches, what are your trades?"

THE FAT PRISONER

Two Other Prisoners: We, sire, are flutists in the Imperial Orchestra."

Solomon: "Good! Queen Solomon No. 89 has eighteen children who need tutors. Get over there and toot! Next!"


TWO OTHER PRISONERS

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BY GLADYS HALL

MANY come in, but few are chosen—or something like that. Anyway, so *many* of the contributions were conspicuously good that I extracted many handfuls of hair before I decided upon "To Theda" as prize-winning, and he who won is W. A. Preston, 5915 Pitt Street, New Orleans, La.

TO THEDA.

h, Theda, you make sinning far too beautiful,
I cannot seem to loathe it as I should;
The outraged wife, so virtuous and dutiful,
Quite surfeits me with too much being good.

But you! . . . no feeling vastly melancholy
For your abandon grips the heart of me;
I cannot scorn your victim for his folly—
I only sit and wish that I were he.

You bring the screen so sweet a siren-woman
That I've revised a muchly quoted line
In tribute to your art—"To err is human,
To act it Theda Bara is divine!"

In appreciation of Dustin Farnum, F. B. Calhoun, 532 Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., writes these lines:

DUSTIN FARNUM.

hen my thoughts are filled with sorrow,
When so heavy lies my heart,
When the morning of tomorrow
From today seems far apart,
Oh, 'tis then I seek with gladness
Your kind face upon the screen,
And 'tis then all thoughts of sadness
Leave my aching soul serene.

You can act as tho you're living
Every pleasure, grief or pain,
While to us who watch you're giving
A new hold on life again.
So 'tis while I watch and praise thee
To my God a prayer I send,
That my path in life may guide me
Face to face with thee, a friend.

GILBERT M. ANDERSON AS "BRONCHO BILLY"

The Origin of "Broncho Billy"

By IVAN GADDIS

GILBERT ANDERSON, famous writer, producer and actor in Western photoplays, perhaps better known to the public as "Broncho Billy," was not raised in the saddle, but on the contrary, as queer as it may seem, "bronc," "chaps," and other kindred words that are a part of the daily life of the man of the plains were not included in his vocabulary until after he had reached his majority. As a matter of fact, Anderson was born in Arkansas, but removed at a tender age with his parents to St. Louis, where his childhood days were spent.

BARNEY PIERSON

On account of his unusual dexterity and extraordinary skill as a horseman—the very personification of grace and recklessness—he has probably attracted more attention than any other cowboy-photoplay-actor appearing on the screen today.

Anderson is another example of the multitude of actors with varying success on the speaking stage who have become famous on the wordless stage.

In addition to his personal charm—due in part to an amiable gentleness which beams forth in his most desperate plights—Anderson is an intelligent and conscientious artist, beloved by all his employees and, in fact, by all with whom he comes in contact. It was due to "Broncho Billy" more than any one else that the ridiculous "stage cowboy" vanished from the screen and in its stead appeared the typical "puncher" of the plains. He was the first actor to pose his plays in the West itself, where real mountains and sagebrush lent the proper atmosphere instead of the canvas mountains and other artificial Western scenes enacted in Eastern studios. Movie audiences soon became educated to the fact that his scenes were truly Western products, and producers of imitation pictures, with their "Broadway" cowboys, soon found that they

were unable to fake as they did in days of yore, when the "despised movies" were in sore need of an increase in public favor.

Barney Pierson (Idaho Bill), of Hastings, Nebraska, cowpuncher and promoter of Wild West shows, has the unique distinction of having been largely instrumental in starting Anderson on his successful career as a "canned drama cowpuncher," for it was the Nebraska man who first gave him his lessons in horsemanship.

Back in 1908, when the movie art was in its infancy, Mr. Pierson was engaged with his Wild West outfit to assist in producing some Western films—the first long films of this nature that had ever been attempted. The first picture made was the "James Brothers," and Riverside Park in Chicago was used to represent the Missouri county fair grounds, where those celebrated desperadoes made their first big haul. Part of the scenes were also laid across the lake in the Michigan Hills. This was about the time the famous "Great Train Robbery" film was enacted.

"We were engaged in producing a picture dealing with the escapades of the James Brothers in Missouri, one sultry July afternoon," began Mr. Pierson, in answer to my hurried query of how, when and where he first met the now famous Mr. Anderson, "when a young chap strolled into our quarters near Chicago, and in a naïve manner inquired of our director if he could get any kind of a job.

"Gilbert Anderson—for that was the young fellow's name—evidently made a hit with our director, for he was hired on the spot and told to report the following morning for duty," continued Mr. Pierson.

"He told us a hard-luck story—how he had recently been a member of a stock company which had become stranded in the Middle West. His stage experience, he admitted, had been obtained largely at some school in New York City.

"On the following morning, bright and early, Anderson, arrayed in a neat blue serge suit, presented himself at our studio and expressed great surprise when our watchman informed him the remainder of the company wouldn't be due for nearly three hours. We began our work, and 'Gil' was assigned to a stage-driver rôle, I think, but later confided to me that he would like to learn to ride, and take a cowboy part in some of the Western plays we contemplated making in the near future. I told him it was not so easy to ride as it looked and that it was a dangerous undertaking for a fellow who had never ridden in all his life, but he answered me only with a smile—one of those characteristic 'Broncho Billy' smiles that get to you."

"'I'm willing to risk my neck if you are your horse's neck,' was his quaint rejoinder, and I assured him he was welcome to any beast in our stables, from my own saddle-horse 'Spot' to our celebrated 'Dynamite,' a horse which later became famous at the Cheyenne frontier days. I also promised to assist him in every way in mastering his latest ambition.

"Well, he began that very afternoon to ride, or rather not to ride. The first horse he mounted—an unusually docile animal—reared a couple of times, then came down stiff-legged, and 'Gil' picked himself up out of the dust about twenty feet away. Instead of showing the white feather, which we all expected, he hastily brushed off his clothes and, with a determined look, came back to face the hoof music. This time he managed to stick to his mount in spite of several plunges. The mystery was cleared up a moment later when 'Scotty,' one of my cowpunchers, extracted a large cockle-bur from under the saddle of this otherwise gentle beast. I might add that this was one of the usual degrees given a new candidate out at the ranch when he was initiated into the 'Ancient and Mystic Order of Wild and Woolly Westerners.'

"With due regard to Mr. Anderson's ability in the saddle now, I really think that he was probably the

most unpromising pupil I ever attempted to teach to ride. He even 'pulled leather' when the horse walked for several days. However, in spite of his numerous falls and frequent bruises, undismayed he displayed his gameness time and again, until his progress began to prove a source of gratification to me. It was not long before he mastered most of the tricks of the bucking bronchos, and naturally there was considerable rivalry in camp, as my 'busters' from Idaho did not relish being shown up by any city chap who had accomplished almost as much in a few weeks as they had in years in the saddle.

"Gil—you'll have to pardon me for calling him that, but it's all I've known him by, and this 'Broncho Billy' handle has been tacked on since I was intimately associated with him—as I was going to say, Gil was a likable fellow, always a-smiling, and his reckless spirit won the respect of all my riders.

"Well, that's all I know about Mr. Anderson," concluded the jovial old showman, with one of his characteristic chuckles, "but nevertheless you can probably see why I take so much interest in his career. I guess it's just another case of the scholar outdoing his teacher, because I would not care to compete for equestrian honors with 'Broncho Billy' now."

During this time Mr. Pierson's car drove up (for since he has become prosperous in late years he has somewhat neglected his saddle-horse), and after bidding me good-by the man who discovered "Broncho Billy"—picked him from the bushes and finally saw him landed in the big show—was whirled away to his "Wild West Round-up."

I lit a cigar, hailed the next passing car, and soon left the city of Lincoln vanishing in the distance; but I then resolved to see "Broncho Billy" in action at my next opportunity, and while at the theater of the wordless drama to remember that he had advanced to the highest pinnacle of success in his special line of the movie work in a little over eight years.

"OLD 1812" SPEAKING LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD ACROSS LONG ISLAND SOUND. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT 10.45 AT NIGHT AND IS ONE OF THE WONDERS OF NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY—SHOWN IN "THE PATRIOT AND THE SPY" (THANHOUSER)

This Is Not a Postal Clerk, But—

LET those of you who find trouble in keeping pace with your correspondence with two or three friends gaze once at the accompanying illustration, if you are possessed of a strong heart, and try to imagine how it would seem to have to answer a bundle of letters of that sort every day in addition to your regular work. Truly this in itself is a man's job. And equally truly it is a man who has assigned that job to himself.

That man is J. Warren Kerrigan, one of the most popular men on the screen.

Each morning, upon his arrival at Universal City, he finds awaiting him there from seventy to one hundred letters from all parts of this and other countries.

Not only does he receive these missives—he answers them. More than that, he does not answer them with postcards, but with real, "honest-Injun" letters, written in answer to the individual letter in hand at that moment. Each is different, and each requires thought, for in the letters received are questions by the score which are to be answered over the signature of Kerrigan.

It is hard work, "but," says the star, "if they think enough of me and my work to write commendatory letters to me about it, the very least I can do is answer them politely and attempt to answer their questions. I say attempt advisedly, because to answer all the queries would take the entire time of three stenographers and a couple of secretaries."

Adventures of A Cub

(Related in Letters to the Folks Back Home)

By MARTHA GROVES

DEAR HOME FOLKS: I know you have been waiting patiently for some news as to the success of my venture in the writing business. No doubt you have been watching the Chicago papers for some mention of me. I have myself—but must have missed the issue in which it appeared. They get out so many issues that this would be very easy to do.

I have been very, very busy. I tell you, it is *some* work, this breaking into the interview game. I use the expression "breaking into" advisedly, because you feel like a burglar when you are trying to surmount the wall that stands between you and the fellow you want to interview, and you are eyed with suspicion from the very first question you fire.

If a player forgets himself for a moment and says something that would make a good story, he turns on you quickly and hisses between set teeth (this does not mean teeth used in any special set; they use their regular teeth when hissing at reporters) —*"but that is not for publication!"*

You back out of his presence as carefully as if a loaded revolver were directing you, and sneak back to your hallroom with the knowledge that you possess a story that would buy several good feeds and a movie ticket if you could pawn it to the Editor. But, remembering the aforesaid hiss, you are sure you'll be pinched if you do.

Of course I wanted to visit the Essanay studio at once upon my arrival, and Frank D——, one of my few influential friends, offered me his car for the day and a letter to the *main wall*—Mr. Spoor. But no!—determination is a necessary quality in a "cub," and I was determined to climb the ladder of success all by myself, so I would never have to look back and say, "Much obliged."

If you remember Chicago, you remember that its weather is variable. I had forgotten it, and so, one bright, sunshiny morning, I put on my "to-make-an-impression clothes" and started out to invade Castle Essanay and steal a few interviews. It's *some* distance from Madison and La Salle to Argyle Street, and if anything could have added forlornness to my already forlorn appearance, it was the fact that it was raining when the conductor informed me that I at last had my nickel's worth. I got off the car. There seemed nothing else to do.

Now, I had, of course, built an air-castle Essanay, and dreamed of discovering it—all *gold*—high on a hill, where the sunlight of morning could throw it into dazzling relief. The rain dampened the idea of it being dazzling with sunlight, but I still held my head high looking for a *dull* gold castle on a hill. Enthusiasm is a good thing to make one forget dampened spirits (no reference here to mixed drinks). It is also a good thing to make one forget dampened clothes.

I must have worn out most of the indifferent pavement on Argyle Street before my enthusiasm began to dwindle and consciousness of my bedraggled appearance asserted itself.

I give you my word that had I worn the rubbers, raincoat, green veil and umbrella that mother advised, the sun

would have laughed in my face; but my present appearance had caused the gods to weep. I felt starchless, both within and without.

The merry red rose that had nodded a saucy "How-de-do" to the morning, from my perfectly good hat, was now sending red rivulets down my powderless nose. I wiped these away with protesting white gloves, and leaned wearily against the red-brick wall of a handy barn.

An Irish teamster, indifferent to the elements, eyed me with an amused grin.

I resented that grin, and, supporting myself against aforesaid wall, said, with all the hauteur I could muster: "Can you direct me to the Essanay studio?" I thought for a moment that he was going to have a bad attack of apoplexy. He finally recovered sufficiently to reply: "Excuse me, lady—you're leaning on it!" And, sure enough, I *was!*

And then—the sun smiled!

Did you ever go out in your best clothes, your best temper, your hair beautifully curled, your complexion just right, and have it rain on you until you were sans enthusiasm, sans style, sans curls, and sans complexion—not to mention disposition—and then have the sun come out with the evident intention of staying out? W-e-l-l, that's what happened to me.

I remembered kid brother's admiring remark on a previous but similar occasion: "Gee, sis, if the old saying, 'Looks sometimes kill,' holds good, some of your friends should be slightly injured!" and not wanting to break up the work at the studio, and knowing that if Gilbert Anderson (expert on types) were there, he would "cop" me for a comedy, I wearily turned away and headed for town.

Did I get past the wall? Did I get the interview? Well, y-e-s. But, folks dear, it was the *next* day, and with the aid of aforesaid, influential friend.

Write me, but *dont* send me any money! All successful writers eat *very little.* The Editors say *we* must become accustomed to hardships (or was it hardtack?). At any rate, Mr. B., *the* Editor, asks that you do *not* encourage me. He says leave it to him—which does not keep me from signing myself,

Your loving Cub,

MARTHA.

P. S.—In case mother dont understand what it means to be the "cub," explain to her, daddy, that it's just the same as being the "goat."

M. G. McK.

A LURID INHERITANCE

By PETER WADE

Give it a rest, that West,
With its horrors of long ago;
Put in its place a race
Twice blest with the plow and the hoe.
Gunman, gambler and thief,
Bandit and *vaquero*—
From such did our Western sons grow?

Expression of the Emotions—Walking

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A.B., M.A., M.D.
(Johns Hopkins)

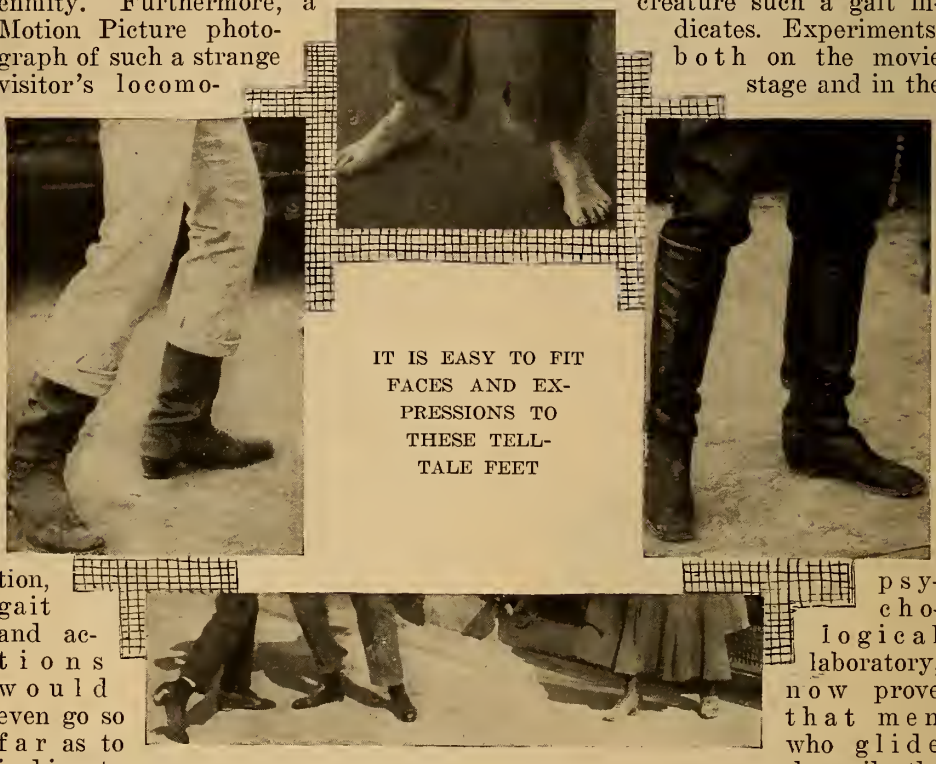
THE WAY WE WALK AND MOVE CONVEYS OUR FEELINGS

THE touched needle trembles to the pole, just as sensations are felt in the blood of the heart. Muscular movements, too, reflect in their actions the very emotions that stir in your fibers. Your emotions strike the muscular electric chain, wherewith you are darkly bound down when passive and dull. When you feel the glow of joy, of pleasure, of happiness, or the ashes of sorrow, sympathy, anxiety or melancholy, the freemasonry of your muscles is the first to show it.

Experimental psychology has recently more than confirmed Darwin's anticipation of the modern Motion Picture as the expression of the emotions in man and animals. Professor William James, recently passed away, the foremost American philosopher and psychologist, said that before you feel fright or sense sorrow your muscles must move and give the key to the proper locker of your Pandora's box of feelings. Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland, and Professor John B. Watson, of Johns Hopkins University, have experimentally proved this to be true in human and animal researches.

There can be no doubt at all but that the fleeing rolls of film projected upon the Motion Picture screen, therefore, show human emotions better than anything else. The human eye sees with comparative inefficiency. The eye sees the sun, moon and a few stars, but the photograph of the

heavens shows millions. Professor Watson has determined, for example, that language is by no means necessary to convey thoughts and feelings. If, says he, a man were to fall, like the man in the moon who burnt his tongue on hot porridge, upon the earth in possession of no verbal means of communicating with its inhabitants, the way he walked, moved and used his muscles would soon convey his and our feelings of friendliness or enmity. Furthermore, a Motion Picture photograph of such a strange visitor's locomotion, gait and actions would even go so far as to indicate whether he were a rational animal-like man, or mere sensual brute or vegetative creature, like a clover-blossom.



IT IS EASY TO FIT FACES AND EXPRESSIONS TO THESE TELL-TALE FEET

Study the phrases of poets or much of the picturesque language that is heard on the streets! You cannot fail to note that every little movement of the feet and legs gives clues to the character temperament and emotions of the one walking. Everybody has a Motion Picture apparatus in his mind's eye. Such a happy sentence as "She walks with lithesome motion" immediately conjures up before your mental movie eye a woman with a character peculiarly "lithesome," with all the motion which that adjective conveys. High-strung, gaunt, bony, severe and suspicious natures are associated with such a gait not only in the Motion Picture world, but in real life.

The vulgarisms, "Gumshoe Sherman" or "Bathhouse John," need both the movie and the mind's eye to portray with accuracy the type of creature such a gait indicates. Experiments, both on the movie stage and in the psychological laboratory, now prove that men who glide along silently and smoothly out of all proportion to their heft and embonpoint, corporation and girth, are smooth, oily, smiling hypocrites, more to be pitied than trusted. The Motion Picture, better than the novel, shows that "the stealthy tread" of a frank and downright burglar, second-story man and yeggman speaks aloud of dishonor and wickedness. Even a child learns to read such characters from the manner of slouching.

Such abnormal mentalities are contrasted to the semi-"shuffling strides" and staccato, jerky heel movements of

the simon-pure lazy, shiftless, thoughtless down-South negro. Watch Bert Williams, the colored comedian in the movie, as he imitates this shuffling step to such perfection that Ina Claire, Nan Heilperin, Gertrude Hoffman, Julius Tannen and other Motion Picture and stage artists, who are clever themselves at imitations, always portray Bert Williams in this most characteristic of all strides. On the screen, no child fails to recognize Costello, Bushman, Meyers, Young, Farnum or Marie Dressler, and the temperament intended. It is their walk and muscular mannerisms which emphasize it all. To "watch your step" is to read character in the movie, on the stage, or in real life. Recall Elsie Janis, Ina Claire, Nan Heilperin, Gertrude Hoffman, Cissie Loftus, Julius Tannen and all of the other great imitators when they reproduce Eddie Foy, George M. Cohan, Charlie Chaplin, Harry Lauder, Anna Held and other stars.

THE NATURES OF MOTION PICTURE ACTORS ARE KNOWN BY THEIR FEET

The temperaments and natures of Motion Picture and stage celebrities are caught more from the movements of their legs and feet than from their hands, arms, or faces. Certainly Charles Chaplin needs only to show his feet to be recognized.

"Undulantly, with cat-like steps that cling," reads a novel now before me. Beside it I see the report of a scientific study of animals in Motion Pictures. The "cat-like gait" of certain studied human subjects is also part of the investigation. This is the report: "The seven subjects with a cat-like gait have one peculiar trait in common. They have a hidden, suppressed and invisible tenseness and tension which, when released upon an ergograph—a little psychological device with which to measure muscular power and strength—exhibit a wonderful excess of energy beyond what might have been expected."

A concealed muscular vitality is hidden under an innocently assumed, languid walk, clinging gait and seemingly flabby state of motion. Despite this tiger-like deception, the animals or actors are always in a high degree of physical health. It is all assumed to convey the feline nature. Their emotions are envious, tenacious in hate, violently affectionate, suspicious and generally ruthless in pursuit of any object. All of this is shown in Motion Picture and in real life by "the cat-like tread."

Miss Ina Claire and Miss Nan Heilperin are two accomplished actresses with whom I have, in my professional duties, come in contact, who fully realize the tremendous significance of a conscious and deliberate study of the walk. Bushman, King Baggot, Arthur Meyers and Costello exhibit it unconsciously. They are not consciously aware of their character gait.

Miss Heilperin says that she identifies people and personalities, as she encounters them in life, more by their gait and style of locomotion than by their faces, forms, or figures. She is supported by Professor Watson's experiments on animal behavior, as well as by every Motion Picture you see. Show him the pose or figure of a person, and the behaviorist—the new name for psychologists of Dr. Watson's type—will forget it. Show him the walk, the gait, or the manner of pedal motion, and not only will it be indelibly impressed upon the tablets of his memory, but the very nature, temper and character of the persons will be made plain. Physicians diagnose locomotor ataxia by the gait. Paresis, agitating palsy, lumbago, diplegia, infantile paralysis, and a legion of other maladies, are thus determined.

Watch the woman in the movie who drags her feet along as if every step were an effort; if she has any of the world's goods, it is because they have been thrust upon her. If it be a man, he is the first in the lifeboat from a sinking ship. The man or woman with the dragging gait is the man or woman without a heart. The woman who has difficulty in lifting her heels from the ground when she walks is an optimist. She believes that the best she ever gets is the worst of it, and the worst is the best. She will not go into the minutest details about trivialities. The woman with a dragging gait is a woman without a spine. She wavers with the wind.

Watch the man who hurries along as if he were anxious to part company with the pavement. His steps are quick and snappy. He has plenty of vim. When you see another plant his feet firmly on the ground and walk with a free swing, you may be sure he is liberal-minded, to be depended upon, capable. He does right even in every pleasure. He will be your friend, your pal, your sweetheart just as much when the sun shines as on rainy days.

A lot of wives, whose husbands are given to hitting both sides of the street and the middle coming home at night, will find the study of this gait-machine a handy little education in Motion Picture psychology.

In a word, there is no deep well of hidden emotions, no dungeon or unfathomable mine of feeling that can be kept out of the Motion Picture. Every wave of anger, irritation, chagrin, jealousy, joy, or sorrow needs must, like murder, out. It will be expressed consciously or unconsciously, deliberately or accidentally, willy-nilly, in the walk across the lighted screen. It will not down. It cannot be hidden. The stroll, the parade, the run, the crawl, the firm step, the sneaky tread, the slow and sorrowful gait, the Chaplin walk, the club-foot limp, the imbecile's turned-in toes, all carry a veritable storehouse of expressed emotions in them.

Arthur Meyers' very foot has music in it as he comes up the stair. The grass stoops not when Miss Young steps upon it. Miss Clark, as she walks, shakes not the downy bluebell from its stalk. On the other hand, of bulky, top-heavy, clumsy, flat-footed Miss Dressler, in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," it may be literally said that—

From her great hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

Why Not Be Jolly?

By W. HERBERT DRENNING

If a body's melancholy,
Why continue so,
When a body can be jolly
At the picture show?

Æsop Used to Snigger Over Limericks

Rhyming Fun Put the Red in Our Blood and Drove Out the Blues

When the artful Fox told the Crow on the tree-top above him what a fine bird he was, the Crow proceeded to drop his morsel of cheese and to crow with delight. Master Fox thereby came into a toothsome breakfast. No one accuses you of being foxy, but if you concoct a limerick you will please yourself, flatter your subject, and let us all in on the smile that goes with it. We are not cheesemongers, but each month there are prizes of $5, $3, $1, and $1 for the four brightest limericks about Photoplays and Players. The first four below belong to Master Fox this month, for the prize winners:

THE RIVAL CARMENS AGAIN.

In "Carmen" they say Theda Bara
Wasn't "in it" with Geraldine Farrar.
But I saw them both,
And, faith! I am loath
To say which was fairer or barer.

Robert T. Burbank.
16 Young Orchard Ave.,
Providence, R. I.

THAT CARMEN KISS.

Ohio said: "Tho we love Art,
We do not like Geraldine's part.
To any young miss
We give ten feet of kiss—
Not sixty—to get a good start!"

Mary Catherine Parsons.
1415 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

CHARLIE AND THE CENSOR.

Charlie C. had a call from the Censor,
Who said, "We quite love your nonsense, Sir;
But we wish from this day
You'd cut out from your play
Anything that we Censors resent, Sir."

"Mr. Censor, I'm glad you were sent, Sir,"
Quoth Charles, "and 'tis but common sense, Sir,
That from my highbrow stuff
I cut out what is rough,
Or soon I will not make a cent, Sir."

Lyman H. North.
Riverside, Ill.

THE PICKFORD HOMICIDE CLUB.

Said a youth to this maid, when he found
That she loved him no more than her hound,
"Pray suspend me, Marie,
By a rope to yon tree;
For I like to be seen hanging around."

R. A. Ocsmun.
Fort Totten, N. Y.

ONLY THE LAME AND THE BLIND!

Earle Williams, I'm telling you true,
As a "heavy" you never would do;
For it's part of the game
To pursue the fair dame,
And who'd run from a villain like you?

Vera M. Phillips.
Fourteenth and Fairmont Sts.,
Washington, D. C.

JEAN THE CANINE.

Said a very dear neighbor of mine,
"For a dog, I must say Jean is fine;

Her work is A-1—"
Here I slid in this pun:
"Not only A-1 but K-9."

TED KOLLER.
722 Broadway, Martins Ferry, O.

A CHARLIMERICK.

IF this limerick halts, it is meet;
Charlie Chaplin's the subject I treat,
So it's proper that it
Should be jerky a bit,
And funny, of course, in the feet.

L. E. BENTLEY.
U. S. Custom-house,
New Orleans, La.

LOVE IS A TEMPEST, NEVER A BREEZE.

A PHOTOPLAY actor named Earle
Got caught in a whale of a whirl.
When the cyclone had spun
He said, "That's going some—
Now where in the world is my girl?"

CHARLES H. TURNBULL.
819 Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BOOK HIM FOR THE OSCAR II.

NOW, tell me, if our own Francis Ford
Took a notion in his "Clue-finding" Gourd
To cease Taxi hire
And purchase a car,
The kind F. Ford, F. Ford can F. Ford.

A. MYERS.
Co. "C," 9th Infantry, Laredo, Tex.

TO THE LOCKWOODS, HARTS AND BOSWORTHS.

A CHILD in the cabin was sleeping,
A lion came toward it a-creeping,
But the Big Man of the screen
Appeared on the scene—
Now the maid moves the lion when sweeping.

OLIVE G. KIRKLAND.
6531 Berdan St., Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa.

THE VAMPIRE.

I WENT to a "Vampire" illusion,
The scenes were all sin and confusion,
And death and disgrace—
I cant "smile" my face
Since making that reckless intrusion.

MRS. L. W. YARBROUGH.
832 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

NOT EVEN A STAGE WHISPER.

A RUBE who was making things hum
Spent a dime on the movies, by gum!
Then he hollered, "What junk!
Why, that show is punk!
Them actors are all deaf and dumb."

MRS. W. C. WELLS.
913 May St., East Liverpool, Ohio.

THOSE KERRIGAN KURLS.

AS "Samson", J. Warren is "there";
No other with him can compare.
He is "strong" with the girls,
For they can't resist curls,
So, like Samson, his strength's in his hair.

WILLIAM M. TALBOTT.
Paris, Ky.

FRANCIS, HOW COULD YOU!

SINCE Francis has gone and got married,
The women are very much harried;
To the movies they go,
But they cry "They're s-o s-l-o-w!"
I wish that the news had miscarried.

VIOLET G. BAETZHOLD.
122 Mariner St., Buffalo, N. Y.

AWFUL THOUGHT.

I COURTED a dream-lassie sweet,
And awoke in confusion complete;
For her father, I dreamt,
Had made an attempt
To kick me with C. Chaplin's feet!

A. BURSTEIN.
3515 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, O.

MRS. OWEN MOORE, OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS COMPANY

SOME ONE has said that everything has been written about Mary Pickford that could be written. We have heard how Mary became bread-winner for her family when she was quite young. We have heard all about her early struggles with managers, and of her final capitulation to pictures, under the direction of David Wark Griffith. Her rise from then on is public property.

Perhaps everything has been written about Mary Pickford; all right, then, let's hear about Mrs. Owen Moore.

The scene opens in the dining-room of the Pickford-Moore home, in Los Angeles. The cast contains Mary Pickford—beg pardon—Mrs. Owen Moore and Mr. Moore, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, Jack and Lottie Pickford, and, 'way back in the background, a Press Person.

MARY PICKFORD IN "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

The talk is fast and furious. Everybody has something interesting to tell about the day's work at the studio. Lottie tells of something exciting that happened while "The Diamond from the Sky" was having some adventures. Mrs. Pickford cautions Lottie to be very careful, or she will have to stop playing Esther. Then Jack comes to Lottie's rescue with a funny little tale about something that happened over at the Famous Players studio during the making of "The Pretty Sister of José." Jack has a droll way of telling a story that makes it irresistibly funny.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore have been deep in conversation, the nature of which must have been very private — under cover of the general hilarity caused by Jack's story. Mrs. Moore's cheeks are flushed a bit, her eyes are starry, and she is ever and ever so much more beautiful than Mary Pickford. What? Impossible! Well, nevertheless, it is true.

Everybody rises and goes toward the living-room.

"Say, Mary, let's go see some pictures," suggests Owen, quite like any other happily married man in the block.

And Mary agrees, just as happily and eagerly as if the greater portion of her life hadn't been spent in making pictures for the amusement of others. She hurries out for her hat, and a few moments later Mr. and Mrs. Moore leave the house, going to the movies.

Or, we'll say, the scene is the studio of the Famous Players Company. Mrs. Owen Moore has ceased being Mary Pickford, and is just leaving her dressing-room, in street clothes. A stenographer calls her to the phone. It is Owen Moore, calling from the studio of the Morosco-Bosworth Company.

"Are you thru work, Mary?" he asks.

"Just thru. I had just started home when you called. Are you thru?" she asks, in much the same voice that Mrs. Smith asks John if he is coming home to dinner, and if he prefers chops or steak for a change.

"Yes, I'm all thru. Let's stay downtown for dinner and then go over to see 'The Birth of a Nation' again," Owen will suggest.

And Mary agrees, delightedly.

Outside the studio hours, Mrs. Owen Moore is a devoted little wife and an adorable one. There have been a number of very silly reports that there was to be a divorce and all that sort of rot. But Mary and Owen merely smile at each other, when such a report comes out, and go serenely on their way.

Perhaps very little remains to be written about Mary, but there's lots to be written about Mrs. Owen Moore.

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

ANNA LITTLE, OF THE MUSTANG COMPANY

"THE Darling of the Plains" is the title Anna Little has won for her clever work in the Western pictures. But with Anna it is not a case of portraying the Western girl—in these rôles she is just herself. She was born in California, and until the age of sixteen lived on a ranch at the foot of Mount Shasta. Of the daring deeds she is called upon to perform in

ANNA LITTLE

the pictures she has no fear, for she has known what it is to ride for

days in the sizzling sun—her throat parched—up mountain passes, where

ANNA LITTLE IN A CHARACTER STUDY

one misstep of her horse meant the end of both rider and mount.

Her impersonation of an Indian maiden is so realistic that many have thought she was one of those vanishing people; but out in her West she has for so long been among the redmen that she has acquired the touches that make her maids so true. Her sympathetic interpretation of these rôles has won for her the friendship of chiefs, ex-chiefs, sub-chiefs, squaws and papooses, and as tokens of their kindly feeling they have sent beads, moccasins and jewels in abundance.

That she has so often been chosen for the Western pictures is because of her special ability to play them, for she has always been an athletic girl, is an expert horsewoman, can shoot with a steady hand, and Nature has equipped her with the vigor and strength to stand the strain of these arduous rôles. But she likes to play other parts and prefers straight leads in strong drama, and her matured, dramatic expression fits her for these rôles. She says the emotional scenes come natural to her—she can cry real tears any time, but the hardest thing for her to do is to smile at the proper time in a picture.

Stage experience, too, Anna Little has had. Her first venture was in the chorus of a company in San Francisco. She was engaged for her good singing voice, but her dramatic ability was soon recognized, and the following year she was playing leads. All her work has been in the West. She has never been to New York and has no desire to go there. To her there is no comparison between the stage and the pictures.

Miss Little enjoys reading the stacks of letters that come to her, for she is working hard to advance in her art, and these show her that her efforts are being appreciated. All these letters she answers personally in longhand.

In Hollywood, with her mother, lives this popular young woman. The most important place next to their bungalow is the garage that houses the valued Paige. She enjoys driving her car and is fond of pretty frocks and old-fashioned jewelry, but her only hobby is playing in the pictures.

RICHARD WILLIS.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, OF THE WORLD COMPANY

When Carlyle Blackwell's father received a bundle of forbidden bills from tradespeople around Cornell University, he called his son, presented him with a check and said: "Here, Carl, is a check for one hundred dollars. You have done well along a certain line at college and have left your traces behind you. You are so enterprising that I think you should be encouraged. Cash this check and buy mileage with it. Let it take you as far as it will go; follow it—and stay there and learn what it is to work for awhile. You are rather too expensive a luxury to keep at home."

CARLYLE BLACKWELL AND EDNA MAYO

Carlyle took the hint and the money and landed in a small town, the name of which he affects not to remember. Here he did a variety of things, finally driving a delivery wagon; but one day, while trying to race a locomotive, he lost several crates of chickens—also his job. After trying several other things, a traveling show came along and took him in its chorus.

Later, with much experience and a pocketful of confidence, he journeyed to New York and made good on the stage, and, of course, is one of the leading screen stars today.

"Mercurial Blackwell" is what he is called in the Los Angeles picture colony, and the title fits him well, for he has indeed an engaging personality. He is above the average height, possessed of a lithe, slim figure, which is invariably incased in the most up-to-date suits. His hair is coal-black, his eyes dark and penetrating, and he has an inviting smile.

Carlyle Blackwell takes his work seriously. He went into the pictures because he realized their great future. He loves every phase of the business and says: "You cant drive me out, nor buy me out, nor freeze me out. I'm here to stay." He is full of a quiet, purposeful energy, gives premeditated thought to his movements and expressions, and can instil this earnestness in the other players. This careful study is what gives the realism to the parts he plays.

It is his opinion that those who have had stage experience have a tremendous advantage over the ones who have not been on the road at one time or another. "There is nothing like it. A man learns how to hold himself and control his limbs, and gets over all self-consciousness and is able to act naturally."

Carlyle Blackwell lives in a pretty little vine-covered bungalow in Glen-

dale, Cal. Here he has a garden where a great deal of his spare time is spent, and his proudest moments come when handing a visitor a rose or luscious orange to which his efforts have been given.

When not in this garden or at the studio, he is sure to be found speeding along the beautiful roads near his home, for driving his car is his particular hobby, tho he is fond, too, of reading and dancing.

A favorite he is with all, except the postman who has to carry the loads of letters that he receives from his admirers. His secretary answers all these, but he signs them, tho it is hard work to get him down to it, for he is never in one place for long.

The greatest pleasure of all to Carlyle Blackwell is his work at the studio. He has its welfare deeply at heart, and with his energy and pleasing personality, his usefulness to the pictures has but begun.

MABEL WARREN.

LILLIAN HAYWARD

LILLIAN HAYWARD, OF THE SELIG COMPANY

"How happy could I be with either were t'other dear charmer away" is the manner in which Lillian Hayward, famous stock "heavy" of the Selig Pacific Coast companies, compares her likes of the legitimate and the photoplay.

"What is your daily routine as a Motion Picture player?" was a question asked Miss Hayward.

"Just one thing after another," she answered, filling in the pause with an expressive twinkle of her big, dark eyes.

Lillian Hayward's career in stock covers eighteen years. She has played practically every big "heavy" rôle of the modern stage. And, contrary to all expectations, she informed the interviewer that she always dearly loves a part in which she can use a gun, or other deadly weapon, and "kill" some one. Of course you understand that it is only a make-believe killing to which she refers.

Miss Hayward's hobby is her home and the two happy children in it. Her greatest ambition is to educate her son and make her daughter a useful, contented woman. Her versatility as an actress is explained in the following query and answer:

"What parts are you cast for most, Miss Hayward?"

"Wherever I am needed."

That's the story of her ability in a

nutshell, and that is why the Selig Company counts her among its star players.

Miss Hayward has traveled three times across the continent; four times to Honolulu and return. Once she visited the entire group of Hawaiian Islands from the center of Oahu to Molokai. Her favorite recreation is work. Her theory of life is "Be good to them all and you'll be happy!" Dont you think it a good slogan?

Miss Hayward is among the few Motion Picture stars who defy superstition. It has been said that baseball players and members of the theatrical profession are the most superstitious people on earth, but Miss Hayward is an exception to the general rule.

When the dressing-rooms in the new Selig zoo at Los Angeles were ready for occupancy, the natural question as to what member of the Selig Stock Company was to occupy Room 13 arose. The argument waxed strong, and finally it was decided to have the property man paint out the objectionable "13."

Miss Hayward, however, promptly settled this by moving in and arranging the alleged hoodoo-room most completely and comfortably. "I am *not* superstitious," asserted Miss Hayward, when interviewed. "I know that many actors and actresses refuse to countenance the '13' number, but not I. Of course I just naturally will not hang a towel on a door-knob, look at the moon over my left shoulder, raise an umbrella in my room, nor spill salt when I can help it; but these are little details observed by every one."

And with that little remark Miss Hayward merrily shut the door and defied another theatrical superstition by whistling! THE TATTLER.

CREIGHTON HALE, OF THE PATHÉ COMPANY

CREIGHTON HALE, who played Jameson in "The Exploits of Elaine," was playing in "Indian Summer," then a Broadway attraction, under the management of the late Charles Frohman, when his work was noticed and liked by a Pathé director. An attractive proposition was made to him by the director, which was accepted, and since then he has appeared continuously in Pathé pictures.

Mr. Hale comes by his dramatic ability naturally, since his ancestors for generations have been identified with the English stage. His father for years was a favorite with London playgoers, and the younger Hale embarked upon the same career at a very early age. He came to America as a member of the Lady Forbes-Robertson's "The Dawn of Tomorrow" company and liked the country so well that he has stayed here ever since.

THE BRIEF BIOGRAPHER.

At the Rainbows' End

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

EDISON

This story was written from the Photoplay of SUMNER WILLIAMS

THIS is a story of a man who would be—no, not a king, but a butler! As a matter of fact, this particular man was a king already. As to the cause of his strange ambition, thereby hangs a tale. There be many butlers, doubtless, who would fain assume the royal crown, and surely some of them can wear it worthily, deportment being one of the criteria, but there are few kings who would exchange the palace for the pantry.

Felix, ruler of Wallonia, had thought himself the most unhappily named of monarchs. As kings go he was not a bad king. In fact, his Wallonian people, who were already beginning to give way to the seductive insinuations of democracy, rather liked him. They would probably have been able to resist temptations that so easily beset them to establish a government of their own if Felix had remained on the job.

Being king is not usually conceived of as a job, yet a good king is probably the hardest worked man and the least rewarded of any in his kingdom. If Felix had only been an indifferent king he did not shine as a butler. To reign is easy, to "buttle"—verb that ought to be, if it is not—is hard, and few there be that attain its mastery. The nice art of service and the nicer art of directing others' service is not to be learnt in a day—not even by a king!

Felix never did learn it in the pantry. For one thing, he lacked the eye single to his task. There was entirely too much Marcia in his new life and there had been entirely too much Louise in his old. There, the secret, like murder, is out. It takes a high-grade king, or butler even, to counter the attack of one woman, but when two are after him he is lost. Not that the Princess Louise of Trebizond was after him

exactly; the speech is figurative. She was after his heir and cousin, Stepan; rather, Stepan was after her, and her avoidance of him was by no means sufficiently pronounced to suit the exclusive tastes of the king to whom she was officially betrothed.

The frontiers of Wallonia and Trebizond marched side by side. The territories joined. There was no natural line of demarkation, as of river or mountain. It seemed to the wise that the respective royal families of the two kingdoms being reduced to a son of Wallonia and a daughter of Trebizond, that the time had come to unite the territory under one sway by joining in matrimony, holy or otherwise, Felix and Louise.

Felix was alone in the world save for Stepan. Marcia had a father.

The King of Trebizond had one attribute of royalty. Whatever he did he did grandly and as a king. There was no subject in his realm who could drink more than he, and caustic philosophers had observed that scarcely the whole kingdom together could match the bibulous propensities of its sovereign. His Majesty of Trebizond was quite willing to abdicate and turn over his throne and every appurtenance thereof, saving only the royal cellar, to Felix so soon as he married Trebizond's heiress, the Princess Louise, his daughter. In his happy-go-lucky fashion, Felix had been willing enough to fall in with the clever scheme of his privy-counselors, which would result greatly to the aggrandizement of Wallonia, for altho the princess might and probably would sway the king, Trebizond was bound to be the tail of the Wallonian dog.

It was the princess that blocked the game—not openly, but covertly, as is the way of women, even those not of princely rank. She was in love with Cousin Stepan. That ambitious prince had a keen eye to the main chance. The engagement had been announced when Felix, inopportunely wandering in places where he was not expected to go and his presence was not anticipated, caught Louise in Stepan's arms.

Disgusted with life, longing to be loved for himself alone, and weary of the king-business, moved also by an adventurous spirit, Felix, with one faithful and equally light-headed friend, yclept Tarnow, had, without formal abdication, without notice of any kind, in fact, incontinently abandoned Wallonia to its fate. Laying aside the royal crown — a figure of speech, since he rarely wore it—shaking the dust of his little kingdom from his heels—another figure of speech, but it will serve—he fled like a thief in the night and sought asylum in strict incognito in the land of the free and the home of the heart-broken; to wit, America!

There is no better place on earth in which to mend a broken heart than New York, and it was there that Felix and Tarnow landed. The fate to which Wallonia was left was bound up in the person of Cousin Stepan. In the absence of any information whatsoever as to the whereabouts of the king, or even whether he were alive or dead, Stepan promptly assumed the crown. The exchange was greatly to the disadvantage of the Wallonians. They found themselves fiercely divided between the democratic inclination with which they had flirted and a wild longing to have Felix, who for their purposes was well named, back on the throne. Stepan ruled them with a heavy hand, and prepared to carry out the subtle policy of Felix's ministers by wedding the Princess of Trebizond, whose duty and inclination at last ran side by side.

The King of Trebizond cared little who married his daughter, so long as he was left in quiet and undisputed possession of the Trebizond wine cellar, which not even his excesses had yet been able materially to deplete, so prudent and far-seeing had been his ancestors. Meanwhile, by the aid of the Wallonian Pinkerton service, King Stepan discovered the whereabouts of the fugitives, which Felix found delightful, but which grew somewhat boring to Tarnow.

The pair had secured humble but lucrative employment in the household of Mr. John P. Morton, who was

THE PAIR HAD SECURED HUMBLE BUT LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENT IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF MR. JOHN P. MORTON

dowered with every material thing on earth to such excess that his name bore the same relation to wealth today that the Crœsus of Lydia had borne to wealth in the past. The most precious jewel in the Morton collection was Marcia, his fair daughter. Not even the luster of two hundred million could add anything to the charm of Marcia. Can the chronicler say anything more in her behalf?

Marcia grew interested in the butler-king, and the butler-king fell head over heels in love with Marcia. If only she had been the Princess of Trebizond! Now, it was impossible that Marcia Morton could love a butler, but the foundations of romance had been laid. Had King Stepan been wise he would have left Cousin Felix to work out his own destiny; for, had he succeeded in persuading Marcia that he was not the butler he seemed, and married her, he would have been excluded forever from the crown of Wallonia, with the added possibility of Trebizond and its princess. But Stepan never thought of that. Perhaps it did not occur to him that Felix could love for love alone. He did not realize that Felix had left his kingdom because he would be loved for himself alone, and Stepan decided that the head that wore the crown would not be safe until Felix was dead.

To that end he hired a bold, bad Wallonian gunman, rejoicing under the name of Janzi, to assassinate his rival. Came to the Morton palace a certain nobleman to whom Felix's face and person were both well known. Felix met him in the drawing-room. The king was there in an official capacity as butler, not king. The service in which he was engaged was the carrying of cocktails. It is dangerous to carry cocktails internally, and in this instance carrying them on a waiter was equally disastrous. In the excitement of being recognized, Felix dropped the cocktails. Fortunately, what cannot be forgiven in a butler is the most venial of sins in a count.

Felix managed to preserve at least a portion of his incognito. At his earnest request he was disclosed to the

Mortons by the nobleman aforementioned, who happened to be a Wallonian ambassador to the United States, as a Wallonian count. Ah, the course of true love ran smooth for a few blissful days. Bold Janzi, trailer of the Wallonian king-count-butler, with a few confederates, also handy with their weapons, waylaid Felix, and shot him up, or down, fortunately not fatally.

There is nothing so interesting in true love as an enemy's bullet in the lover's arm. It is almost as good as Cupid's barb in the heart. Marcia who had been interested in the butler, immediately fell violently in love with the wounded count, and assisted in nursing him back to his normal health.

THE AMBASSADOR ANNOUNCES THAT THE BUTLER IS NOT A MERE COUNT, BUT A REAL KING

With old Morton, a butler, of course, was impossible; a count was better, but not good enough. He had ambitions for a principality, or at least a dukedom. After the fashion of stern fathers of their fortunes, he discouraged the count. Marcia, having inherited in full her father's iron determination, was not willing to stand pat. She took the Count not quite in the sense in which the words were used by the Marquis of Queensbery, but literally. Her father found her out, but not down, for the two lovers eloped.

It is difficult in this day of wireless, limited trains and racing cars to negotiate a successful elopement. Father Morton was hard upon their heels. There was a merry meeting before the marriage had been solemnized, and in the course of it Father Morton discovered how he had put his foot in it when he was informed that the supposed butler was really a king—a king without a kingdom, a king without a job—but majesty nevertheless. If he had only kept still, the daughter might have been a queen—a queen without a kingdom, a queen out of a job, but again majesty none the less.

Again enters the *deus ex machina* who marplotted everything at such inopportune times, namely, his highness, the Wallonian ambassador. This statesman and diplomat had no liking for King Stepan. The experience Wal-

lonia had enjoyed with that ambitious and determined young man had thoroly sickened everybody. Stepan's military dispositions rendered republican institutions impossible. He had skillfully checked and even checkmated latent democracy.

As the next best thing, the people craved the return of Felix. The Wallonian ambassador, altho sworn to secrecy, had warned a few of his choicest friends in the privy-council, and by them had been urged to beg the king to come back to his faithful subjects. Being compelled to heed the plea of his people, poor Felix had no choice as a man of honor, to say nothing of a king, but to return and take up the business of ruling again, even tho the return involved the abandonment of the beautiful Marcia and the taking to his heart again of the still obdurate and detested Louise.

There the story should have ended, of course, with the wicked Stepan receiving his come-uppance—if we may apply so thoroly an Americanism to a person so completely Wallonian as this naughty and ambitious cousin—and preparation for the marriage of Louise, which Felix contemplated with even greater and greater dismay, going slowly forward, procrastination being due to the royal will. He could not get out of his mind the picture of Marcia, heart-broken and in tears—sacrificed, as true love always is in romances of this sort, to the stern and inexorable demands of duty plus J. P. Morton.

THE BUTLER-KING SAYS GOOD-BY TO HIS ERSTWHILE EMPLOYER

With the duties and cares of the state weighing heavily upon him, Felix looked back on the happy days of his butlerdom and sighed in vain for a return. He was, as it were, the tennis ball of fortune, or, to change the metaphor, a puppet in the malign hand of fate. He had to be king, and he had to marry where he did not love and where he was not loved, and the woman of his heart was far away, and it was absolutely impossible that he should ever see her again. He cursed the day that he had been born. There

MR. MORTON CONCEIVES A BRILLIANT IDEA—HE WILL TAKE HIS DAUGHTER ON A LONG SEA VOYAGE TO THE COAST OF TREBIZOND

was no butler on the wide earth with whom he would not have changed places, had it been possible.

He counted without the great American financier. When it became a question of wanting a kingdom for his daughter, he could do wonders. When it became a question of procuring his daughter's happiness, he could do more. He conceived a brilliant idea, in pursuance of which he took his daughter and her mother on a long sea voyage, which ended on the coast of Trebizond, Trebizond having as many coasts as Shakespeare's "Bohemia." He sought out the King of Trebizond to find his weak spot. Indeed, the King of Trebizond was all weak spot, and it was very obvious even to a less shrewd observer than Mr. John P. Morton of America.

The qualities of the royal wine cellar of Trebizond have been expatiated upon, but like everything human, they were not perfect. Mr. Morton was shrewd enough to enlist the services of the greatest connoisseur in drinks in Europe—another ex-king who, having been deprived of his kingdom by force of arms, had not yet risen to the dignity of butlerdom. With the aid of this master of bacchanals and this devotee of Silenus he had unearthed certain wines of such rare vintage that the mouth of the ruler of Trebizond watered at the mere mention of their names. When unlimited quantities of these alluring beverages were added to the unlimited fortune with which John P. Morton boldly sought to buy the kingdom of Trebizond, lock, stock, and barrel, with all its privileges, obligations and reversions, the deal was instantly consummated.

The counselors and men of influence in Trebizond were charmed with the idea of having a king who had an unlimited amount of money, and who asked nothing but obedience of them. Before they accepted him, they received ample and satisfactory demonstrations of Mr. Morton's resources, and upon further information as to his plans, they fell in unanimously there-

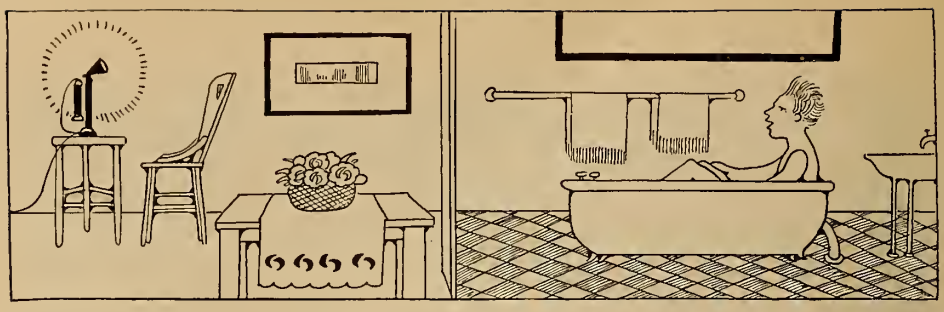
IT WAS AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR MARCIA WHEN THE MINISTER ASCENDED THE STAIRS TO CONDUCT THE UNHAPPY FELIX TO HER

with, and undertook that the Trebizond Parliament should ratify the new dynasty. Which being persuaded thereto by means to which even republican America is not unaccustomed, it accordingly did.

All this had been kept secret from his highness of Wallonia, who went forward with dogged determination to his martyrdom. On the day of the wedding, his highness arrived in Trebizond. He had determined to strip it of as much of its pomp as possible, it not being an occasion of rejoicing. It was an anxious moment for Marcia, now become Princess of Trebizond, when the minister of that state solemnly ascended the stairs to conduct the unhappy Felix to her, whom he believed his unwilling bride, the Princess Louise. Indeed, if he had been given a little more time he would have balked at the last moment, conceiving that not even Wallonia itself could compensate him for that marriage. When he came down the stairs, when he was ushered into the presence of his bride, he was dumfounded to find that it was not Louise, but Marcia.

And so this romantic tale ends with the birth, in due course, of the child of the royalties of Europe and the riches of America, formally recognized by devoted people as the heir apparent of the dual monarchy of Wallonia-Trebizond, for Mr. John P. Morton, preferring to be a captain of industry in America to a reigning prince in Trebizond, had made over the whole business, as he called it, to his daughter as a wedding gift.

It remains to add but one fact. The office of grand hereditary head butler of Wallonia-Trebizond was promptly abolished. In the privacy of his own family, the king did his own buttling to remind him of other days that were replete with sweetly hazardous deeds.



Of Two Evils

Filmed by the Famous Freestone Funmakers

By HARVEY PEAKE

Film One—Blackball Clubber is alone in the house. The other fourteen members of the family have scattered to the four winds. Blackball has stayed at home to take a bath. Enters bathroom, fills tub and is splashing about happily when telephone bell rings. Registers annoyance. Blackball Clubber is alone in the house.

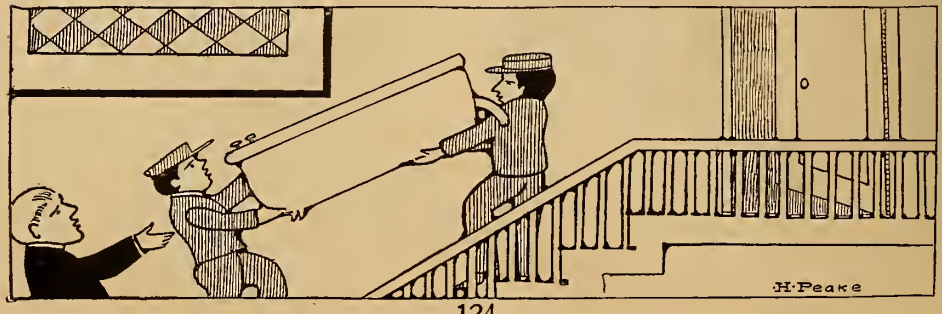
Film Two—Telephone continues to ring. Blackball gets out of tub, slips on bathrobe and answers the call. Voice at other end asks, "Is this Major Trigger?" Blackball Clubber slams down receiver and goes back to bathtub. After entering same, telephone bell rings again.

Film Three—Telephone continues to ring. Blackball gets out of tub, slips on bathrobe and answers the call. Voice at other end says, "Doctor Wormwax, please come over at once; the baby——" Blackball Clubber slams down receiver and goes back to bathtub. After entering same, telephone bell rings again.

Film Four—Telephone continues to ring. Blackball gets out of tub, slips on bathrobe and answers call. Voice at other end says, "Cawnt you possibly come over tonight, Ethel? We're making up a bridge party and——" Blackball Clubber slams down receiver and goes back to bathtub. After entering same, he decides that he will do some telephoning himself.

Film Five—Blackball gets out of tub, slips on a bathrobe and after the necessary preliminaries says, "Yes, come and take it out tomorrow! Do you hear? I dont want the binkety-bink-bink thing in the house another day!"

Film Six—Workmen, as per Blackball Clubber's orders, are removing his—bathtub.



Movie Entomology

The Classification of a Few of the Best-Known Insects That Nightly Infest the Motion Picture Theater

By FRELING FOSTER

THE PATRIOTIC BUG (erroneously regarded as *American*)—male, generally between eight and fourteen years old. Thrives especially in the first ten rows. Creates a disquieting and disgusting noise by enthusiastically clapping its antennæ, or feelers, during scenes showing an American flag, a body of soldiers, or a battleship. May be distinguished by its preference for war pictures, animated weeklies and melodramatic scenes in which the hero miraculously rescues the girl.

THE LOVING BUG (scientifically known as the *Ima Sillyassus*)—male. Always accompanied by the female of the species. This insect is divided into two genera: The *Audience Shouldworryus* variety, which puts its arm around its sweetheart's neck; and the *Isanyone Watchingus* kind, that holds the hand of its friend between the seats and imagines no one is watching it. Distinguished by its cooing and lack of interest in the show. Thrives especially in the last row seats against the wall, and at late performances when the theater is almost empty.

THE EXPLANATORY BUG (scientifically, the *Nobodius Homeus*)—male and female. The most detestable and dangerous species of pestiferous insect. Its continuous buzzing, as it reads titles and sub-titles and explains plots, very often causes insanity. Is always accompanied by a human being who apparently cannot read nor understand. Also delights in solving—to the exasperation of every one within six feet—intricate plans, pictures of mystery, and scenes in which society thieves rob mansions without the aid of the police.

THE REMINISCENT BUG (scientifically known as the *Boreus Supremeus*)—female. Another pestiferous and prolific insect, that daily lays its eggs of remembrance in the middle of interesting pictures, making its friend forget the plot—and lose his

temper. At intervals it will eat a hole in the peaceful silence with such gems of thought as, "Oh, there's Henry Hotstuff, the great actor. I saw him give a simply wonderful characterization of the ten-year-old Hungarian chop-suey waitress in 'The Turkish Bathrobe' about a week ago. I'll never forget it. It was *simply* wonderful! Truly it was."

THE SLEEPING BUG (family unknown, but commonly regarded as belonging to the same genus as the bedbug)—male. An indolent insect that possesses a reckless propensity for going to sleep and supplying an obbligato to the organ during scenes requiring extra music. Is ofttimes envied in its happy unconsciousness during love, war and rough-riding scenes by human beings who *cannot* go to sleep. Like the loving bug, it prefers late performances, where it will not be disturbed.

THE FLIRTATIOUS BUG (scientifically, the *Chickena Swellus. Partly American*)—female. Generally found in pairs. Has a deadly sting, which it uses when not handled with care. Subsists on love-scenes and other kinds of mush. Is given to smiling and directing amorous side-glances at young male human beings who appear to be lonesome. If successful, it will suggest a dinner and dance palace, but has never been known to refuse an ice-cream soda. Easily distinguished by its well-powdered phiz, smart appearance and orange sport scarf.

THE CLUMSY BUG (scientifically known as the *Urummi Ualmostkillus*)—a female insect possessing about ten hind feet. Has a painful sting, which it inflicts on corns, bunions and sore feet of human beings as it crawls over them on its way to a seat in the middle of the row. Is usually very fat and forward, and carries a heavy coat, a set of furs, an umbrella, two large packages, and a bag of peanuts.

THE ADORATION BUG (scientifically, the *Positiveli Nohopeforus*)—female. Generally between fifteen and twenty-five years old. Ofttimes attends matinées in swarms. Is always madly in love with some funny-faced movie actor living two thousand and two miles away. Becomes very jealous when he kisses the heroine (usually his wife). Subsists on rereading his life's history published in a movie magazine several months ago. Is frequently given to the use of such pathetic palaver as, "Isn't he a perfect darlin?" and "I wonder if he's married?"

FASHION NOTES: THE 1916 GIRL WILL PATRONIZE THE MOVIES

ROSE TAPLEY

THE ANSWER LADY

This Month, This Department Is Devoted to Only One Subject, Because Thousands of Young Folks Are Asking This Question Every Day

My Dear Miss Cardozo:

Your letter was read by me with deep interest, I assure you. I can well appreciate the stone-wall outlook that your position in a store gives you. Things like this often appear hopeless and unappealing to thousands of young girls, and they fly to the opposite extreme and try to attain the unattainable—I'm speaking of making a name for themselves in Motion Pictures. In answering you—and I'm trying to be absolutely honest with you—I am answering a hundred or more young girls who have written to me about the same subject. My dear, during the past five years I have received perhaps a thousand letters—some sad, some only silly—from girls who wanted to act for the camera, and my answer has always been the same: "Dont do it!" And now for my reasons:

Some years ago, before the accredited actors and actresses of this country began to realize the tremendous possibilities of the "silent drama," the heads of the Moving Picture industry, then in its infancy, had a deal of difficulty in getting proper interpretation of the little stories they first produced, and if by chance an actor, in a dull season, did happen to become inveigled into playing for the pictures, he was always terror-stricken lest his manager should hear of it. You see, in those days, managers of the dramatic companies used to think that Moving Pictures would spoil the artists for the stage or perhaps might cheapen them and spoil their value to them.

The public began to demand to see their favorites again. It gradually dawned upon the more enterprising of the manufacturers that it would be a good thing to have a stock company of actors and actresses whom they could advertise as they did a regular theatrical company. With this end in view, realizing that a beautiful face is a great asset, for every one unconsciously adores beauty, they took the most promising of the young girls who came to the studios to earn a little money, and by great patience and hard work moulded and developed them into clever and deservedly successful screen actresses.

But this is almost a thing of the past, for competition is so great that a company cannot afford to spend years, time, money and the patience of a director upon raw material, which may, as soon as they become pliable and valuable to the company, leave it to go to some other firm which will give them more money than the firm which has made them feels it should pay, in justice to the others. What is the result

of this? Unless you are an actor or actress of established reputation, the firms cannot afford to take a chance with you; they cannot afford to expend the time and energy upon you necessary to make you worth while to them, for they have the pick of the greatest and best of the theatrical profession to choose from—professionals who are accustomed to depict all sorts of emotion, who feel what they are acting, and who, while not "camera-wise" in the beginning, are accustomed to obeying directions from a stage-director and soon acquire a familiarity to the demands of the camera, the result being a saving of hours and hours, which in itself is a great factor in the picture business, saving of nerve force to the director, and generally a better picture in the end. Now, dont misunderstand me, dont think that I am inferring that the actors and actresses of the stage make much better screen players than the ones who have been trained and developed in the business from the very bottom to the top; I dont, for where can you find a more delightful artist than little Norma Talmadge, a more popular one than Anita Stewart or Dot Kelly? Oh, I could name a half-dozen others who have never said a line upon the speaking stage, but who certainly are loved and admired by thousands who see them only on the screen, but these girls went into the pictures before the field was in the overcrowded condition it is in today and had the advantage of every bit of thought and interest their directors could spare them to mould them into the finished artists they are.

There is no such chance for you. That time has passed; there are too many other companies in the field producing plays for whose casts they can have the choice of New York's or, in fact, the country's greatest artists, for now the actor has awakened to the wonderful breadth of possibilities the Motion Pictures offer to his art—the excitement and thrill of developing a part, and then to see his characterization re-enacted for him upon the screen, where he can see himself as others see him (this, by the way, isn't always as pleasurable an emotion as he expects, as the camera is absolutely merciless in discovering our little mannerisms and facial contortions, which we would never believe ourselves guilty of but for the evidence of our own eyes); and, added to the artistic side of the matter, the monetary one is a very great factor to all of us, for I do believe that at heart the actor is especially a home-loving animal, and the possibilities of a cosy little apartment or fireside, with a nice little companion to their joys or woes awaiting their homecoming three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year, sort of appeals to them a whole big lot, and, no matter how "sot" they may have been against pictures, in the end you see them converted to the studio. As a rule, if they once become initiated properly into the game, there is no getting them away from it.

Do you begin to see a few of the difficulties ahead of you ambitious ones, who feel so sure that you are embryo Normas and Marys and Earles, or whoever your ideal Moving Picture actor or actress may be?

Some time I'll tell you the story of some of our "extra" girls and boys, as those not members of the stock are called, who come each day, hoping for an opportunity to play a real part on the nine-foot line, or who are hoping eventually to get into stock. Some are clever actors and actresses, but you'd sit down and cry some real tears, I think, if you knew of some of their disappointments and discouragements and heartaches. But there! I shall tell of them another time, and I rather think you will feel that school-teaching, stenography, bookkeeping, or any one of the hundreds of positions open to men and women, are better because of their permanency and surety than the glitter and sham of footlights and screen, until you have made yourself a place which is all your own, in it. I have written so much upon this subject that I must close for lack of space, but I will write more later on.

Affectionately,

Your Big Sister.

Why I Came Back

By FLORENCE LAWRENCE

The Popular Star Who Recently Returned to the Screen After an Absence of Over a Year

YES, I've come back to you, dear old public. You've always been so kind to me. You've laughed when I laughed, and cried when I cried — we've been good friends, you and I.

It's much more than a year now since I went away and left you. But I was tired — oh, so tired!

And besides, I had hurt my back, dragging a big man upstairs in a fire scene in one of my pictures. You didn't know where I went to, and I didn't quite want you to, because I needed to be very quiet for a long, long time, it seemed to me just then. I used to sit in my little dressing-room at the Victor

studio, that I had fixed up all so prettily with things that I loved, and wonder just how much longer I could keep on "making believe."

I did keep on "making believe," too, for a long time after I thought I couldn't. And then one day I packed my things and said I was going home, and I went. Where was my home? At Westwood, New Jersey — fifty acres mostly planted out with fruit-trees, a rambling old house, an abundance of flowers and many, very many of the things that go to make life beautiful. I have some cows and horses and pigs, and some chickens too. Then in the house I have the dearest cat named "Buggs"—just an ordinary, everyday cat who once was a homeless kitten. But Buggs has had good bringing-up and does his bit toward the entertainment of favored guests. In fact, he enjoys the distinction of being inquired after along with more important members of the family. I had a little doggie, but he died one day. I cried a lot and buried him under an old apple-tree in the orchard.

MISS LAWRENCE DELIGHTS IN DOING HER OWN GARDENING

But what's the use of worrying? So I just put on a big apron and sunbonnet and ran back out into the sunshine again and started weeding my own particular little garden spot. I wanted life; I wanted bright colors and my garden had them. I didn't want even to think any more of things that were dead.

As I remember now, I believe this was really when I started to come back to you. It was in the spring, when all the world was waking up. Every day the violets that I had planted the year before grew longer in the stems; their blue vied so hard with the green of the grass around them, and they seemed so radiantly happy over little secrets of their own. I guessed they were the weeny babies hidden away underneath the big, green leaves of the mamma and papa plants. The birds were busy with their nests in the trees and in the eaves of the old house, and all of a sudden it struck me how dreadfully lazy I must be. And one evening, one of the kind when the air is so heavily fragrant that you can almost munch the sweetness from it, and a robin from the limb of a tree near-by piped his oft-repeated melody, some one of my household came

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME THAT FOR OVER A YEAR HAS KEPT MISS LAWRENCE FROM THE SCREEN

and touched me on the shoulder. I wouldn't even look around to see who it was. I just jiggled my shoulder, rather rudely I fancy, and said, "Shush! go away—I'm thinking." And so I stood there a long time, and when I started for the house everything was covered with dew, even the robin had gone away to bed, and my face was wet with tears.

I stole ever so quietly into the house, picked up the lamp that had been thoughtfully left on the dining-room table for me and crept away to my room, but not to bed.

No, I had not been standing under the stars, unconsciously chilling from the night dews, for nothing. I had been thinking, thinking deeply, and of you. Many, many times I had cheered you and helped you to forget the things that grieved you. For almost a year I had been living all to myself, and you were out there in the big world, plodding away while I, with my Buggs and my doggie that's dead, had been playing and hugging old Mother Nature so tight that we almost forgot.

Up in my room at the farm is an old chest that was my mother's, and there I keep all my beloved relics; relics of my picture life. There are all the nice things that people have said about me —that is, in print. There are also photographs of scenes in pictures I have played in with other pioneers of the profession. I took them out one by one. I talked to myself and, pointing at each, I repeated: "There is me, and there is me, and there is me—they loved me, my picture public, and then I went away and left them." I closed the chest, and for a long time I remained on my knees, with my head leaning on its hard surface, and when I arose I said, "I'm going back."

And so I came back to you because I thought I should come back. Many have entered the field since I first came to you, but I know that I have still a place in your hearts, and I know that at least some of you need me, and that's why I came back to you.

I've sent you some pictures of my home and me to show you what I look like when I'm there. I wonder what you'll think of me. Wont you write and tell me?

WALLIE VAN

ARBUCKLE

SMALLEY

COSTELLO

JULIA SWAYNE GORDON

STERLING

TOM MOORE

THEDA BARA

MAE MARSH

VIVIAN RICH

FORD

REEVES

The Labyrinth

By ROBERT J. SHORES

This story was written from the Photoplay of
HARRY CHANDLEE

GAIL KANE AS FLO BURKE

As Florence Burgess stood in the wings of the tiny stage at the Café Fanchon, awaiting her turn, her lips already wore the set professional smile which was a part of her theatrical make-up, but there was no smile in her eyes and no mirth in her heart.

What a mockery it all was!

The realization of her situation was bitter enough in itself, but what added to her stinging humiliation was the knowledge that she was above all this —not only mentally and morally, but professionally as well. For she had talent. She felt it. She knew it. Her faith in her own ability as an actress was firm and sure. Hers was not the braggart impudence of the incompetent, which clamors for opportunity and shrinks away in fear of failure when opportunity offers. She was prepared to put her talents to the test. She longed for opportunity, but opportunity had not come. How could it come to her, hemmed in as she was by adverse circumstances beyond her control? The sole support of her invalid sister Frances, compelled to feed and clothe two people upon a meagre wage which would scarcely suffice to keep one in decent comfort, what chance had she of proving herself? She did her best, to be sure. Even in this contemptible travesty of a theater, she put into her work the conscientious effort of the true artist, but enthusiasm she could not achieve.

It was not that she begrudged the little sister what she gave. She would gladly have agreed to continue thus forever, could she, by so doing, add one year of life or one iota of comfort to the gray and dreary existence of her unfortunate sister, whose hectic

RICHARD NEILL AS FENTON

cheek and hacking cough proclaimed the end which must come, tho it was, apparently, as yet afar off. It was only that she could not always lose herself in the spirit of self-sacrifice which she so assiduously cultivated. It was only that the soul of the artist within her cried out rebelliously at this smothering of her flame of genius.

The sharp voice of the call-boy awoke her from her reverie, "You're up, Miss Flo, dont keep 'em waiting!" and she danced out onto the stage to an accompaniment of beer-glasses impatiently pounding the tops of the tables.

Poets and philosophers never tire of telling us that "Opportunity comes, at least once, to each one of us," but they do not tell us how to recognize her when she comes. Opportunity was in the audience this night for Florence Burgess, but she was heavily disguised, for she came in the person of Oscar Morse, the "Big Producer," whose name was a household word wherever the theater was known; Morse, the famous or infamous, as one chose to regard him, who had dropped into the Café Fanchon for an hour's idle amusement. Disgusted with the sad comedy of the "knockabout act" and irritated by the cracked voices of the "Beauty Sextette," he had been upon the point of leaving, when his companion urged him, "Wait for Flo Burke. She's some looker!"

Morse agreed heartily with this estimate of Florence's personal appearance as he observed, not without surprise, the superior character of her performance. She was not great—no—but she would do for the chorus of his new revue. She would do very well, also, for that secondary rôle required of his actresses. She would look well seated opposite him in a wine-room, with a bottle of champagne on the table between them. Oh, she would do!

So it was that, when Florence returned to her dressing-room, she found a note which sent her soaring into the

seventh heaven of delight, for it invited her to call at the office of the Great Producer on the very next day.

If Florence dreamed that a fortune would be dropped into her lap with no string tied to it, she was soon disillusioned. Morse would give her a small part in the revue—ah, yes, he might even allow her to understudy the lead —but there would be another and an unwritten clause in the contract.

It was this unwritten clause which sent Florence out of Morse's office with her head high and her cheeks flaming. In her indignation she scarcely felt the blow of relinquishing her golden dream of fame for herself and comfort and medicine for her sister. It was not until she came back to the little café that evening that she realized the full meaning of her great disappointment. And here another blow was awaiting her, for she was met by the manager, who informed her that the café had been closed thru the efforts of the Rev. Robert Fenton, the new pastor of St. Stephen's.

In her dressing-room, Florence found a note from Morse, urging her to reconsider her decision and enclosing contracts for an engagement as a show-girl in his revue.

"What do you think of this?" she inquired, passing the note and the contracts to Ray Cox, the girl who shared her dressing-room. Ray, tho lacking the pride and ambition of Florence, had managed to keep herself what she called "straight." She ran her eye hastily over the papers.

"Well!" she exclaimed indignantly, "the old goat's got a nerve butting in here! Aint all them high-toned spear-carriers at the Alcazar enough to flatter his vanity? Ditch him, kid, his kind aint no good—not at any price!"

"You're right, Ray," said Florence, relinquishing her place before the mirror; "I have ditched him—and he's going to stay ditched."

Her resolution was shaken somewhat by the innocent prattle of Frances, who was still young enough to think that a promise given was a promise performed. So far as Frances was concerned, they were already rolling in wealth and were soon to have everything their hearts could desire. It took something more than ordinary courage for Florence to nerve herself to breaking the news, and while she was hunting for the contracts, Ray arrived with the news that she had found them on the table in the dressing-room. As Florence looked at the contracts, she could not help feeling that to dash the hopes of her younger sister would be a cruel and atrocious thing. After all, she was a good actress; why should she not take advantage of this opportunity? Could she not trick Morse into giving her what he wished to sell her? She drew Ray aside and they entered into a long and confidential talk.

The next morning found Ray and Florence in the office of an attorney better known for his astuteness than for his integrity.

A few hours later, as Florence entered Morse's office, clad in such finery as her scanty wardrobe afforded, she noted the quick gleam of satisfaction in his eye and the self-congratulatory smile which played about his lips as he rose to greet her. And in that moment her plan sprang into being within her brain.

"So! You have thought better of it?" he asked.

"Yes, I have decided to accept your proposition."

"You are prepared to sign the papers?"

Florence laughed gayly.

"Yes, but not here and not now. We will crack a bottle over it."

Morse was surprised, but none the less gratified. This girl would not be so hard to handle after all.

When they were seated in a private room at a neighboring café, Morse again broached the subject of the contract, but she put him off.

"Pleasure before business! I cant talk business when I am thirsty."

The wine was opened and Morse indulged himself freely. He could afford to do so, for had he not won? Florence carefully pretended to drink, but spilled most of her wine upon the floor. Finally, Morse produced his

contracts. In looking them over, she awkwardly dropped them on the floor, and, laughing at her own awkwardness, she stooped to pick them up. The papers she handed to Morse were not the papers he had taken from his pocket, but before he had time to inspect them, she had signed her name and called two waiters to witness his signature.

Morse signed, and as the waiters left he turned to her and held out his arms. Florence laughed in his face. She snatched up one copy of the agreement and thrust it into her waist. "Look at your contract!" she cried.

Suddenly Morse spied the original contracts lying on the floor. What had he signed? He drew out the paper and read. As he did so, his face grew dark with anger. Great Heaven! such a contract manager had never signed before! He had agreed to star Flo Burke in "The Green Goddess," at a salary of $750 a week, for a period of five years, and there was a clause in the contract to the effect that if either party brought the agreement to an end before the stipulated time, that party should pay the other an indemnity of $10,000.

"You got it by fraud! You cant hold me to it!" he growled.

"Go back on your signature, and I will make you the laughing-stock of Broadway," she retorted. "Wouldn't the newspapers just love to get a story like this on the Big Producer? Imagine the head-lines——"

But Morse was past reasoning. He must get back the copy which she held. He sprang upon her and struggled to regain the paper, but the noise was heard and the waiters returned, interfering and ordering Morse from the place.

The following morning Morse surrendered, and two weeks later Florence was a full-fledged star and an acknowledged success.

The clerk of the modest little hotel at Clinker's Springs spun the register around and inspected the signature of "Miss F. Burgess" with no suspicion that the young lady before him was no other than the famous actress, Flo Burke, who for more than a year had been the idol of Broadway. Nor were the guests, including the tall and handsome young minister, who answered a call for "Mr. Robert Fenton," any wiser. Had they been, it is probable that Florence, in search of a rest, now that Frances was safely installed in a sanitarium, would have been shunned by all, since stardom under Oscar Morse carried with it something of a handicap in the matter of personal reputation.

Knowing nothing of her connection with the stage, they accepted her kindly, and Fenton, recuperating after an arduous but successful campaign against graft and vice, found her a sympathetic listener when he wished to ease his heart of the plans he had made for future crusades against the forces of evil. So sympathetic indeed she proved to be, that Fenton found himself daily more dependent upon her for encouragement and for his happiness; while she, upon her part, discovered in this earnest young man all the qualities which she had sought in vain in the other men of her acquaintance.

It was not unnatural that these two, both young and comely, should come to feel for one another something stronger than mere friendship; something which shortly ripened into love, so that at the end of one sunny day, Robert Fenton opened his heart to her and begged her to become his wife.

At his words, Florence felt her happiness wither and die within her. She had been happy in his company without thought or care for the morrow, but now—brought face to face with the meaning of his love—she realized that such a marriage would mean the ruin of his career. She turned to him a face pale with anguish.

"You have heard of Flo Burke?" she asked. "I am—I am——" She had meant to say, "I am she," but the words would not come, so she concluded lamely, "I am her sister, Frances. Marriage with me would mean the end of your ministry and the end of your work." Fenton protested that this should not be a barrier be-

tween them; that she should not suffer for her sister's sins, but Florence, wincing every time he called her "Frances," remained firm. The next day she left the hotel.

She did not see him again for nearly a year, and then she attended his church and listened to a sermon addressed to "Ye who lead lives of uselessness." She had been drawn to the church by reports of Fenton's success and by the longing to see him again. She was much impressed with his sermon and was particularly struck with one passage which ran: "What sufficeth it, my brethren, that we do a little charity, if we cannot look into our hearts and say, 'My life is useful —my work is for the betterment of humanity'?"

Returning to her own luxurious apartment, Florence looked deep into her own heart and resolved that she would change her way of life. Her manner of living was not vicious, but it was far from useful, in the larger sense of the word. She went to Morse and announced her leaving the stage.

Morse raised his eyebrows and smiled ironically.

"It wont do," he said. "Our contract requires you to pay me $10,000 if you leave the company before the end of five years."

And so Florence found herself caught in her own trap. She had saved a great deal of money, but this she had put in trust for Frances in case of her death, so that she could not possibly raise the sum necessary to procure her release.

But just as she was despairing of carrying out her design of retiring from the stage, Providence seemed to open the way. She had gone to the sanitarium to bring Frances back to New York, when, on the return journey, there was a sudden grinding of brakes, a shock, shrieks, and then blackness. The train had run into an open switch. The Rev. Robert Fenton, who happened to have been filling a pulpit in this town where the accident occurred, helped to carry the injured into the railway station. In the

(*Continued on page* 184)

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Little whisperings from everywhere in Playerdom

ANNA HELD is refusing all invitations, socially, in order to make a round of the picture-houses in San Francisco. She lives to learn, and she says that she *has* learnt something from every one of the fifty shows she has watched. She is to appear shortly in "Madame La Presidente," a French farce written for her, and to be shown exclusively in Paramount theaters.

Edwin Arden, starring in Pathé's "The Beloved Vagabond," is an Arden(t) carpenter at his home in Forest Hills, the basement of which contains a workshop beyond compare.

Lillian Lorraine has returned to New York from the Balboa studios on the Coast. The popularity of the serial "Neal of the Navy" has been attested to by divers gifts of flowers, everywhere.

James Cruze, in San Jose, Cal., telephoned Xmas greetings to wife, Marguerite Snow, in New York City. *Some* husband!

Another picture with an honest-to-goodness prize-fighter is "Rose of the Alley," starring little Mary Miles Minter. The honest-to-goodness one is "Kid" Hogan, and he has fought with the best of 'em in his day.

Beverly Bayne sent 768 autographed photographs to 768 admiring young misses at Xmas time.

Nance O'Neil—internationally famous—is hard at work on the multiple-reel feature "Souls in Bondage." "Souls in Bondage" is an original story written for the screen by Daniel Carson Goodman, and is a vehicle of Miss O'Neil's own choosing. 'Tis said that the gamut of the emotions is run.

"Peggy," the song adapted from the incidental music of the photoplay "Peggy," starring Billie Burke, is the first of its kind to appear; the idea ought to take well.

Helen Holmes, without fear, and of many lives, narrowly escaped death by drowning on December 14th, off Ventura, California. Driving a high-power speed-launch for the first time, she lost control of the wheel and—but Director J. P. McGowan to the rescue! They both survived—marginally.

George Cameron, who was Mrs. Sydney Drew, wrote "Thou Art the Man" on her deathbed with the death-mists thick upon her. It is said that much of the sombre glory of the situation is reflected in the photoplay.

Over a lunch-counter in an obscure South Carolina town, Arnold Daly discovered a star wearing an apron. After gaining maternal consent he transported her to New York and started her to work. He reports that she has "made good." Her name is Nora Moore.

Henry Walthall went home to Alabama for the first time in five years last Xmas.

The censors may get a salary! Any argument?

It is announced that Billie Burke is to play the leading rôle in a new serial, it being a drama of adventure by Rupert Hughes and his wife, Adelaide Manola Hughes.

Constance Collier makes her film début in "The Tongues of Men," a Morosco-Paramount release.

Rita Jolivet, a survivor of the *Lusitania* disaster and heroine of Universal's "The Honor to Die," dared the briny trip again at Xmastide to visit her family. Courage and Jolivet are well-known synonyms.

Universal starts the new year with a new contest: "Who is the Handsomest Man in America?" A newspaper in each State in the Union will handle photographs of contestants. And for the winner? A salary fat enough to embrace all luxuries—illimitable popularity—and a position with the Universal as head of his own company, from which source the aforementioned salary will be derived. Let Adonis look to himself!

There *is* such a thing as being "disgustingly healthy." Ask William Garwood, handsome star of the Universal serial "The Journal of Lord John." Being cast as wounded hero in the first part of the serial, his bloomin' carcass refused to look emaciated, haggard and gaunt, and he rejoiced when convalescence was his!

Gaumont Company has obtained the services of Yvonne Chappelle, popular esthetic dancer and daughter of a famous Chicago sculptor. Incidentally, she holds the reputation of having the only perfect feet in Chicago!

"The Rack," a new World Film feature, starring Alice Brady, has put many of New York's "sassiety folk" on the rack. Too true is *right!*

Madeline Traverse, supporting Holbrook Blinn in "McTeague," has had her limousine converted into a dressing-room. The comfort and convenience therein are unspeakable.

Eat meat once a day—and sparsely of all things else, is Clara Kimball Young's advice to beauty aspirants.

Robert Warwick's boyhood hobby was collecting birds' eggs. The mania persists, and frequently, in the taking of a picture, he is to be found atop a tree.

Theda Bara began about a year ago to receive letters that challenged her attention by their depth and intellectuality. She has found them to come from a man in prison—an Egyptologist and Babylonian student of world renown. She is now making personal efforts for his liberation.

Marguerite Snow writes on an average of 300 letters a week to fans. Scrivener's cramp if you dont watch out!

Mme. Olga Petrova makes pets of gold-fish on her estate near Flushing.

Francis Bushman began his career as professional bicyclist.

Lionel Barrymore has lost 108 pounds in one year. Rising early to work in pictures is the answer. Attention, ladies!

Charles Newton, of one of the "Flying A" companies, suffered tortures in the interests of realism when he submitted to having his hand caught in a strong-jawed steel trap in "The Silent Trap." The member was brutally lacerated—but it was art!

May Allison, who has been playing, very moderately clad, in "Lula of the Sulu Seas," says she does not object to the state of nudeness, but to the atmospheric conditions. A bit chill.

Let him who can find two words to rhyme with Henry Walthall be our next laureate. 'Tis said it cant be done.

During the taking of "Green-Eyed Monster" the players were canvassed in order to ascertain their fads, fancies, etc. Robert Mantell declared the ticking of a clock to be unbearable; Genevieve Hamper uniquely rides the hobby that cosmetics injure the skin, and Stuart Holmes eats but once a day—precisely at 3.35 P. M.

Theda Bara plays 400 theaters every day of her life. Dual personality—pish!

Genevieve Hamper's pet cat Waw-waw died under the knife. Genevieve is suing the surgeon.

Vivian Martin's first stage appearance was with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Miss Martin was six years old.

There's no limits! One man, desirous of entering filmland, writes to Mr. Hooper, of Metro, that he would like to jump off the Woolworth Building in a parachute.

Gladys Hulette seldom rides on surface-cars, preferring to walk, despite distance or weather.

George Ovey has another new vest. What—another? Aye! aye!

Francine Larrimore was so realistic when she scratched H. W. Pemberton's face in "The Devil's Darling" that he ejaculated: "Thank heaven, you dont have to do it twice!"

Frank Borzage bitterly resents his curly crop. Anna Little bitterly resents her straight one. There seems to be no way out of it.

Boyd Marshall, Thanhouser, has been called the handsomest man in pictures.

Helen Holmes has other charms besides inhuman daring: they are an ability to wear clothes like a million dollars, alluring grace, femininity and girlishness.

Florence LaBadie is learning to typewrite. Something to fall back on.

Edna Mayo embraced all New York's fashion shops on a week's tour, buying gowns for "The Misleading Lady," in which she and Henry Walthall take the leads.

The mysterious Mutual Traveler is en route for the West.

"The Original Gibson Girl," Ida Stanhope, will be seen in "Souls in Bondage" (Lubin).

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew have signed up with Metro for a year to produce Drew-Metro comedies.

Mystery! *Who* owns the symmetrical limbs in Vitagraph's "Green Stockings"?

Will Rex, of the Federal Film Company, is the youngest director in the world. Aged twenty.

Another record broken. "Damaged Goods" was shown at a Los Angeles theater recently for thirty-six consecutive hours.

Anna Steele believes in diplomacy. When recently asked by a pair of doting parents whom she thought the first-born resembled, she said, "I think he's neutral."

Helene Rosson, youngest ingénue of the American studio, is the newest motor convert.

The Signal Film Corp. has just insured Helen Holmes for $100,000 against accident.

Capt. Robt. Bartlett, who was in the North Pole country with Peary, has been engaged by Vitagraph to assist in the production of a Polar picture.

Cruising around Jamaica in search of "locations" for a million-dollar spectacle, Herbert Brenon's yacht was chased and stopped by a submarine. The submarine commander thought the Brenon outfit were Germans, and vice versa.

And still she writhes! Next on the program, Theda Bara in "The Serpent."

Temperament runs rife in the red man. Black Eagle, a William Fox acquisition, 98 years old, insists on the measured beat of the tom-tom when he is acting.

"My Lady's Slipper," featuring Anita Stewart and Earle Williams, is said to be one of the most elaborate costume productions ever seen on the screen. The story is laid in France during the period of Louis XVI.

Mary Miles Minter plays with dolls between scenes. She is not quite 15 years old.

William Faversham once cleaned snow off New York City pavements while waiting for a stage engagement. The last laugh, etc.!

Lillian Walker is avalanched with green silk stockings sent in by admirers after seeing her in "Green Stockings." There still remains—the mystery.

Lightning-change artist is not the least of May Allison's talents. She makes 27 changes of costume in "The Sorry Scheme of Things."

Sarah Bernhardt has told her true life-story to Universal officials.

Richard C. Travers now has a namesake—Richard Travers Wales. The parents of the namesake were hitherto unknown to fame.

While dining in a Chicago hotel recently, Bryant Washburn found a $200.00 pearl in his blue-points. *Pretty soft*—that $200.00!

Ruth Stonehouse has mastered the walk à la Chaplin! A fair imitator has Charlie.

It was "Silent Drama Day" at the Hotel Astor recently when the American Criterion Society, thru the courtesy of Director Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton, gave a unique movie program and introduced Edna Mayo, Charles Richman, Anita Stewart, Earle Williams, Edith Storey, Antonio Moreno, Jewell Hunt, Charles Kent, Mrs. Maurice, Bobby Connelly, Frank Daniels, Belle Bruce and Eleanor Woodruff as guests of honor. Quite a collection of celebrities for one afternoon!

We have with us this evening: Theda Bara and George Walsh (p. 35); Charles Craig (p. 39); G. Raymond Nye, Charles Mailes and Vera Sisson (p. 51); Jack Pickford (p. 68); Mary Pickford (p. 69); Charles Richman (p. 82) and Arline Pretty (p. 83); Richard Tucker and Vivian Perry (p. 117); Gail Kane (p. 134) and Richard Neil (p. 135); Mary Pickford and Eugene O'Brien (p. 180).

Vitagraph had better watch out! Mary Pickford has passed Earle Williams in the "Screen Masterpieces" contest, and Pearl White has passed Anita Stewart.

A Solution for the "Movie" Visitor Problem

By ALBERT MARPLE

ANY one who has ever had anything to do with the conducting of Motion-Picture-making establishments well knows that one of the very trying features about the business is the question of "taking care of the crowds."

Southern California is the retreat of the tourist. Pleasure-seekers go to that section from all parts of the country, and, upon arriving in that territory, the first thing most of them want to do is "to see the movies." They have heard scattered bits of information concerning the making of pictures, but they want to see the camera man turning the handle and the comedian "doing" the funny stunts. A comparatively short time ago, the larger Motion Picture factories in California opened their doors to the public, charging a trifling admission fee for the privilege of seeing how the work was done. The announcement of this "opening to the public" resulted in a regular stampede, and the managers of the different companies have been trying ever since to devise ways and means of successfully handling the crowds. When once inside the gates, the visitors seemed to consider the grounds their own and went where they pleased at the moment the spirit moved. They were in the executive offices, the property rooms, the dressing-room quarters—even on the stage, rambling around at will. There was no place too good for them, and very often it was a case of "I paid to get in and I'm going to see."

After several trying weeks and months of this "visitor" problem, the Universal Film Company has devised a very practical way of handling the crowds. This method consists of the erection of an observation gallery, about seventy-five feet from and along the entire length of the company's mammoth stage. This gallery is one of the finest things imaginable for the visitor, for, from the gallery, he looks down upon the stage and he does not have to push and "squeeze in" to see the actors at work, as was formerly the case. This gallery is 300 feet in length and 10 feet in width. The visitors are protected from the sun by an attractive awning.

Another important feature about this gallery is that it is made to serve two purposes, for beneath its entire length are dressing-rooms for the actors. There are twenty-eight dressing-rooms in all. The dressing-room section of this gallery is made of cement, while the observation section above is of wood. The entrance is at one end, the exit at the other, thus doing away with much of the crowding.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"

By GRAHAM BAKER

THERE are those among theatergoers today who can seareh baek in their memories and pieture again the opening night of George W. Lederer's "The Belle of New York," a eomie opera that played at the Casino Theater, New York, for a remarkable run. Many shows have been seen at the Casino sinee—sueeesses and failures—passing away unremembered into theatrical history; but "The Belle of New York" will never be forgotten, for at its premiere a new queen was enthroned in theaterdom—a new star plaeed in the histrionie eonstellation.

Prolonged annouueements preeeding the opening of "The Belle of New York" made elaborate meution of the girls, the tunes, this and that comie opera favorite, and this and that eomedian whose efforts would make the play a "hit." The theatrical world read and planned to see this musieal mélange.

Nowhere in the press or the magazines, however, was mention made of a pretty little girl, to whom the modest rôle of Violet Gray was assigned.

The erowds poured into the Casino; the orehestra swung into the overture; the eurtain rolled up. There were pretty girls—plenty of them—to please the baldheads in the front row. There were eomedians

cutting up their comic antics, and there was good, tuneful music, with good voices to sing it. So far the show was successful, with nothing in it to arouse good to look upon, and the audience awakened to the realization that before them was a slender girl favored by nature with personality, remarkable beauty, grace, charm and everything to make her lovable. Heads bent over the program to find out her name and raised undue enthusiasm. And then there appeared a little Salvation lassie who sang a modest little song and danced easily and gracefully. She was

instantly, that no chance to feast their gaze upon her might escape them.

When the lassie finished her song and retired to the wings, it seemed as tho she had taken with her the entire joy of the performance, as tho the scent had been removed from the flowery fragrance of the production.

Insistent applause, that would not content itself with mere bows from the girl, made her sing all the verses she knew of the song and dance all the steps she had learnt. The applause continued, and Lederer, in the wings, amazed that he had not been the first to discover the personality and beauty of the lass, forced her out again and again, until she had repeated her verses several times over. And the little girl who, in her moments of wildest hope, never dreamed that fame would thrust itself upon her so suddenly, so tumultuously, so insistently, went back to her tiny dressing-room when all was over and wept tears of joy.

In this manner did Edna May become a star overnight and start on a career that made her the most popular comic opera prima donna of two continents. Following that eventful night, she continued as the main attraction of "The Belle of New York," and then starred in production after production. At the height of her theatrical career in London she was wooed and won by a wealthy New York banker and left the legitimate forever.

But the lure of the silent drama has again brought Miss May into the theatrical limelight. She has just signed a contract with the Vitagraph Company, calling for her appearance in a single film production, for which she will receive a salary hitherto unheard of in the Motion Picture industry.

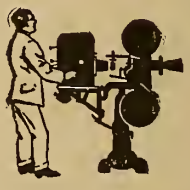
Charity is the motive that made Miss May sign the contract, for all the money she receives for her posing will be turned over bodily to the Red Cross and other worthy charities.

Albert E. Smith, treasurer of the Vitagraph, will have personal supervision of the picture in which she will appear, and no trouble and expense will be spared in making it a classic of the films.

At the height of her career Miss May had the enviable reputation of being the most beautiful woman in the world, and an opportunity to see her again will be anxiously awaited by those who remember and loved her as "The Belle of New York."

The Camera Man

By RALPH COOLE



High o'er the streets of the city
Letters of dazzling white,
Flashing the fame of a favorite,
Piercing the gloom of the night—
Name of a star of the movies,
Idol of filmdom's clan—
But never a light in the cluster
That shines for the camera man.

Knight of the box and the tripod,
Patient as patient can be,
Writing a pictured history
That all of the world may see—
Filming the glory of sunsets,
Brightening life's dreary span—
Yet, plaudits and cheers for the actor,
But none for the camera man.

Only an age-old story
Of fame and the limelight's glow;
The plodders go patiently onward,
The favorites come and go;
And never a picture would greet us
On the screen that is part of God's plan,
If the work was all left to the actors
And there wasn't a camera man.

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MARION W.—Yes; Gaby Deslys played in "Her Triumph" (Famous Players). Harold Lockwood had the lead in "Hearts Adrift." Yes; Marguerite Snow in "The Million-Dollar Mystery."

DORIS E. W.—So you didn't like the letter by Edith B. Archer. Sorry, you will have to have that out with her, and not with me.

MARY A.—No reason whatever. Consistency, thou art a mule!

HELEN J.—My, how angry you get! Calm yourself. I have nothing to do with the Letters to the Editor. Anyway, I have one good argument in favor of woman suffrage. Matters would certainly not be twice as bad if women voted, yet we could then blame them for half the trouble. I also have arguments con.

S. P., MEMPHIS.—No; Myrtle Gonzalez was the girl, and Natalie De Lontan was the wife in "Chalice of Courage." Norma Talmadge had the lead as the rich man's daughter in "The Battle Cry of Peace."

RITA H.—President Wilson has won two big victories lately. The bigger victory was in winning Mrs. Galt. The other one was in getting the Kaiser to let down on his vicious submarine policy. Germany having come across, Americans can now go across. Lasky claims Carlyle Blackwell.

BESSIE F.—That was an old picture with Anita Stewart and E. K. Lincoln. Thank you for the fine postal card views of your city. I am always glad to get your views.

JOSEPHINE K.—Francis Bushman is with Metro, and Beverly Bayne also.

MARJORIE I. P.—You say I "snap the heads off of some people." Dear me, no—not so bad as that, I hope. No; I cannot tell you whether Creighton Hale's hair is light or medium light. I'll get him to send me a lock and have it chemically tested. Albert Roscoe was Harry Anguish. No relation to Arbuckle.

GRACE M.—I do not care to give my opinion on that subject here.

DAPHNE D.—No; Anita Stewart and Earle Williams were not in California in July. You say "Marrying Money" did not do Clara K. Young justice.

KEYSTONE, L. A. H.—No, you will have to give the name of that play. The Ford car must have been named after Ford Sterling, because that is the only way I can account for so many funny stories about it.

PEGGY, 99.—Thanks for your letter. Will hand it to the Editor. Pronounce it *Lamb-le*. Yes; Mary Fuller walked the rope in "Circus Mary."

MISS K. L., LOS ANGELES.—Barbara Tennant is with World Film. Write to Paramount for their magazine. The Allies expected to have Turkey for New Year's, but they were disappointed.

SUSIE MONROE.—Mabel Trunnelle had the lead in "Shadows from the Past." Harry Mestayer was Jack in "The House of a Thousand Candles" (Selig). No; I am not a candidate for President of the United States. I absolutely refuse to run.

GERTRUDE HUNT.—Lewis Cody was Dick in "The Mating." Cora Drew was Mrs. Standish in "The Forged Testament."

MARGARET McC.—Mr. Bryan seems to be doing all he can to prevent this country from being prepared for war. He is so averse to war that he probably will not eat navel oranges. Marie Eline is the Kid and Helen Badgley is the Kidlet. Katherine Lee was the sister of Annette Kellerman in "Neptune's Daughter." Edna Purviance opposite Charles Chaplin in Essanay pictures.

FULLER-KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—I will send those bombs to you some time. Mary Fuller is with Imp. The drawing of me is very good.

HENRIETTA, RUSSELLVILLE.—Pathé pictures were formerly released thru General Film. Just before "The Exploits of Elaine" series. The Clayton girls are not sisters. "The Man of the Hour" (World).

THE HOOSIER GIRL.—Edith Halleran was the girl in "The Tiger Lily." Jack McCloskey was the little boy in "The Shanghaied Baby" (Lubin). Ilean Hume was Yvonne in "Ashes of Inspiration."

MAJOR H.—Very clever drawing. You dont understand that paragraph. Christian Lynton was the King in "The Puppet Crown" (Lasky). I like all the cartoons on the screen.

ETHELYN MAE.—All the players you mention are in New York. I believe Mary Miles Minter is about 18 or 19. Cynthia Day was Mary in "The Model." Let the faults of your friends be lost in the realization of your own, my dear.

FRANCES M.—So you think some day Darwin Karr will be more popular than Francis Bushman. I will wait.

CLARA B.—Send for a list of film manufacturers with addresses. Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phœnix, Ariz.

MILDRED Y.—No, dont write to me; tell those troubles to the Editor. Biograph are in the West now.

RUTH C.—You ask, "Does a woman with crooked teeth ever become an actress?" No, except for character parts. You should have minded your mother when you were young and had your teeth pulled. Mothers should compel their children to take care of their teeth. Crooked teeth can be straightened, however, or you can get an entirely new set if you dont like the ones Nature gave you.

AGRUS S.—Thomas Santschi in that Selig. He also directs.

DADDYDEAR'S GIRL.—Alphonse Ethier was the duke in "M. Lecoq" (Thanhouser). I do not know how much Kate Price weighs, but she is built more for comfort than for speed.

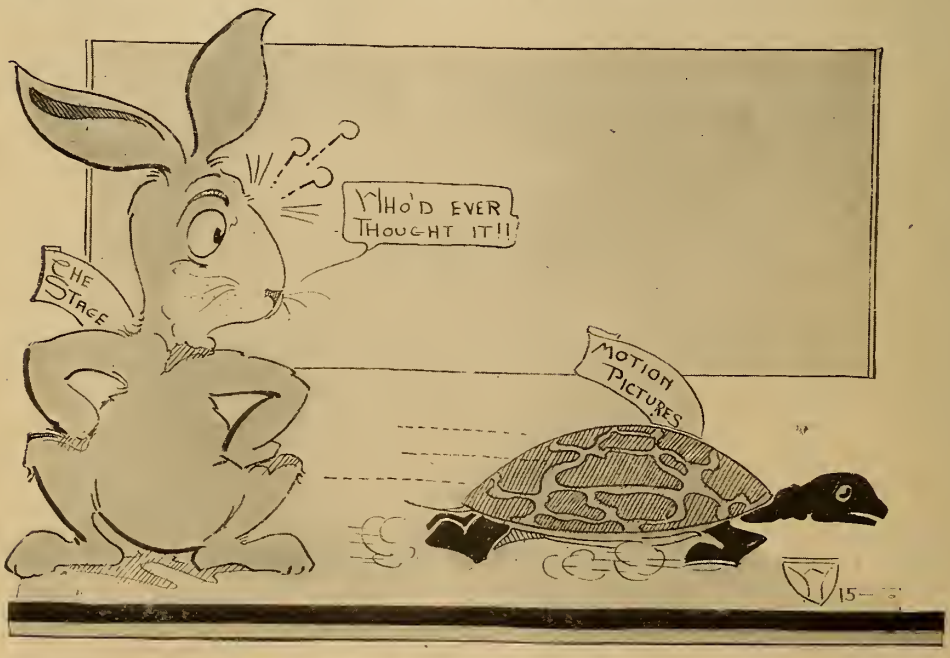
ELEANOR S.—How did you like the picture of Tom Forman? I believe there are several cities where Motion Pictures are not allowed to be shown on Sundays. Thus the prudes have made the day of rest the day of arrest.

PINKY, 17.—No, that player never married, as was first announced, and the latter is correct.

A. S.—Charlotte Mineau was Mary in "Rule Sixty-three." The Fourth of July is not a national holiday in the U. S. And neither is Christmas. All holidays are made by the States and not by the federal government.

HENRIETTA G. K.—I would advise you to get a copy of a scenario, so as to get the form, and then to write the scenario. You can get a sample scenario in our booklet, "Here Lies," which we sell for 25 cents, also in the "Primer" (50 cts).

DORA M.—Wait until you see Sarah Bernhardt in "Jeanne Doré"! And you must surely read the story of it in our January Classic—it's a corker!



"THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE"

Miss J. G.—Your letter is fine. You say that you asked all of those philosophical questions just to conceal your ignorance. Oh, no, quite the contrary, I assure you! Marin Sais was the girl in "Sattie Cain's Ghost." Robert Walker and Ellen Farrin in "The Lure of Mammon."

The MacMillan Company.—I received a copy of "Making the Movies," by Ernest A. Dench, and thank you for same. It is a nicely gotten up book, and each of the 177 pages is full of interesting information. The illustrations are good, and the book is well worth the $1.25 asked for it. Our readers all know Mr. Dench, and I am sure they can get this mass of information, all between two covers. I also thank you for the copy of "The Art of the Moving Picture," by Vachel Lindsay, which has 289 pages of intensely interesting matter. As the author says, "It might be entitled: 'How to Classify and Judge the Current Films,' " and it should have a strong influence on producers, photoplay-writers, actors and those who are about to prepare and endow pictures for special propaganda crusades. I think this is the best and most valuable book on the subject of photoplays that has yet appeared, and the price, $1.25, puts it within the reach of all. We have placed these books on sale as you will see from our advertisement.

Marion G.—Please bear in mind that if you are down on the gum-chewers, you are down on me. On guard! That was Johnnie Walker in "Her Happiness."

Marie M.—The verse is splendid. You need not be ashamed because you cried. It is only for sophists to pretend that we whose eyes contain the fountains of tears need never give way to them. Was it not John Halifax, gentleman, whose eyesight was saved by his tears, which flowed in such profusion when his torturers applied the red-hot irons? Tears were made to weep with.

Ethel P. R.—You would help me a great deal by putting all your questions one after the other in the beginning of your letter. S. M. Spedon is Vitagraph's publicity man. You say you would hate to be in his place. I dont know why—it's a soft spot.

WATCH OUT! IT'S ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, ALSO LEAP YEAR!

JOHNSON D.—You are certainly a wise one. If there is anything I admire, it is the chap who is smart enough to operate an automobile, but clever enough not to own one. Neither Isabel Rea nor Arthur Johnson is playing now.

LUCILLE HAMMILL'S ADMIRER.—Address Mary Fuller, care of Universal; Ella Hall, Western Universal, Hollywood, Cal.; and Ethel Clayton, Lubin Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Pearl White is with Pathé.

KATHLYN S.—"A Woman's Resurrection" is a Fox play. 'Most all Famous Players pictures are taken in the East.

LITTLE MARY.—Maud Allen was Emma in "The Soul of Broadway." Louise Fitzroy was the girl in "Jerry to the Rescue." Inda Palmer, H. L. Herbert and Geraldine O'Brien in "The Fisherwoman."

OLGA.—Ah, fly away, sweet flatterer! I wish I were half as wise as you think me. I would fain coin wisdom; that is, mould it into maxims, and epigrams that could easily be retained and transmitted. Perhaps you refer to Sis Hopkins. Kalem has her under contract.

A. W. KAY.—I cannot say whether he is married. Did you see our correction in a later issue?

NELLIE.—Edward José was the husband. Why, it was Mark Twain who said that the coyote was probably the loneliest animal in the world; even his fleas would desert him for a velocipede.

GEORGE F. M.—Leona Flugrath in "The Unwilling Thief." Thanks, dear friend, for your picture as Chaplin. You are quite a philosopher, George, and you remind me of Diogenes—all you need is a tub and a lantern.

EDITH JOHNSON (SELIG) ENJOYING A DIP IN THE OCEAN AT LOS ANGELES IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER

H. P. G.—Eugene Ormonde was Marcus, Ida Waterman was the aunt and Russell Bassett was Hamdi in "Morals of Marcus." J. W. Johnson was Steve in "The Virginian."

JUNIOR FAN.—You ask me which I would rather hear from, lunatic, lover or poet. I cannot see any difference between the three. Perhaps if you write to the World Film, they may sell you that picture. That's true.

TWO BIG BOOBS.—Paul Hurst was Dick in "The Prison Stain" (Kalem). Your verse was very touching. Thanks.

HOOSIER.—No, a wig. Yes, indeed, many will die today who never died before, but I expect to be writing this department for at least a quarter of a century more. Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers still play together.

DOROTHY S.—I dont care to answer such questions as "Has Charlie Chaplin been in the asylum?" "Is Theda Bara really very wicked?" You are in the wrong pew. No, to both questions, however.

BUDDY.—Romaine Fielding and Vinnie Burns had the leads in "The Great Lone Hand" (Lubin). Jewel Hunt and Arthur Cozine in "On with the Dance" (Vitagraph). Crane Wilbur is his real name. I have handed yours to the Editor.

P. Q. Z., MISSOULA.—You will have to sign your own name, please. Olga Petrova is with Metro. No, I have never visited a medium and dont want to. "Hello, central, give me heaven!" doesn't seem to me to be the way to converse with departed spirits.

CHARLES OF TROY.—Ruth Roland is with Balboa. You ask if the Catholics use canceled stamps by trading them for souls. I do not know what you mean, and it sounds disrespectful and sacrilegious. All religious sects use canceled stamps in one way or another.

INQUISITIVE BUTINSKY.—I agree with you, but how are you going to find out? You will have to write the author. Thomas Chatterton is with American. Carlyle Blackwell is with Lasky.

MAY EMORY FORD STERLING ALICE DAVENPORT

SCENE FROM "HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS" (KEYSTONE)

Mrs. H. H. D., Denver.—You say "Would not Harry Thaw's career be popular in pictures?" Perhaps so, but the screen often works by contraries. Jack Rose proved to be a Wandering Jew, Rainey's last pictures were dry, and Thaw would no doubt be a frost.

Letha G. M.—Address Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in care of Western Universal, Hollywood, Cal. Your letter was very interesting.

NO!— HE'S DIRECTING A COMEDY AND TRYING TO IMPRESS SOME FUNNY STUNTS ON THE ACTORS IN ORDER TO MAKE HIS PICTURE A SUCCESS!
IS HE REHEARSING HIS ACT ?

Consuelo.—Thanks for your Christmas letter. I see that the Limerick Editor says that my trousers are as wrinkled as my face. Sobeit! If I spent all the time that he does massaging his face and trousers I couldn't run a brain laundry for a million picture fans. I dont wax my mustache, either. Edwina Robbins is not playing now.

Barbara S.—Thanks very much for the souvenir. Very interesting.

Jacqui and Deetje.—Thanks for your pretty Holland card. I have two of them framed now. Cissy Fitzgerald is in "Keep Moving" (Kleine).

Helen K.—You say ignorance is bliss. I dont know about that, I never tried it. I cant say which is the better-looking, Pearl White or Grace Cunard; they are both beautiful creatures. Marguerite Courtot has left Kalem.

Louis H.—Thanks very much for the editorial which you sent me about the uplift of the business. I read it with interest.

Nellie.—You here so soon? The magnetic North Pole was plotted by Sir J. C. Ross in 1831. Universal are releasing Sarah Bernhardt films.

Anntonyo.—Robert Vaughn was the doctor in "Still Waters" (Paramount). Pedro De Cordoba was Escamillo in "Carmen" (Lasky). With a store of fresh and fragrant tobacco and a neat pile of new pipes from my admirers as Xmas tokens, I can promise you all new puffs of inspiration, added whiffs of happiness and gossamer rings of wit and friendship for the coming year.

Adrienne. — Marguerite Clayton is now playing in Eastern Essanay, and not opposite G. M. Anderson. I do not know whether Charles Chaplin is an artist, but I know that he draws well.

Mrs. E. D.—Powers produced "Snow White." Elsie Albert was Snow White. Nobody but likes to tell his troubles to others, nobody but dislikes to hear them—except me.

Nora C.—George Fischer was Jack in "The Darkening Trail." William Pike was Jim in "Salvation Nell." James Leslie was Sid in the same.

C. D. E.—Yours was a Letter to the Editor. So you think that my department is wholesome, has a good flavor, and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. Thanks, drink hearty!

Mrs. E. Q. H.—Yours was very interesting, and I enjoyed it hugely.

Togo.—Thomas Curran was the artist, and Mignon Anderson was the sister in "The Price of Her Silence." You think it is a sin for an old man like me to be working for $8.00 a week and to be nothing more than an Answer Man? Dear me, child, I'm proud of my position. Who else could and would do it for the price? None? Then I am entitled to a niche. So?

Claim No. 13.—William Lawrence was opposite Blanche Sweet in "For Those Unborn." "Double stars" occur in some cases, such as Othello and Iago in "Othello." "Julius Cæsar" is a rare example of a triple-star play, with Cæsar, Brutus and Antony.

MELVA.—Marshal Neilan opposite Mary Pickford in "A Girl of Yesterday." Gertrude Norman was the aunt.

VIVIAN J.—I am sorry to inform you, my dear, that the player you mention is married. I told you this before, but you would not believe it. It is easy to believe that which we wish or hope for earnestly, and we discard easily the truth that gives us pain. Try and pin your affections elsewhere. Chester Barnett opposite Clara K. Young in "The Heart of the Blue Ridge" (World).

GRACE M.—Write Norma Talmadge in care of Triangle. I am sorry. Vitagraph have a new rule now, and that is they will not allow visitors.

LONE WOLF.—Frank Elliott was the lord in "Nearly a Lady." Warda Howard was Grace in "The Outer Edge."

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION. VIEWING "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE"

Bessie Rhodes.—I was very glad to hear from you, Bessie R. You write a wonderfully fine letter for a child 9 years old. I like children, and I am sure I would like you. One of my best friends is a little boy about your age, and he amuses me very much. He says that dust is mud with the water squeezed out; that a fan is a thing to brush warm off with; that ice is water that has stayed out in the cold and gone to sleep; that a pig is a hog's little boy; that salt is what makes your potatoes taste bad when you dont put any on; that snoring is letting off sleep; and that wakefulness is eyes that are all the time coming unbuttoned. Isn't he a wonder?

Henry C., Kingston.—Your case is like most others; you run into debt, and limp out. Try Kalem. And you persist in calling me a girl. That makes me feel kittenish when you say that.

J. W. K., Redwood.—Mary Ruby was the young girl in "Captain Jenny, U. S. A." Hazel Buckham with Western Vitagraph.

Anita S. and Do Do.—Your letters were very long, but clever.

Johnny Mouse.—You're entirely welcome. Glad you like the Club.

Beryl N. W.—Nothing is original. What we call originality is either unconscious or undetected imitation. Charles Inslee is with Kalem.

TO THE PICTURE PIANIST

Oh, goddess of the sweet piano keys,
  Thy lilting lure is greater than thou reck;
Unless mine ears are tuned to harmonies,
  Mine eyes are closed—the pain grows in my neck!

Artie F.—Well, Beverly Bayne is still with Quality, releasing thru Metro. William Elliott and Marie Empress in "When We Were Twenty-one."

Julia P. W.; Josephine P.; Ethel M. A.; G. C. B.; Florence B.; John Q. D.; and Vale M.—Your letters were great, but you are pretty long-winded, and you dont ask many questions. Most of them have been answered before, so you leave nothing for me to say but—thanx.

Henry E. K.—Lillian Walker is playing for Vitagraph samezever, and G. M. Anderson is with Essanay. Thanks for fee.

Billie M.—Yes, send along your photo. I have quite a collection of photos, cards and remembrances sent me in the past four years, and I am very proud of them.

Marie S.—You want to know if I am an American or what? You say that you sometimes think that I am a fiery Italian, or a cunning Indian, or an assertive Englishman, or a mercurial Irishman, or a phlegmatic German, or a gallant Frenchman, or a sharp Yankee, or a patient Chinaman, or an absorbing Hebrew, or a lazy negro, or an ambitious Jap; but that I am probably an American, which is a mixture of all. My hat is off, mademoiselle. Charles Clary is with Lasky, and William Clifford is with Horsley. The Drews have left Vitagraph.

Olga, Everett.—Of course you cant help it if your name is Olga. Who said you could? Jack Pickford was the boy in "The Pretty Sister of José."

Mystic Muriel.—William Shay opposite Violet Mersereau in "Peg o' the Wilds." Gene Hathaway is with Rex. Lillian Langdon was Alice's aunt in "Kindling" (Lasky). No answer to your last.

F. P. T.—You sent only the stamp, not the envelope. Valeska Suratt is with Lasky, and Virginia Pearson with Fox.

Mazie T.—Sorry, but I cannot make out your writing. It is what Mrs. Malaprop would call an "ineligible hand." Perhaps, like her, you cannot descend to the pitiful minutiæ of crossing t's and dotting i's; but, while a nuisance, I find them a convenience when reading letters. Thomas Carrigan with Metro.

Thomas F. F., Newport.—No, we have never had a picture of Stuart Holmes. He played in "Princess Romanoff" and "Should a Mother Tell?"

Virginia Vanderhoff.—Yes, but dont call me "dear old grasshopper," please, for if you do I might jump on you. Thanks very much for the diary. Just what I needed. Those troubles are greatest which never come, so dont meet sorrow half way.

Millie T. C.—So I hurt your feelings, did I? Alas, alack, I repent and I kiss your boots. Mary Pickford has decided to remain with Famous Players for another year. She is now one of the owners of that company.

NELLIE.—Thanks for remembering me. I am sure if you write to Lillian Walker she will answer you. She is a lovely girl and very sympathetic.

MAE G.—So you enjoyed the story of "Zaza" in our Classic better than the film play. Thanks to you, but that is often the case. Ruth Saville opposite G. M. Anderson in "Too Much Turkey." Maude Granger was the aunt in "Zaza."

ELLA H., WORCESTER.—You seem to know a whole lot. But remember that one pound of knowledge requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it. I think you are short a few pounds of the latter. Try Universal Co., Hollywood, Cal., for that picture.

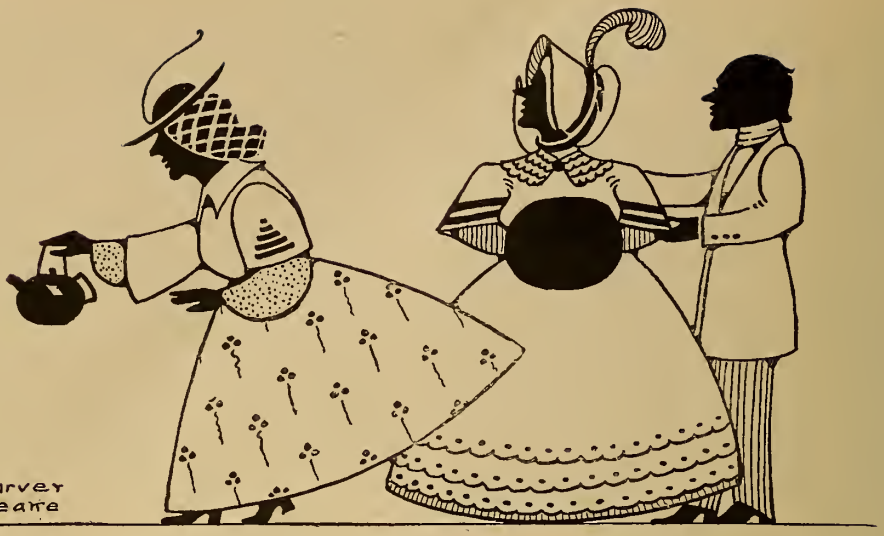
ELOISE L.—Signora Eugenie Tettoni was Love in "Last Days of Pompeii." I believe Anthony Novelli is playing in Paris. Alma Reuben was Olivia and Juan de la Cruz was Malcolm. In "Princess Romanoff" Stuart Holmes was Vladimir. Famous Players took "Redemption of David Corson." Thanks very much.

FOREIGN, UNSIGNED.—Lawrence White was Marquis de Lafayette in "Friend Wilson's Daughter." Lasky's studio is in Los Angeles. It was Commodore Perry who said "We have met the enemy and they are ours," and it was Captain Lawrence who said "Dont give up the ship."

JANET MCM.—I dont hear so much about the Correspondence Club any more. I believe Romaine Fielding is still secretary. Ernest Truex was the boy in "Good Little Devil." He is now on the stage again.

DANIEL B.—Dear me, no; G. M. Anderson was not in prison for a theft. No! What next? Yes, a good deal depends upon appearances. In France they ask, "Who are you?" in England, "Who is your father?" in America, "How much have you?" New Fox studio at Flushing, L. I.

WILLIE (to camera man)—Say, mister, where's your monkey?



Polly, put the kettle on, and let it boiling be,
The while we go across the street a Motion Play to see,
And when we all get home again we'll want a cup of tea.

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL.—Edward Z. Roberts is with Centaur Company. You are perfectly right. I detest talking aloud in the picture theater, and I wonder that some of the managers do not utilize the talking powers of some of their patrons as a motor for sewing machines, by connecting their chins with the wheels.

ELIZABETH C.—That's right, patronize our advertisers when you can. Sweet are the uses of advertisements. You are right, it is. William Garwood is with the Western Universal now. You have the wrong title on that Beauty.

MARIE B.—The Editor is preparing a chat with Theda Bara. Oh, yes, candy is all right if it helps to sweeten the disposition.

NELLIE.—You here again? Yes, in January. Antonio Moreno in "Island of Regeneration." So you like the V. L. S. E. program best. There are all kinds of programs now, and it is hard to see them all.

MEM S.—Helen Eddy was Red Virgin in "The Red Virgin." Wallace Reid was the actor opposite Geraldine Farrar in Lasky's "Carmen." I think there is no doubt that W. Chrystie Miller is the most popular old gentleman that the screen ever saw.

MRS. J. P. M.—Harry Keenan, Louise Glaum and Herschall Mayall had the leads in "The Toast of Death." Naomi Childers is with Vitagraph. She is about to marry, altho she is going to continue her playing.

J. WALTER J.—Theda Bara has played in "Sin," "A Fool There Was," "The Galley Slave," "Two Orphans," "Carmen" and others.

T. W. G., WASHINGTON.—You are right, it is not good that man should be alone—buy a dog. Viola Alberti was with Selig last. Blanche Cornwall isn't playing at present. Edna Fisher is not playing, either. E. K. Lincoln is with Lubin.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Thanks for your kind remembrance. Always glad to hear from you, Virginia V., because you write cleverly.

R. F. LUMBER JACK.—Thanks for yours. You think I ought to have a raise. So do I, but nobody else around here seems to think so. *Berg* is German for mountain; bjerg, Scandinavian for the same. No, I am not what you think I am.

CHA, CHA.—No record of the Foy boys. Character is what you make for yourself; reputation is what others make for you; popularity is often the trick of making reputation look like character.

LOUISE M. B.—Anna Little was Virginia in "The Battle of Gettysburg" (N. Y. M. P.) Gretchen Hartman in "The Tides of Retribution" (Biograph). Ethel Clayton in "The Great Divide" (Lubin.) Hobart Henley was Stuart Duncan in "The Guilded Son" (Gold Seal).

TX4546.—Sounds like a conductor's number. Writing letters to me will strengthen your opinions, while reflection and meditation will confirm them. So you like the Classic very much. Isn't that odd? The next will be a beauty.

EILEEN M. R.—You want a chat with Bobby Connelly. A picture of the Fairbanks twins in June 1915 issue. House Peters in "The Great Divide." Jackie Saunders and Jack Livingston had the leads in "A Woman of the Sea" (Balboa).

KATHRYN B.—Marie Weirman is with Imp. Gladys Brockwell with Reliance. You want a little information about Flora Finch. Well, she was born in England, was married in Liverpool, played for Griffith in Biograph, also with Pathé, and then went with Vitagraph. At present she is not playing.

ANTONIO ADMIRER.—Gertrude Norman was the grandmother of Marguerite in "The Pretty Sister of José." Walker Whiteside was David in "The Melting Pot." Albert Roscoe was the father.

O. C. T.—You refer to Jewel Hunt in "On with the Dance." Wheeler Oakman was Bruce in "The Rosary" (Selig). Eulalie Jensen in "The Wheels of Justice" (Vitagraph).

FLORENCE M. H.—Thanks for your information. I believe you are right. There will be five eclipses in 1916, the greatest being on Feb. 3—a total eclipse of the sun, visible at Chicago at 9.16 A. M.

BARNWELL R. M.—Richard Cotton was Daniel in "Hearts and Roses." Mary Crouse was Dixie in "Poet and Peasant" (Lubin). Percy Winter was colonel in "The Actors' Boarding House." Elsie Greeson was Mattie in "Red's Sisters" (Selig). Others later.

JACK W.—I fear I cannot answer your question authoritatively, but I can give you the result of a canvas of 28 leading American novelists who were asked to name the best six novels in the English language, which was as follows: Vanity Fair, Tom Jones, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, Lorna Doone, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and Tristram Shandy. John Lorenz was Dr. Rockwell in "The Destroyer" (Essanay). L. Rogers Lytton was John in "To Cherish and Protect." Mary Martin in "A Wonderful Adventure."

D. L. S.—Truly Shattuck was with Triangle, Jack Standing and Bruce McRae with N. Y. M. P. Co., Cecile Arnold in Keystone.

KATE DE S.—I believe you can get a copy of "Heights of Hazard" in any book store. Estelle Coffin was the girl in "The Blood Test" (Universal).

BETTY H.—Myrtle Stedman and Jack Conway in "The Valley of the Moon." Charles Waldron in "Dave Hardy." Arthur Donaldson and Beulah Poynter in "Hearts of Men." Herbert Standing was gipsy chief in "Kilmeny." Ray Johnston was Fred in "The Game" (Thanhouser).

R. W. L.—Thomas Santschi and Frank Clark as Alec and Dextry in "The Spoilers." Yes, treaties are usually written in French, and French was formerly the language used by all diplomats.

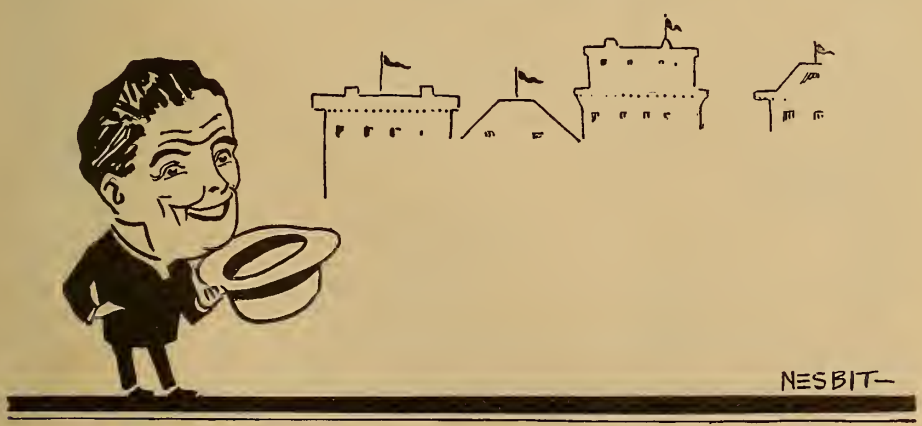
ELSIE M.—Conway Tearle opposite Marguerite Clark in "Seven Sisters." Vera Sisson is still with Biograph, Mary Fuller with Victor.

FOUR DEUCES.—We had a chat with Marguerite Clark in July, 1915. Anita King opposite Victor Moore in "Snobs" (Lasky). Ernest Joy and Constance Johnson in the above as the lawyer and sister. Dustin Farnum in Triangle. Agnes Vernon in "The Dancer."

HAZEL T. C.—You can fool all the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all of the time, but the person who is fooled every day in the week is yourself.

PUSSY W.—I have handed yours to the Editor. It was very bright—what do you use, Old Dutch Cleanser?

GORD B.—Thanks awfully. Mildred Platz was the actress in "The Plague Spot" (Vitagraph). Elliot Dexter was David and Frank Losee was Sir Brice in "The Masqueraders."



Sing a song of sixpence, a pocketful of change;
Four-and-twenty movie houses, all in easy range.
When their doors are opened, to one I'll surely go;
I dont care which one it is, for each has a *reel* show.

MARGARET K. T.—So you like little Mary Anderson. Yes, she is very good. She is not related to the elder and famous Mary Anderson of stage fame. Yes; Theda Bara was very pretty in "The Galley Slave." And Stuart Holmes is a splendid villain, you say. Can a villain be?

MELVA.—Fania Marinoff and John Mackin in "Lure of Mammon" (Kalem). I agree with you entirely. I keep a card index system and it contains about 15,000 cards for reference.

PRUNELLA.—George Beranger was Ben in "The Bride of the Sea" (Reliance). Ruth Stonehouse had the lead in "White Lies" (Essanay). Bryant Washburn was Gerald in "The Helping Hand."

THOMAS T., CLEVELAND.—I do not know whether to take your letter as complimentary or abusive. Please give me no "faint praise." Speak up, or shut up. I am just as happy to hear the bad things as well as the good things, but perhaps the former do me the most good. Dorothy Kelly in that Vitagraph.

M. E. G., OKLA.—You ask me to answer this question, "If three men, one of them a colored man, and the other a female, set out simultaneously for the movies, at the village 9 meters distant, which'll get there first?" I have thought the matter over carefully and decided to bet on the female, provided she was a man. Edwin Carewe is directing for Rolfe. He used to play with Ormi Hawley.

MISS S. S. ST. JOHN.—Your letter was really brilliant. Gypsy Abbott had the lead in "St. Elmo." Anita Stewart was Viola in "The Juggernaut."

ALINE I.—No, I dont consider it wrong to write to the players. I wish you people wouldn't write to me for positions as players. That's out of my line, and I am not in a position to help anybody get a position. Do you grasp the situation? That's the only situation I can get for you. See the Answer Lady's department.

L. K. B. Fox.—Wheeler Oakman was Bruce in "The Rosary" (Selig). Eulalie Jensen was Rita in "The Wheels of Justice" (Vitagraph). Page and House Peters are brothers.

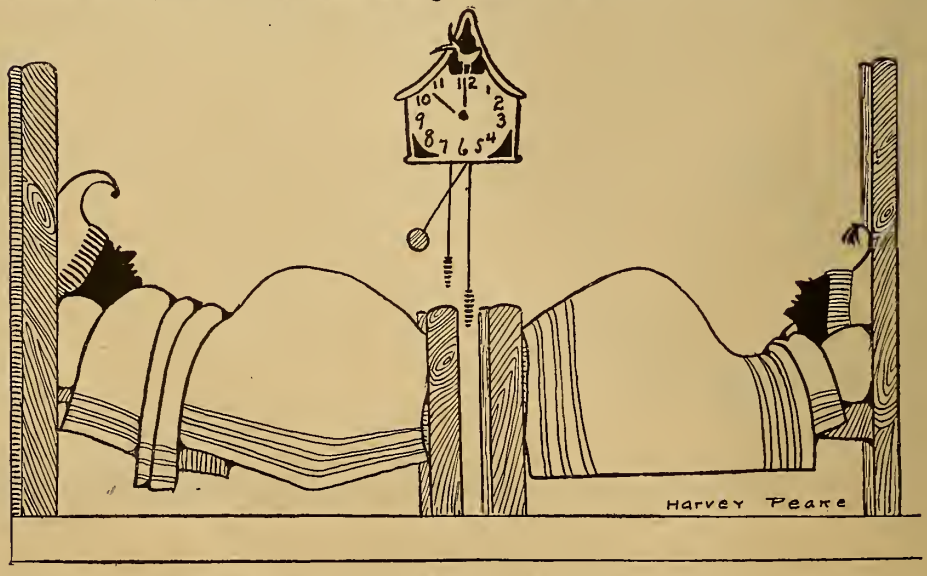
DOROTHY K.—Thank you and I wish you the same. Marie Doro is now with Lasky. She was with Fine Arts.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Thanks, and thanks again for the cigars and also the booklet. Both were great. It was bully of you to think of me. When are you coming to New York? Notes falling due on Sunday or on a legal holiday must be paid the following day.

CHARLES G. M.—Thanks for the clippings. Stop in when you come.

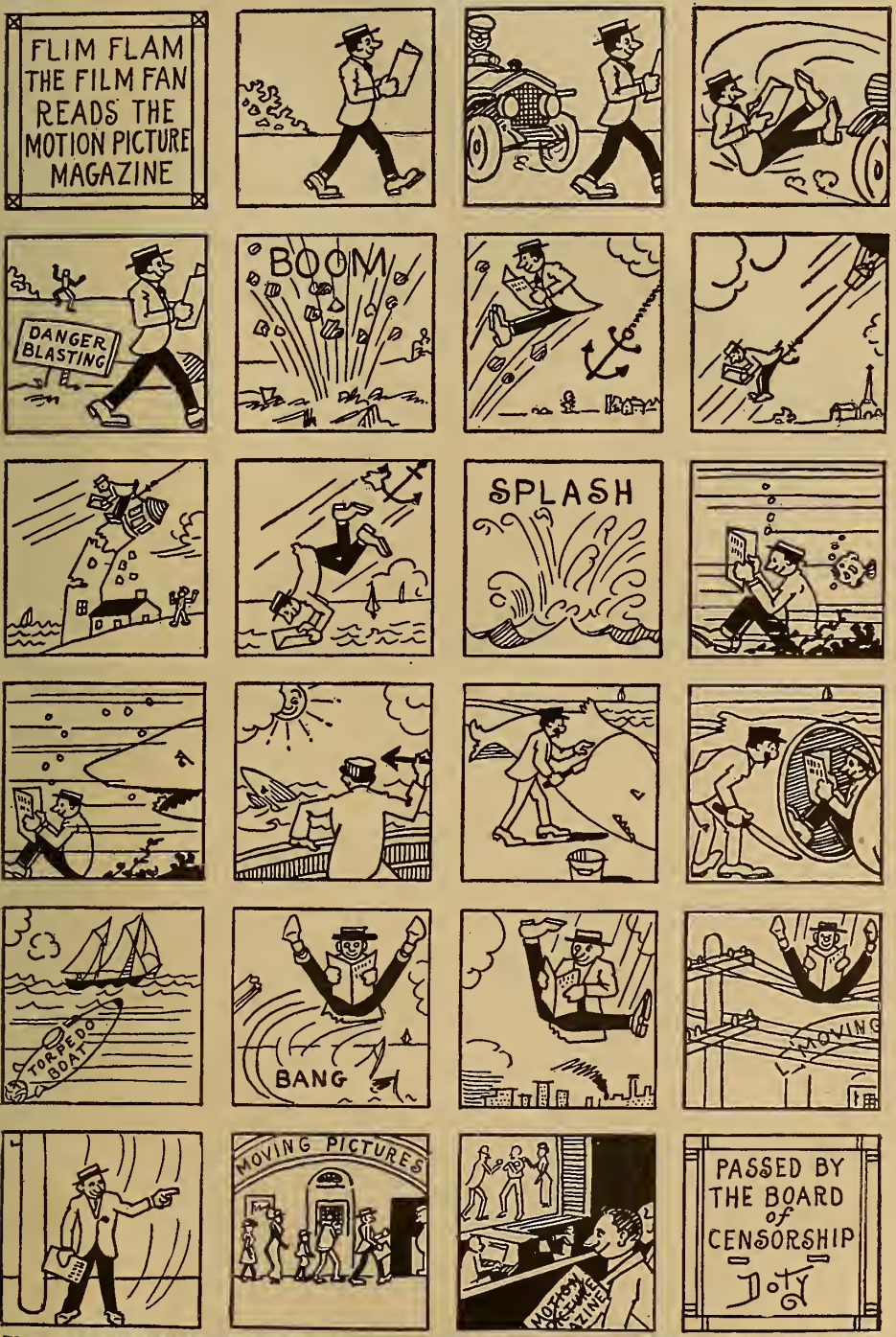
LITTLE MARY.—Yes, I was 75 on the 5th of January. Getting young fast. I want to thank you and all my readers who so kindly remembered me. That was Helen Weer in "Siren's Song" (World). Dorothy Phillips was Ruth in "A Bachelor's Christmas" (Universal). I am very sorry to hear you were in an accident. That was a real Jap baby in "Madame Butterfly."

DYAL FROM DIXIE.—So you think I mingle a little folly with my wisdom. I wish I was as sure of the latter as I am of the former. So you want a picture of Carlyle Blackwell in the Gallery. I will see if I cant put it thru for you.



Robin and Richard were two pretty men, who lay in bed till the clock struck ten; Then hied them off for the rest of the day, to enjoy themselves at the Picture Play.

THE ADVENTURES OF FLIM FLAM, THE FILM FAN



Doctor Foster went to Gloucester in the rain and snow;
Five miles he went, but his mind was bent on seeing a Picture Show.

MARTIN B. J.—I liked your criticism, except that you do not seem to realize that there is some good in everything and in everybody. Most critics are like flies, that pass over our good parts and light only on our sores. Most critics create discouragement when what most people need is encouragement. Crane Wilbur is 26 years old, and he has been an actor on the stage for nine years and a photoplayer for three.

W. W. P.—Why dont you send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers? You may submit synopses. I really cant answer your other question. Nay, nay—not that, not that!

MRS. LILLIAN K.—You should read the paragraph at the beginning, please. Candy is all right if it helps to sweeten the disposition. Chewing gum?—ah!

MYSTIC MURIEL.—So you liked Edith Storey in "The Dust of Egypt. Glad you have joined the merry throng. Janet Henry was the girl, and Frank E. McNish the postmaster in "Postmaster of Pineapple Plains" (Falstaff). Margaret Gibson is with Horsley.

MABE, 18.—No, no, that was not Bobbie Harron. They're off the track. I notice that questioners with little queries often have a long and roundabout way of going about it. Condense your questions like milk, and they wont spill all over the shop.

GISELLA R. W.—I enjoyed your talk immensely, but you said very little about the pictures. Thank you, but I would rather have your I-O-U than that you have my U-O-ME.

BERNICE B. S.—I am sorry, but I haven't a copy of that prayer. Never heard of Walter McGinn. But he may be, at that. So you want a picture of me, Bernice? Why do you persist in spoiling things? When you see my picture once, all will be off between us!

CONSUELO.—On one condition will I do whatever you require. The condition is that you never ask me for anything. Address Pedro de Cordoba, in care of Lasky. Merely two or three requests for a chat or photo in the Gallery are not often complied with by the Editor. He tries to accommodate everybody, but cannot. Where a whole lot of people want anything, they always get it and get it quick.

COUNTESS OLGA, 17.—I am glad you started the New Year by writing to me often again. You are a wonder, Countess, and I kiss your feet.

CLARA P. R.—Arthur Johnson is not playing at present. You ask me how to rid your pet dog of his fleas. My columns are not devoted to dogs, nor even to fleas, but I can suggest an effective remedy: Fill your bathtub with boiling water; immerse the pet dog, being careful that only the end of his tail protrudes above the water. The fleas will crawl up on it one by one and hop off. The dog may drown, but you will have succeeded in relieving him of his fleas.

I. B. INTERESTED.—Fay Wallace was Molly in "The Cave Man." Alan Campbell wrote "The Dust of Egypt." I am of German descent also, but I will submit to your request.

FAY H.—Write to the Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C., and he will send you blank forms for copyright.

Finish This Story for Yourself—

For the first time—this girl—starved of pleasure and of pretty clothes—looked into the dance hall, yellow lighted, noisy, hot steaming—but gay—gay and filled with girls and men—who to her loneliness looked good. That night she went—and then—but let the rest of her story be told by

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WALTER H. W.—I agree with you absolutely. I believe that that Fox was taken in New York. I am not much on Fox-hunting or I would look it up for you. Mary Fuller was born in Washington.

MRS. E. M. K.—I have handed your letter to the Editor. Christmas falls on Monday this year, and New Year's Day on Saturday. Isn't that queer? Marry!

LILLAS ST. C.—Thanks very much for that lovely picture of you. That was a real bull-fight in "Carmen."

HERMAN.—Yes; "The Battle Cry of Peace," I contend, is a wonderful piece of work. You must not compare it with other plays. As a drama, it was not to be compared with "The Christian"; as a spectacle, it was not to be compared with "Cabiria"; as a story, it was not to be compared with "The Birth of a Nation"; as a picturized novel, it was not to be compared with "Les Miserables"; as a love story, it was not to be compared with "Love's Sunset"; as an allegory, it was not to be compared with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." But in some respects it was greater than all of these, because it contained a little of each, and in each case that little was great. We must consider this film as a preachment or propaganda. It was an educational, a drama, a patriotic sermon, a story, and a prophecy all in one. It marks an epoch in the film industry and in history.

ELSIE F.—But why do you write to the American News Co.? Address Pearl White, in care of Pathé, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.

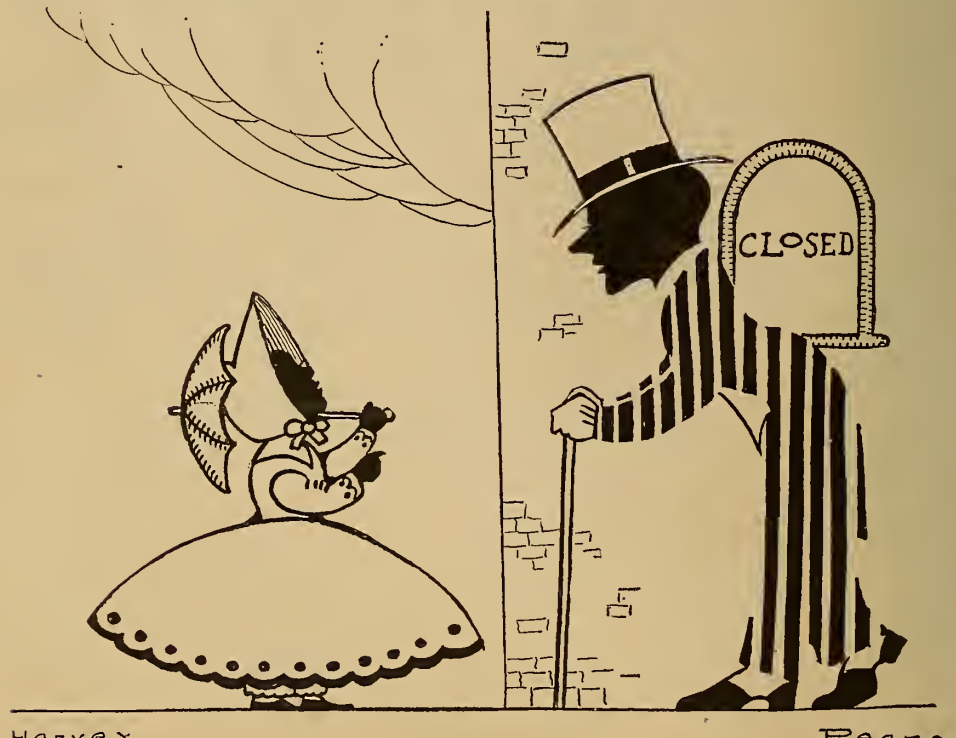
FRANK R.—You can reach Hal Clements in care of Lasky. Yes, there is something true in all that is false, and something false in all that is true.

MRS. R. S. B.—Beverly Bayne is not married. That's very true; if told to take a back seat, a man will invariably take affront.

NELLIE H., SAN DIEGO.—Edward Coxen and Molly Shafer in "Just as It Happened." Yours was pretty long-winded, but I managed it, however, and still live. Dont you ever use a muffler? Write again, but dont forget the brakes.

DOROTHY J.—I am glad to hear that the contest pleased you. Dont believe all you hear. Truth walks; gossip runs; scandal flies. One untruth let loose can wing around the world while truth is barely reaching the first believer's door.

STOR-NAN.—You want an interview with Ormi Hawley. I cant compile your statistics for you, but this may help: Roscoe Arbuckle weighs 295; Kate Price, 210; Marguerite Clark, 95; Hughie Mack, 340.



A dillar, a dollar, a ten-o'clock caller, what makes you come so soon?
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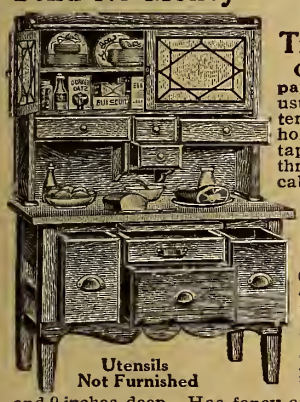

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ROBERT W., JR.—Graham Velsey was Robert in "Dr. Rameau." Kathlyn Williams had the lead in "The Rosary." Edmund Breese and Kathlyn Adams in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Thanks.

ERIC B.—I would advise you to write to one of Los Angeles' leading newspapers.

DIANE, 20.—You are always seeking advice from me, but you accept it only when it confirms your own opinions. What you want is not advice, but approbation. And there are thousands of others like you—aching for appreciation. Thomas Holding was David in "The Eternal City" (Famous Players). Ruth Roland (Balboa).

CENSORSHIP
THE PERSON WHO INSISTS UPON EXPLAINING THE PICTURES
THE WOMAN WHO KEEPS HER HAT ON
THE MANAGER WHO PADS HIS PROGRAM WITH A DOZEN REELS OF ADS
ST. HELENA

A FINE COLONIZATION SCHEME

PUSSY WILLOW.—I liked your letter. It was bright. You think that Mary Pickford's face seems to say "Dont you love me any more?" that Francis Bushman's face seems to say "Brace up, man, why, you've got years of glorious life before you yet"; Earle Williams' "It's perseverance and hard work that carry a person successfully thru life"; Anita Stewart's "Isn't it the cutest little thing you ever saw"; Mabel Normand's "I aint afraid to tell your mother on you if you throw that pie, smarty"; Charlie Chaplin's "Ha, ha, listen to the charming prattle of the little child"; Mabel Trunnelle's "Life is glorious."

COUNTESS OLGA, 17.—Your esoteric cogitations were edifying, but your epistle was burdened with a superfluity of platitudinous ponderosity. In other words, your letter was ripping.

JACK BARRY.—Thanks for your letter, also picture.

M. H., CANADA.—James Cruze with Lasky. Vivian Rich is with American. Charles Arling and Edna Mayo in "The Quest of the Sacred Gem" (Pathé). Gertrude Short and George Holt had the leads in "The Little Angel of Canyon Creek" (Vitagraph).

THE QUESTIONER.—George Larkin and Ann Drew in "Black Leopard." George Larkin is with Gaumont. Oh, I keep my loving cup down on my desk at the office. No, I do not talk to the cat all day. I really have work to do, at times.

KATHERINE E. W.—Yes, Alice Joyce. "Hogging the camera" is expressive studio slang. When a photoplayer tries always to get in the foreground and to monopolize all the best stage business, he or she is "hogging the camera."

ANNA MAE.—I know of no Anna Mae Bradford playing in pictures.

JOSEPH E. M.—I believe you refer to "The Painted World." It was a bit gruesome, but powerful. Enid Markey in "The Iron Strain."

STUART H., CEDARCROFT.—Rex de Roselli and Marie Walcamp in "The Jungle Master" (Universal). King Baggot and Arline Pretty in "Human Hearts" (Universal). Ray Gallagher and Edna Maison in "Their Island of Happiness." Irene Hunt and Vester Pegg in "How the Kid Went Over the Range."

MARION T. C.—You ask, "Suppose two trains, each the same length, and each going a mile a minute. Either one would pass a post in a certain time, but would they pass each other as soon?" Yes, same time, I think.

RAY G. HULBURT.—By what authority, sir, do you address me as "Dear Sir or Madam?" If you want to get a civil answer, dont intimate that I might belong to the other sex. You question my statement that the average number of teeth is 32. You say you know a number of persons with none apiece, and quite a lot of other persons with only a few teeth among them; and you ask "Doesn't it strike you that in order to bring the average up to 32, somebody must have an awful mouthful?" Yea, verily, it doth.

EDNA H.—Heap much thanks. You refer to Alleen Faye, of Gaumont in France, Kinemacolor in England, and she has been with Edison, Universal and Fox.

ANTOINETTE G.—Thanks, also. I occasionally receive an agreeable letter. Yours, for instance. Yes, but John Bunny left only about $6,500.

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Your help needed to meet tremendous demand of 30,000 theatres changing program daily and clamoring for SOMETHING NEW. If you attend the movies you know the kind of ideas wanted. New writers, if they possess imagination, are *encouraged.* It's IDEAS that count, not previous experience or special education. Your chance to succeed is as good as anybody's. Write today for my 32-page free booklet, "How to Write Photoplays."

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Name .....
(Write Plainly)

Address .....

P. K. R.—Ann Schaefer was born in St. Louis, Mo., and therefore she is probably not the same young lady your mother knew. I have held your question this long waiting to get the desired information. The Editor has just obtained a chat with Ann Schaefer, and in it she says nothing of Massillon, O. Why not write her?

W. Bernard.—What you want is an encyclopedia and not an Answer Man. Kindly let me off.

Jacqui and Deetje.—I was so glad to get your snap-shot. Thanks. Yes, she was Kathlyn Kerrigan. Yes, that was Mrs. Sidney Drew. Edna Mayo was the girl in "The Quest of the Sacred Gem." Your other titles are wrong.

Several Inquirers.—If you did not find the expected answer here, it may be because: (1) The question has been answered before; (2) it may have been answered in the Classic; (3) the letter may not have contained your real name and address; (4) the questions may not have been according to Hoyle. I may not have been able to answer at the time and laid it aside for later attention.

Virginia Vanderhoff.—You say that our magazine has it on all of the other Motion Picture publications a hundred different ways. Have you just discovered that, Virginia?

G. S. J.—I must say the colored portrait you submitted was a wonder. Go to the head of the class.

Mrs. J. D.—Write to Essanay for a picture of Henry Walthall. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew also have left the Vitagraph.

Mrs. E. F.—Cant help you. Terza Bey was Princess Jeneka in "The Slim Princess" (Essanay).

MOVIE CONVERSATION IN BOSTON.

May—Oh, mother, I just love the movies—they are awful interesting.

Mother (reprovingly)—You should not say you *love* the movies, say *like*. Do not say *awful*, say *very*. And the word *Oh* should be omitted. Now repeat the sentence correctly.

May—I like the movies; they are very interesting.

Mother—That's better.

May (with disgust)—Sounds 's if I was just talking about some ordinary old show!

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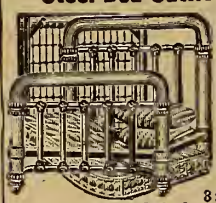

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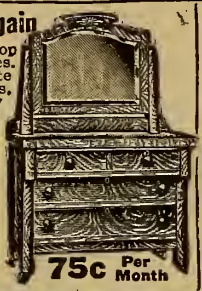

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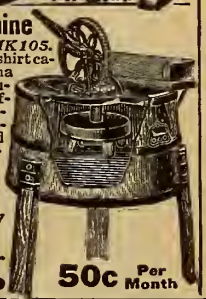

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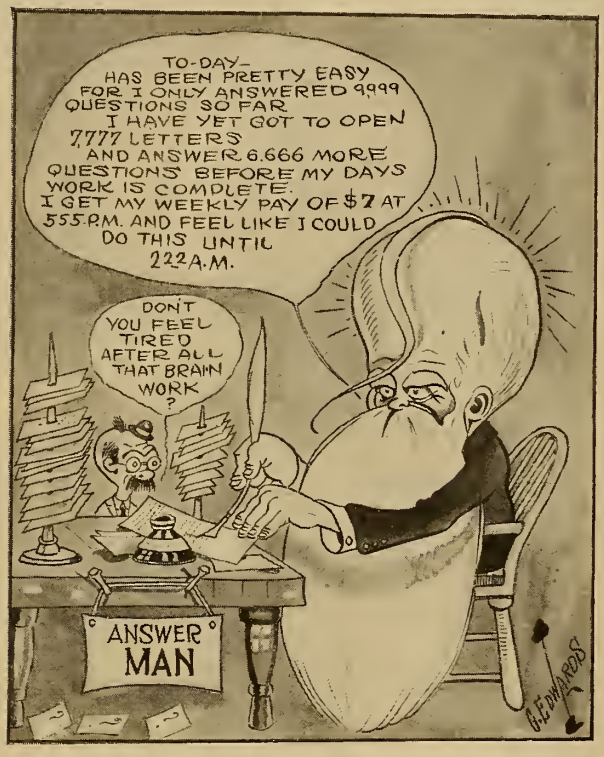
I. M. A. B.—Lou-Tellegen is with Famous Players. Glad to get yours. Dorothy Davenport is now playing opposite Francis Ford in "The Palace of a Thousand Tears."

Bernice, S. B'klyn.—You want a picture of Gladys Marshall. Will tell the Editor.

C. R. Lynn, U. S. S. Rhode Island.—Excuse me, admiral, but I have just got around to you. You are right—DeKoven wrote "Robin Hood" and Eugene Cowles sang in it. I know it because I heard him and because you say so.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HAS BEEN PRETTY EASY
FOR I ONLY ANSWERED 9999
QUESTIONS SO FAR.
I HAVE YET GOT TO OPEN
7777 LETTERS
AND ANSWER 6666 MORE
QUESTIONS BEFORE MY DAYS
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DO THIS UNTIL
222 A.M.
DONT YOU FEEL TIRED AFTER ALL THAT BRAIN WORK ?
ANSWER MAN
G.E. DWARDS

Hazel Nut.—You really ought to start a magazine of your own, and you should be the Answer Man and Editor combined. Why dont you send in some of your stuff to the Editor "at usual rates"? If he likes it as well as I do, you will soon get rich. I do not know why the Drews left Vitagraph, nor do I know how much salary Drew drew; but I know it was sufficient to eat three meals a day and pay his laundry bill. He not only drew a salary, but he got a percentage of the profits on every film he made.

Australia.—Earle Williams' photo appeared in February, 1916. Ernest Shield is with Nestor. Charles Richman had the lead in "The Battle Cry of Peace" and Henry Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation." Your letter was very interesting. I agree with you.

Amelia H.—Yours was like a brimming bowl of joy. Questions all answered above, so I pass regretfully on to the next.

Dadedeer.—Your pictures were indeed handsome. I was glad to get them. I hope you are much better now.

Noah's Newark.—No, my dear, Henry Walthall is not a deaf-mute, and I dont know who is. Sorry you had to close so early. You should keep open longer. Blanche Sweet in "The Blacklist," Charlotte Walker with "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Fannie Ward in "Tennessee Pardners." These are their latest.

Nellie.—William Shay was Chevalier de Vandrey in "The Two Orphans." Let me see your handwriting oftener.

Mrs. Van T., Hotel Theresa.—Thanks for your kind letter. I shall take your advice in the future.

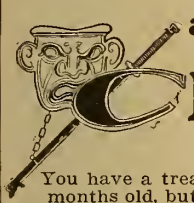
Lone Wolf.—I cannot find the answer to your question, but I have not yet given it up. I am not much on baby food, but I know of a baby that gained 15 lbs. in two weeks on elephant's milk. Now dont ask whose baby it was, it was the elephant's.

R. H. Sargent.—The following will explain what you want. The manufacturers send us a set of still pictures and a copy of the scenario of some play that has just been produced and which they have not yet released. We give this scenario to our story-writer and the still pictures to our artist. When the artist has decorated the pictures they go to the engraver, and the story goes to the printer. The printer sends us a proof of the story and the engraver sends us proofs of the pictures. The Editor then pastes up the dummy, inserting the pictures where they should come. Sometimes the pictures are not covered by the story and sometimes the censors or others cut out a part of the film. Thus, the story is not always accurate, and the pictures do not always fit.

B. J. Sayward.—I dont know about that company, and wouldn't care to advise you. Scenarios are sold nowadays anywhere from $15 a reel up to $100. Gaby Deslys is playing in "Stop, Look and Listen!" Joseph Kaufman, Ethel Clayton, Walter Law and Robert Frontier in "The Furnace Man."

L. B. D., Princeton.—I enjoyed your wise comments on "The Birth of a Nation" and entirely agree with you. Yours is the cleverest explanation I have seen.

If You Have Not Yet Seen a Copy of the



CLASSIC

You have a treat in store. It is only seven months old, but it has already won "a place in the sun." No publication in the world, at the price, can compare with it. The covers alone are worth the price, for they are reproductions of great paintings done in all the beautiful colors of the originals. The cover for the March number is from a painting by

Percy Moran

who has won many honors, among them the famous Julius Hallgarten first prize at the National Academy of Design, and whose works are found in nearly all notable collections of American art. The picture is a skating scene of colonial days, and we have reproduced it in the elaborate "offset process," in seven colors. It is a marvel of beauty and the cover alone, if bought in any art store, should bring at least $1.00. The original painting is valued at $500.

And the contents are just as attractive as the cover. The art gallery consists of eight large pictures, size 7½ x 10, suitable for framing, and the stories and special articles are in keeping with the rest of this beautiful book. Remember the date—

Tuesday, February 15

On sale at nearly every newsstand in the English-speaking world. If you should not see it displayed (as no doubt you will) **ask for it**—your dealer can now supply you.

Among the many interesting stories in the March number is

"What it Means to be an Extra," by Loretto Coffield Clarke, profusely illustrated, showing how mobs, audiences, ballroom scenes, etc., are made up of people called "extras," and how they fare before the camera.

And there is another article, entitled

"Every Town with its Own Zoo," by Ernest A. Dench, which contains some valuable suggestions and some wonderful animal pictures.

The Motion Picture Classic is published by the same company that publishes the Motion Picture Magazine, and the price of each publication is

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Order your March Classic now, if you want to make sure of getting it—the February Classic was "sold out" at many places a few days after it came out. Or, better still, subscribe—$1.75 a year.

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By L. CASE RUSSELL

WE have exhausted the first edition of "Here Lies," but not its demand. A second edition is now ready. This clever and timely booklet on **How Not To Write** photoplays is invaluable to bewildered and discouraged writers. The greatest obstacle in the road to success is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. At least 80% of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified and buried in "Here Lies." Read what studio editors think of it:

"Here Lies" could almost be guaranteed worth a half-year's time to any student of the photoplay.
LAWRENCE McCLOSKEY,
Scenario Editor, Lubin Manufacturing Company.

Its subtle humor is delicious, while underlying it all there is so much truth that it is worth reading many times. It is of value to the trained and professional author, as well as to the amateur.
CALDER JOHNSTONE,
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It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-acbe if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont list.
LOUELLA I. PARSONS,
Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

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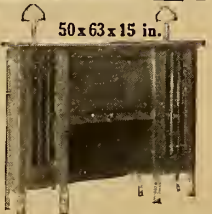

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FAVORITE RECIPES OF PLAYERS

(*Continued from page* 46)

sugar. Mix well, add one cup boiling water, let boil a minute, and pour over the hearts."

Louise Beaudet is French, of course. She is of world-wide reputation—as comic opera star, in her characterization of Shakespearean heroines, and last, but not least, as a star in the movies.

"I have cooked in every country on the globe," she said. "But who do you suppose taught me to brew the best cup of tea? An Irishwoman.

"Have water boiling. First, scald your china pot. Put tea in, and only one-third of the water. Put cosy over—you cant make good tea without a cosy. Let steep three minutes. When ready to serve, pour remainder of water over and cover with cosy.

"And I learnt to make Indian curry in Australia. Cut four pounds mutton in pieces one inch thick and one inch square. Brown in two ounces of suet, and sprinkle with two teaspoonfuls East India curry powder. Stir over the fire for five minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped gherkins, two dessert spoonfuls of chutney, add one-half pint of stock and simmer in closely covered pan about an hour and a half.

"Pile hot boiled rice in the middle of a platter and serve the curry as a border. After the meat has been removed from the pan, a gravy may be made and poured over the rice and curry."

Eleanor Woodruff is one of the popular Vitagraph stars, and deservedly so, for she is as modest and unaffected as she is sweetly serious.

"I can cook eggs," she said, "and make the very best marshmallow fudge."

She seemed delighted to be able to present some of her recipes to readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and here they are:

Baked Omelet for Lunch.—Beat four eggs well, add eight tablespoonfuls milk and beat again. Add one tablespoonful melted butter, seasoning, and one-half teaspoonful corn starch mixed

with two tablespoonfuls water. Turn into a greased fireproof pan and bake in moderate oven about ten minutes.

Baked Eggs.—Mix four tablespoonfuls ham, two tablespoonfuls parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Divide evenly in six greased molds. Break into each mold one egg, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Steam four or five minutes or until set. Turn out on fried or buttered toast.

Marshmallow Fudge.—Put one cup of cream or milk and two and a half cups of granulated sugar in pan and let boil several minutes. When nearly done, add two tablespoonfuls cocoa and large piece of butter. Boil to a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire, add one pound marshmallows cut in pieces. Set dish in cold water, beat until it thickens, and pour in pan.

SUCH IGNORANCE—By M. M. Curdy

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is exceedingly funny, and there are several people who think that they can be as funny as he is, by imitating his walk, his jump and his one-legged slide. A bright young youth in the public school, in Pluckamin, N. J., insisted on imitating Charlie in everything he did, and, as it did not meet with the teacher's approval, she told the principal of her troubles.

"I cant do a thing with that Willie Smith," was her complaint to the principal; "he is always walking, jumping and hopping like Charlie Chaplin."

The principal looked up, rather angry and chortled. "He is, is he? Well, you send them both right down to me, and I will teach them not to be so energetic in our schoolrooms."

That was not all. Later one of the teachers told a former principal of the occurrence, and the former principal asked, "Who is Charlie Chaplin, anyhow? He must be a new boy, for he wasn't in the school when I was principal."

Which goes to show that, no matter how popular you are, there is somebody in a little corner of the world who does not know you.

GIVE to your complexion that refreshing, youthful coloring and lovely softness of girlhood with

MARINELLO POWDER

—a delicately fragrant, refined powder that immediately appeals to your finer sensibilities and protects the skin against winter dangers.

A Tint For Every Complexion

Send one 2-cent stamp for Miniature Box.

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You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can—*I know* it, because I have *reduced* 32,000 women and have *built up* as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you to breathe, to stand, to walk and to correct such ailments as nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.

Expressing Poise—Balance—Ease

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 lbs. less and I have gained wonderfully in strength." *Another says:* "Last May I weighed 100 lbs., this May I weigh 126, and oh I I feel *so well.*"

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Are being worn by the wealthiest people everywhere. Stand acid and fire diamond test. So hard they scratch a file and cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed twenty-five years. Will send you these wonderful gems in any style, 14 K, solid gold, regular diamond mountings —by express—charges prepaid, so you can see and wear them before you buy them. *Write for big illustrated catalog and Free Trial Offer*

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Big $2 Offer—KEITH'S

The magazine for home builders, the recognized authority on planning, building and decorating Artistic Homes.

Each number contains 7 to 10 PLANS by leading architects. Subscription $2. Newsstands, 20c copy. Twelve big house building numbers and your choice of

KEITH'S BOOKS for the HOME BUILDER

140 Bungalows and Cottages
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50 Garages, 40 Duplex and Flats

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Mary Fuller and 11 other Movie Stars are waiting for you. **12 Autographed sepia photos** of any of your film favorites for **25 cents**, coin. Send coin and list of 12 preferred to

MOVIE PHOTO CO., Virginville, Pa.

5 sets (60) photos for $1 if you send at once

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RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, **Tires** and Sundries from our big catalog. **Do Business** *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. **Do not buy** until you ***know*** what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

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WM. R. WEAVER, 704 7th St., Boone, Iowa.

THE SERPENT

(*Continued from page* 42)

And I am Sophia. I am so glad you have come—so glad!"

In the gay little drawing-room Sophia flitted about, making tea and chatting amusingly of a hundred topics, while the Grand Duke sat on a chintz-covered sofa and listened silently. Above the mantel a tiny gold clock ticked away the minutes with French insouciance. Sophia glanced at it, and her red lips drew for a moment into a thin, fierce line. She dropped down into a chair beside the sofa and flung her arms above her head in a charming gesture that caught Valonoff's connoisseur's eye.

He forgot that she was his son's wife. He saw that she was a very beautiful woman.

Sophia was listening intently. What she heard seemed to decide her, for she leaned suddenly forward until her dull, golden hair almost brushed Valonoff's shoulder. A scent crept from it, warm and rich.

"Look at me," she breathed—"what do you see?"

"I see a very lovely woman," said the Grand Duke—"a marvelously lovely woman——"

Disdain touched the scarlet lips.

"And yet—you sit there like a stick or stone! Tell me, my lord, *are* you a stick or stone?"

Swept off his guard, Valonoff caught her in his arms and crushed the scornful, scarlet mouth to his own. The little gold clock burst into a crowing peal of bells as the door opened and a tall, young soldier stepped into the room. He looked at the pair before him, swept a hand across his eyes, and fell back against the door-lintel with a broken groan.

The sound drew the pair apart. Valonoff shrieked aloud and tottered forward, holding out shaking hands.

"No! no! Not that, my son," he cried—"not *that!*"

A shot shattered the scented stillness of the room. On the floor, in a pool of his own blood, lay Prince Valonoff. The strange woman with the curiously bright hair faced the

stricken old Duke, laughing silently. "A little dye and rouge can change a woman's looks, but they cannot change her heart," she said exultantly. "Look, unhappy old man, at your own deed! I warned you long ago to watch for the serpent's sting, and it has come. I am what you made me, and yonder poor boy died by your hand as surely as if you had pulled the trigger—remember that! It is the venom of the serpent's sting!"

The rustle of her skirts sounded down the hall, then the click of a closing door. In the pert rose-and-gray room the Grand Duke dropped blindly to his knees and swayed forward across the body of his son. A hand twitched convulsively, and then all was still in the room, except for the tick of the gold clock in a gay little French *chanson.*

November 10, 1900.—Julia Stuart (World), whom we all know and love for her effective work in matronly rôles in filmdom, was engaged at this time in playing a widely different part, being Glory Quayle in "The Christian," under Liebler & Co., this date concluding a stay of two nights at the Mobile Theater, Mobile, Ala.

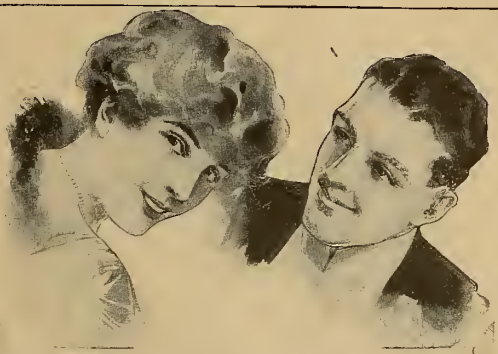
PATRIOTIC PROPS

By DOROTHY O'NEILL

He felled the cherry-tree, then stood
The picture of despair.
You see, the reel would be no good—
His *hatchet* wasn't there!

For in his haste to get the cue
An *ax* he used to hew it,
And quite forgot his hatchet new,
But realized he'd rue it.

So, now, a *lie* he'd have to tell,
And maybe one to match it,
When Father Washington said, "Well,
Where is your little hatchet?"



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That is the thing that decides a woman's beauty—her complexion. That is why you should be particular, very particular about the powder you use.

Does it simply show the powdered face or does it mean a fine complexion? Is it a real aid to skin beauty or is it but an added complexion woe?

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Decidedly different from any other powder. Not a "make-up" in any sense, but a genuine BEAUTIFIER. Refreshing—restoring—refining. Transforms the muddy, colorless, rough-tissue complexion into one of apple-blossom beauty. Protects and preserves the freshness and bloom of a delicate skin.

It is not sufficient that a powder look fine in the box or feel fine between the fingers. **The test is on the face!** Does it show powder? Does it rub or blow off? Does it fail under perspiration? Does it fail under strong electric light or glaring sunlight? One trial of CARMEN will convince you that it measures up to every possible test.

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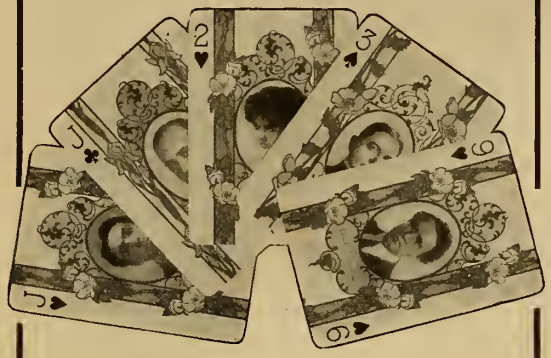

Handsomest deck of cards made. Pink, cream, green and gold backs; gold edges; flexible, highly finished, lively and durable; fifty-two cards and joker to each pack.

PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT STARS

Each card contains a portrait of a great star, including Marguerite Clark, David Warfield, Julia Marlowe, Alla Nazimova, E. H. Sothern, Willie Collier, Blanche Bates, Rose Stahl, Blanche Ring, Frank Daniels, Anna Held, Grace George, James O'Neill, Ellen Terry, Henrietta Crosman, Frances Starr, Margaret Anglin, Eddie Foy, Mrs. Fiske, Harry Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Cissy Loftus, Tyrone Powers, Henry E. Dixey, Elsie Janis, William Faversham, Dustin Farnum, Louis James, Louis Mann, Maxine Elliott, Herbert Kelcey, Henry Miller and Effie Shannon.

Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

Why not take advantage of this opportunity to make a collection of the portraits of these great stars, even if you do not want to use the cards to play with? (Please note that this set of cards has no connection with the set of Motion Picture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Echoes of the Great Cast Contest

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS and letters from the winners of the Great Cast Contest continue to come in, and the end is not yet. Mary Pickford writes the following characteristic letter:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

Forgive my seeming neglect in not writing you before. I had hoped to make a trip over to Duffield Street, to thank the Magazine's staff personally for its kindness to me during the Great Cast Contest. But as I have not been feeling well lately, the trip was put off from time to time.

This poor little note can only half express my great appreciation of the splendid support of my friends (the MOTION PICTURE readers) in the contest, and I want to say how very, very happy it made me to learn that I had won. It was not the thought of the actual winning over my sister artistes, but to know that one's efforts are noticed. We all need encouragement, and it is great to know that every individual in our picture world has his or her friends and admirers.

I'll tell you a little secret, Mr. Brewster, now that it is all over. I didn't expect to win, and it came as a big surprise. Wishing you and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE a still more prosperous year (if such a thing were possible), and once more thanking my good friends for their kindness to me, I send them my love, and wish them all a very happy New Year. Sincerely,

MARY PICKFORD.
270 Riverside Drive, N. Y.

Jack Richardson thanks the public and ourselves in the following appreciative letter:

GENTLEMEN:

I wish to thank the Motion Picture public for their hearty support of myself in the Great Cast Contest that closed a few weeks ago in your great Magazine.

I was astonished, to say the least, at the number of votes I received, as the part I usually play must leave the audience with anything but love for me. I have tried to portray the villain on the screen so that "it rings true," and the effort I hope has not been in vain.

I thank you all, and this vote to me is only an incentive to better work.

I wish also to thank the management of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for their fair and businesslike way in handling the contest. I always look forward to this newsy and "up to the minute" MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE every month, from which I devour every item of news with pleasure.

Thanking you again, I remain,
Very truly yours,
JACK RICHARDSON.

Bryant Washburn, who just beat out Jack Richardson for the villain championship, writes as follows:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

Since it is quite impossible for me to thank my friends personally and individually, I hope thru the medium of this letter to make clear to the public, who have proven themselves my friends, just how greatly I appreciate what has been done for me. To have been fortunate enough to be voted the most popular villain in all Motion Pictures is indeed an honor, and one which I shall never forget. I think the idea of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to hold a contest of this kind an excellent thing, especially for the players, because we have an opportunity of learning whether or not our efforts on the screen are approved of by the great picture-going public. To find that my work has brought forth such staunch support is a great encouragement for better work, and in the future I will do my utmost to prove how I esteem your valuable friendship. My sincerest thanks to the public and to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. I beg to remain,

Very gratefully yours,
BRYANT WASHBURN.

Mabel Normand again writes us, apologizing for delaying the awarding of the prizes, due to her illness. But, bless her heart, such apology was not necessary. Miss Norman's charming note follows:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

I feel sure you will accept my humble apology for what might appear to be absolute neglect in acknowledging your letter and my delay in wiring my thanks for the support and your kindness which I received in your Great Cast Contest. During my recent illness my personal affairs were sadly neglected and I am now trying to catch up.

I want to thank you, first, for the lovely photograph reproduced on the cover of your January number; second, for your telling the Answer Man that you admired my taste in selecting the painting for my prize; third, for the treatment which your Magazine accorded me during my illness; fourth, for your personal kindness in seeing that the painting reached me safely, and which I prize very highly, and last but not least, for your wonderful patience and tolerance in this matter. I am writing Mr. Tupper, the artist, congratulating him on this excellent piece of work.

I will be in New York for a few months, working over at the Triangle Fort Lee studio, and hope I will have the pleasure of seeing you before I return West.

With my most sincere wishes for a very successful and Happy New Year for yourself and the foremost picture magazine of today, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Sincerely, MABEL NORMAND.

HERE is your future charted for you, based on the actual average earnings of trained and untrained men.

Which way will *you* go—*up*, through *training*, to a position that means good money, or *down*, through *lack* of training, into the ranks of the poorly paid?

It rests with you. And *now* is the time to decide. Not next year, not next month, but *now*. You can *get* the training that will command a trained man's salary. The International Correspondence Schools have helped hundreds of thousands to qualify for advancement. Let them show *you* how *you* can prepare yourself, in your own home, for the position you want in the work you like best.

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☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ Gas Engineer	☐ Cert. Public Accountant
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Commercial Law
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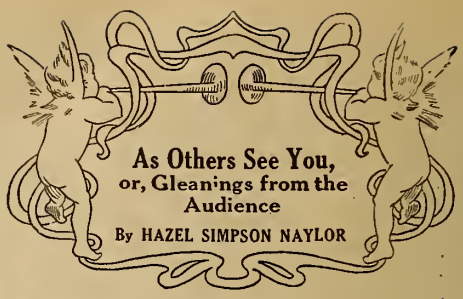

MURIEL OSTRICHE was a regular little "will-o'-the-wisp" in the photoplay, "A Daughter of the Sea." Her sweetness of expression was so appealing that just to see her brought a "lump" to one's throat. Catherine Calhoun was remarkably stunning as the mother, which is saying a great deal in this day of attractive mothers.

You all know the bullets which fly harmlessly here, there and everywhere in the Triangle comedies. Well, in between laughs, at "The Great Vacuum Robbery," when at least a dozen people were shooting off revolvers, pistols and shotguns, a lad remarked, seriously, "Say, you'd think those bullets would wound some one once in a while."

Ernest Maupain and Henry Walthall were simply marvelous in "Blind Justice." They are a very clever pair, and it does seem as if it were time Essanay found a *small* girl with a *strong* personality to play opposite Mr. Walthall. Surely this genius of the silent drama deserves a worthy leading lady—not one that is "fairly good."

Harold Lockwood may be a king among men, but "The House of Scandals" was a poor excuse for a photoplay. However, it brought forth some laughter, for when Mr. Lockwood first appeared in his Grecian costume, with bare knees and a cord around his waist, a girl in the audience gasped, "Oh, Lord, look at Harold!" and again when the caption, "Labor in Harmony," was flashed, a man near us grunted, "Looks like 'Labor in Bathrobes' to me."

The close-up of Fanny Ward, with her lovely hair fallen down her back and tearing her black gown loose at the neck to reveal the brand of the Jap, in the trial scene of Lasky's "The Cheat," was the most beautiful, as well

as the most breath-taking, moment I have ever seen in a photoplay. The Jap as enacted by Sessue Hayakawa was the personification of cruelty and was such realism that for once one forgot it was all make-believe.

In the same Motion Picture the husband told the wife that she must economize. Immediately the woman behind me said, "Economize—humph! —that sounds familiar."

As the rich woman in the World film, "Bought," took Frederick Lewis from his poor boarding-house to her gorgeous home to live, a girl remarked, enthusiastically, "I guess he'd fit in anywhere. He has a wonderfully strong face."

Taken all in all, the wee baby in the Thomas Ince production, "The Winged Idol," was "the darlingest little thing" in the whole play. In spite of the capable acting of Katherine Kaelred and House Peters, the story was very unsatisfactory, and we did not blame the man whom we heard grumble, "What a dickens of an ending!"

Flora Zabelle was introduced as "a small-town beauty" in "The Village Scandal." Whereupon a man enthused, "She wouldn't be very far behind in a big town."

Oh, Aloha-oe land! We were as tempted to return to your dream-like settings of sea and mountains as Willard Mack was to go back to Enid Markey.

Greetings and salutations to you, Anna Luther. How you ever accomplished all the stunts you did in "Crooked to the End," particularly climbing around the top of a trolley-car and hanging on to the trolley-pole, and still live to tell the tale, is beyond us. It is very evident that Keystone care not at all how much money they spend on a picture, for in this one alone they wreck two engines, one wagon, two automobiles and a trolley-car. Mercy! They should worry.

"How natural!" "How lovely!" were the pet adjectives which people exclaimed every other second while watching Lillian Gish in "The Lily and the Rose," and oh! how shocked they were at Roszicka Dolly's curves in her dance of the sea.

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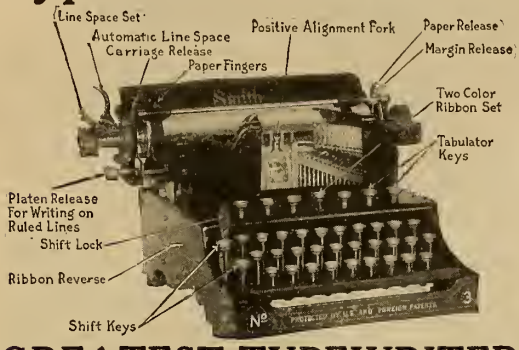

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Screen Masterpieces

HERE we have the voting booth and ballot box. Equal suffrage to all is the rule, and every day is election day. You cant applaud your screen favorites like your stage stars, but in this contest you can do more—you can make a permanent record of your applause. All you have to do is to write on a piece of paper the names of five players whose artistic work has, in your opinion, earned them a niche in the Hall of Fame, and opposite each name the title of the play, and mail to this magazine. No player can be voted for twice for the same part, on the same ballot, and no person may vote oftener than once a month.

Those players receiving the most votes will be honored by having their names published in columns below, and thus their work be recorded as Masterpieces of Screen Acting.

The leaders up to January 13, 1916:

Mary Pickford, "Tess of the Storm Country"	6,920
Earle Williams, "The Christian"	6,670
Henry Walthall, "Birth of a Nation"	5,360
Theda Bara, "A Fool There Was"	4,740
Marguerite Clark, "Wildflower"	4,570
Francis Bushman, "Graustark"	4,540
Edith Storey, "The Christian"	4,230
Pearl White, "Elaine Series"	4,210
Mary Pickford, "Rags"	4,090
Antonio Moreno, "The Island of Regeneration"	3,980
Henry Walthall, "Avenging Conscience"	3,970
Anita Stewart, "The Goddess"	3,850
Mae Marsh, "Birth of a Nation"	3,810
Anita Stewart, "A Million Bid"	3,800
William Farnum, "Spoilers"	3,680
Anita Stewart, "Sins of the Mothers"	3,640
J. Warren Kerrigan, "Samson"	3,610
Edith Storey, "Island of Regeneration"	3,570
Francis X. Bushman, "The Silent Voice"	3,530
Earle Williams, "Juggernaut"	3,390
George Beban, "An Alien"	3,210
Beverly Bayne, "Graustark"	3,210
Mary Pickford, "Hearts Adrift"	3,090
Harold Lockwood, "Wildflower"	2,890
Henry Walthall, "Ghosts"	2,730
Mary Pickford, "Esmeralda"	2,620
Marguerite Clark, "Seven Sisters"	2,620
Cleo Madison, "Trey o' Hearts"	2,620
Robert Warwick, "Jimmie Valentine"	2,610

Geraldine Farrar, "Carmen"	2,580
Marguerite Clark, "Helene of the North"	2,550
Anita Stewart, "Juggernaut"	2,530
Clara K. Young, "My Official Wife"	2,500
Blanche Sweet, "Judith of Bethulia"	2,450
Arnold Daly, "Exploits of Elaine"	2,400
William Farnum, "The Nigger"	2,350
Kathlyn Williams, "The Spoilers"	2,300
Viola Dana, "The Stoning"	2,280
Earle Williams, "Love's Sunset"	2,260
Bryant Washburn, "Blindness of Virtue"	2,250
Ella Hall, "Jewel"	2,200
Francis Ford, "Broken Coin"	2,160
Pauline Frederick, "Eternal City"	2,150
Grace Cunard, "Broken Coin"	2,140
Marguerite Clark, "Crucible"	2,110
Earle Williams, "Sins of the Mothers"	2,100
Betty Nansen, "Should a Mother Tell?"	2,060
William Farnum, "Plunderer"	2,010
Earle Williams, "The Goddess"	2,000
Harold Lockwood, "Tess of the Storm Country"	1,990
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Marguerite Clark, "Gretna Green"	1,970
Marguerite Clark, "Goose Girl"	1,970
Lillian Gish, "Birth of a Nation"	1,960
Florence LaBadie, "Million Dollar Mystery"	1,920
Bessie Barriscale, "The Cup of Life"	1,460
Crane Wilbur, "Perils of Pauline"	1,390
Clara K. Young, "Trilby"	1,380
Mary Pickford, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow	1,380
James Cruze, "Million Dollar Mystery"	1,360
Romaine Fielding, "Eagle's Nest"	1,340
Norma Talmadge, "A Daughter's Strange Inheritance"	1,310
Marie Newton, "Ring and the Book"	1,190
Mary Pickford, "Madam Butterfly"	1,180
Blanche Sweet, "Case of Becky"	1,170
Marguerite Snow, "Million Dollar Mystery"	1,140
Mary Pickford, "Fanchon the Cricket"	1,070
Francis Bushman, "Pennington's Choice"	1,060
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Blanche Sweet, "Secret Orchard"	1,040
Dustin Farnum, "Captain Courtesy"	1,040
Lottie Pickford, "Diamond from the Sky"	1,040
Norma Talmadge, "Battle Cry of Peace"	1,040
Betty Nansen, "Song of Hate"	1,030
William Duncan, "Chalice of Courage"	1,030
Robert Warwick, "Face in the Moonlight"	1,030
Irving Cummings, "Diamond from the Sky"	1,020
Francis Bushman, "Dear Old Girl"	1,010
Henry Walthall, "Raven"	1,010
House Peters, "The Captive"	880
Clara K. Young, "Hearts in Exile"	880
Theda Bara, "Devil's Daughter"	860
Betty Nansen, "Women's Resurrection"	850

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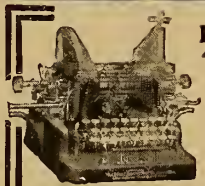

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Dept. M.P. 55 Delancey Street New York

Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Peppina"

The story of which appears on page 65

NATURALLY

"Why were you weeping at the picture show?" asked the young lady of her chum.

"It was a Moving Picture, you know," came the reply.

THE PHOTOPLAY

By RALPH M. THOMSON

Life is a photoplay
Continued night and day,
Therein the humblest heart
Must ever act some part.
When on the screen are thrown
The deeds by which I'm known,
God grant that they may be
Fit for all men to see!

NOT PASSED BY THE BOARD OF CENSORSHIP

By "L. P. L."

"SAY, old chap," chattered the press agent, who had cornered a producer of Motion Picture plays, "I've got a grand idea for a film drama. Listen to the impromptu scenario: Scene one, exterior of a certain theater on Forty-second Street, New York City, with the ticket speculators getting the coin in handfuls, and——"

"You're all off!" interrupted the producer. "Why, man, dont you know that the law dont permit us to show an actual robbery on the screen?"

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Use the Sheldon Appliance 30 Days At Our Risk

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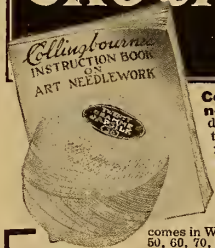

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$250.00 PRIZE CONTEST

(*Continued from page* 81)

These samples are not intended to convey any idea of our own conception of these pictures. We look to our readers to do better than we have done.

We advise you to study these pictures carefully before sending in your answers. Note the postures, gestures, and particularly the expressions on the faces. Talk it over with your friends and get their ideas—two heads are always better than one.

A PHOTOPLAYETTE-
POLLY PITCHER'S PERFIDY

By LELAND T. CARNER

PRECEDER—POLLY PURLOINS PA'S PURSE

SCENE 1—Parlor.

Polly patching Pa Pitcher's pink percale pants. Pa perceives Polly purloin pocketbook. Pa peeved—protests. Pa paces parlor perturbed. Polly pleads Pa's pardon. Pa proclaims Polly's perfidy. Polly piqued.

PRECEDER—POLLY POISONS PUDDING

SCENE 2—Pantry.

Polly pollutes plum pudding. Pa partakes pudding, perceives pain. Pa partakes peppermint, paregoric, pepsin, patent peptics—poor pacifiers. Polly penitent. Pa prolapses.

PRECEDER—POLLY'S PROMISED

SCENE 3—Porch.

Patrolman Pat Pullen perambulates porch persistently palavering Polly. Polly pleased, proffers Pat pumpkin pie. Pat partakes pie. Pa projects Pat. Pat precipitates pie. Pa's pipe penetrates pie. Pandemonium prevails.

Percheron Picture Projectors, Producers.

THEIR DRINKS

Wise men prefer "sage tea," sailors may drink "port," and pawnbrokers can have their "hock," but give the scenario editor "punch."

BOTANICAL NOTES

By FRED W. PHELPS

PAULINE BUSH.—A beautiful, majestic flower first seen in Lincoln, Neb., but later transplanted and raised in Virginia. Thrives best in the sunlight, and is therefore nearly always found in buildings covered with large studio windows, also in a musical atmosphere.

LILLY WALKER (which means walking Lilly).—A very beautiful flower of the genus Wolke. Found at Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 21, 1888, and later found at the Vitagraph studio, or, rather, found by them. Altho this beautiful flower was at first found to be a Lilly, it had the peculiar quality of changing into a star. It should, therefore, now be called a Lilly-Star or a Star-Lilly.

GISH, LILLY.—Another beautiful variety ot the Lilly family. Could well be called "The Dancing Lilly," as this is one of its peculiarities. Was first seen in Springfield, Mo., seventeen years ago. It is of the trailing variety, as evidenced by the fact that when only eight years old it began to trail "The Little Red Schoolhouse," and only two years ago was found trailing toward a movie studio.

HIS FINAL REQUEST

They had arrested the Moving Picture manager as a spy. He was drumheaded, found guilty and sentenced to be shot.

"Have you any parting request?" the boss of the firing party said. "But dont make it too long."

The movie man nodded. "My operator," he said, "has never seen a real execution. Just let him turn the camera on my last scene, and dont hurry it any."

The first time Bobbie was taken to the picture show after his first two months at school, he looked around to see what he could find to spell, and his eyes rested on the "Exit" over one of the doors. It did not look spellable to Bobbie, so he asked his mamma:

"Mamma, what does E times T equal?"

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Made on Old Gold Satine 18x18 inches

Wonderful likenesses, true in every detail, not lithographed, produced by a special process; can be washed, will not rub or fade.

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Helen Badgley	Alec Francis	Marguerite Snow
King Baggot	Mary Fuller	Anita Stewart
Theda Bara	Ethel Grandin	Blanche Sweet
Beverly Bayne	Arthur Johnson	Emmy Wehlen
Carlisle Blackwell	Alice Joyce	Pearl White
John Bunny	Jack Kerrigan	Crane Wilbur
Francis X. Bushman	Florence LaBadie	Earle Williams
Marguerite Clark	Mabel Normand	Clara Kimball Young

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Friendship Jewelry Co. 83 Chambers St., Dept. 506, New York

(*Continued from page* 139)
pocket of one woman, who had been killed, he found an envelope addressed to "Flo Burke." Naturally, he concluded that this was the actress, tho as a matter of fact it was Frances, who had come to the end of all her illness at last.

Florence knew nothing more after the shock until she opened her eyes in a hospital. Then Fenton came to her, which he might devote to his project of building a model tenement in the slums. The money to which she had reference, tho of course he did not know it, was that which she had inherited in the name of her sister; the money which she herself had left in trust for Frances. Fenton was delighted to come into funds and immediately plunged into the thick of his plans for a poor man's house beautiful.

FENTON PROCEEDS WITH PLANS FOR A MODEL TENEMENT

to tell her of the death of her sister and to plead with her that, now that the barrier was removed, she should consent to marry him. Broken-hearted over the death of her sister and overwhelmed with the desire to lean upon his strength, she consented.

Marriage, however, did not ease her conscience, for she now felt that she had deceived her husband, and, in order to set her conscience at rest, she called him one day into the library, where she told him she intended to provide him with a large sum of money

Florence was again easy until one day Morse, wishing to get Fenton's endorsement of a new problem play, called at the rectory. He recognized her instantly and demanded that she return to the stage, but Florence, acting as she had never acted before, denied her identity and insisted that she was Flo Burke's twin sister, Frances. Morse was not satisfied. He returned with Ray Cox, and, following her into the room, heard her call Florence by name.

"Now," said Morse, "you must

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PROF. H. W. TITUS

56-58 Cooper Sq. Dept. 249 New York City

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LASHNEEN COMPANY Dept 1 Philadelphia

NOTICE

TO satisfy a growing demand, the Photoplay Clearing House department of this magazine has opened a *Technical Department* dedicated to the service of our readers.

All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should be addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

We particularly invite the queries of churches, clubs and amateur dramatic societies. NO FEES ARE REQUIRED.

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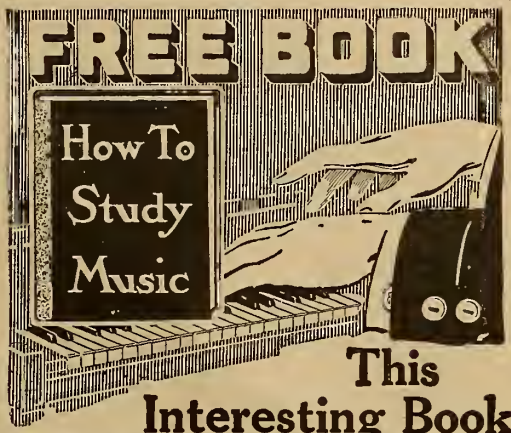

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either come back to the stage or you must pay me the forfeit. If you do not, I will inform your husband that he has married Flo Burke, and that is not all—I will make it public."

Florence was distracted. In vain she pleaded for her release. Morse would not recede from his position. At last she agreed that she would furnish him the money to buy his silence and that she would also induce her husband to endorse the problem play.

It was a pale and distracted wife who met Fenton on his return that evening, but if he observed her confusion, he did not mention it. They went together to the library, where Florence, in nervous agony, was compelled to exhibit her usual enthusiasm over his plans. It was with a distinct sense of relief that she heard him say, "Here, Frances, take the manuscript of this play and look it over for me, will you, dear?"

The three days' grace which Morse allowed her soon elapsed. Fenton, returning from his round of parish visits, found Florence in tears. He took her in his arms to comfort her.

"I cannot deceive you any longer," she sobbed. "I am not Frances Burgess—I am Florence. I am Flo Burke!" And with that she poured out the whole story, while Fenton held her closer and patted her reassuringly on the shoulder. When she had done, he turned her face to his.

"My dear," he said, "I knew it."

"You knew it?"

"Yes, for I saw your photograph and that of your sister in the house of the woman with whom you used to board, and she told me which picture was that of Flo Burke. It does not matter in the least. We will pay this man and be rid of him."

Fenton had scarcely left the house to get the money, when Morse arrived to claim his forfeit.

"My husband knows all," Florence told him, "and he has gone now to get the money for you."

Morse, so far from being pleased at this turn of affairs, was deeply disappointed, for he had counted on getting back his star.

"It is not the money I want—it is you!" he exclaimed, seizing Florence in his arms. She thrust him aside and sprang to the doorway, summoning the man-servant, Wilkins, who attempted to put Morse out. Morse, being the stronger of the two, threw the man off and again attempted to embrace Florence. But the man-servant, who had procured Morse's revolver, returned to the attack.

In the struggle, the revolver exploded, and Morse sank to the floor.

At this moment Fenton entered with the money in his hand.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, starting back in horror at the sight of the dead man.

"It was an accident, sir," replied Wilkins. "He drew a revolver when I attempted to put him out and in the struggle he was shot."

Fenton turned to his wife and held out his arms.

"God is far from the wicked," he quoted, "but He heareth the prayer of the righteous."

"Yes," said Florence, "it was God who brought us together; but oh, my dear, it was you, with the strong cord of your love and the clear eyes of your faith, who led me, as Theseus was led, out of the labyrinth!"

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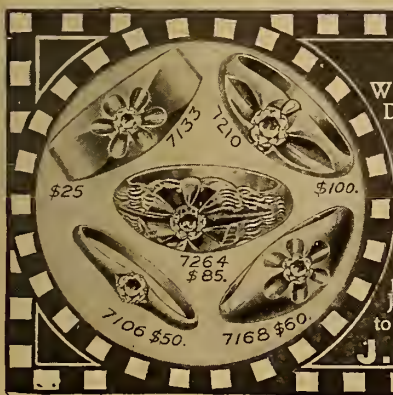

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Some improvements are suggested by E. M. Beeler, of the Department of Improvements, City Hall, Denver:

I read your very interesting Magazine and note with keen delight that producers are now stopping at no expense to perfect every little detail of action and spend thousands (or is it millions?) of dollars on a single film production to obtain realism and proper *local color.*

This all listens good, and joyously I anticipate the day when I may see an Oriental scene not set in the rear of a carpet store; a drawing-room where the wind is not blowing a gale; a sick-room where the actor takes off his hat before he gets to the bedside of his dying mother; a chief of police who does not sit upon a box between two light standards; a waiter in the "exclusive" club who removes the stopper from the decanter after bringing in the tray. (Perhaps this is *not* done to show that the drinks are on the house.)

But why rave on? The screen may have its faults, but they are mitigated by the fact that it has given us the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the privilege and pleasure of now and then seeing Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark's sweet face. Hail to the screen!

The following letter from a famous star speaks for itself and also assures our readers of an interesting article:

DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

Your letter of Aug. 25th, *in re* the series of articles to be entitled "My Favorite Scene," was forwarded to me to above address.

I shall have a large still taken at once and send it on with article required. I thank you for your letter and the opportunity offered.

It has been generally rumored that I signed with N. Y. M. P. This was so, but upon my arrival here I found that I would be required to support stage stars who would be featured in the pictures alone. As this arrangement was contrary to conditions agreed upon, I was naturally greatly dissatisfied. Mr. Ince acted handsomely in the matter, and thru his kindness I was able to withdraw from my agreement with the company. I immediately signed a long-term contract with David Horsley, who will feature me solely in three- and four-reel features on the Mutual Program. I feel that I am much better off in this connection, as I am to be the sole star of the features in which I appear, and these features will be shown in the theaters where my pictures have appeared for years. I will be

(*Continued on page* 190)

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Established for nearly three years, with a record of hundreds of sales, over 15,000 manuscripts reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market, the Photoplay Clearing House has become the one authoritative and reliable agent for the handling of authors' product in the Moving Picture industry. We have received over 5,000 testimonial letters; we are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; our business is in intimate personal touch with all of the leading photoplay manufacturers, and our staff of editors, who personally pass upon all material, consists of the following well-known photoplaywrights: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, T. H. Chesnut, Gladys Hall and others. In order to qualify for our reading staff of editors, it is necessary that an editor be a successful scenario writer, a fair and able critic, and a good judge of market conditions and values.

The Photoplay Clearing House was established to aid and counsel authors and to sell their wares. We believe we have given more definite help to the discouraged, have furnished more practical criticism, and have sold more photoplays at a higher price than all other similar institutions combined.

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Market conditions are changing almost daily, and it is a difficult matter for the free-lance writer to keep constantly in touch with the current demands of the studios. Every day we receive by phone, letter or telegram some communication from at least one studio (mostly several) asking us for some particular type of story, advising us of a change in policy or notifying us of some condition important in the marketing of photoplays. The fee we exact is nominal in consideration of the service rendered, and in most cases we expend more in postage in sending scripts out than we receive from the author. We can safely state that we have been the stepping-stone into the studio for a great number of writers who otherwise would never have sold their product.

We want to impress upon you these two things: we cannot guarantee a sale, because if we did it would be base misrepresentation on our part. We work with, and for, the author. The other thing is, that out of approximately 10,000 clients about 2 per cent. have been dissatisfied with our service, but the other 98 per cent. are staunch supporters of this organization. If we pleased everybody we would be too good for this earth.

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Per A. G.

Photoplay Clearing House:
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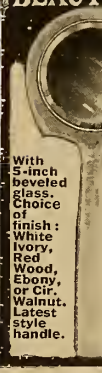

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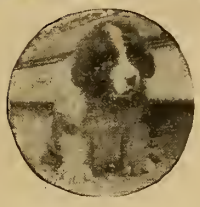

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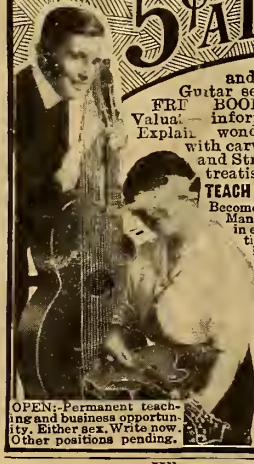

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(*Continued from page* 188)

grateful for some mention in your forthcoming issue that will inform my friends whom I am with and where I can be seen.

Thanking you for your many courtesies of the past, I remain,

Very truly yours,
CRANE WILBUR.

David Horsley Studios, 1919 So. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Thomas Commerford, one of the winners in the Great Cast contest, writes the following interesting letter, which arrived too late for insertion in the proper department:

GENTLEMEN:

I received your very kind favor and the beautiful set of "Famous Paintings," by express, and I feel grateful to the many friends who voted this grand gift to me in the Great Cast Contest, and to you, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, as the liberal medium thru which it comes. I should like to thank the voters individually, but as that is impossible I trust you will extend to them my sincere appreciation of their beautiful gift.

This is my fourth year in the Essanay Stock, and I was glad to see so many of the Essanay players elected in the two Great Casts. They must feel as I do, that they have a certain popularity due to conscientious and earnest work, which, of course, always has more or less favorable results.

I have acted in Moving Pictures almost since their inception, and I cannot help noticing the wide-spread improvement made in all attributes to the great art. Casts now include the foremost talent of the stage, and each picture is a production of intelligent care in rehearsal and sets.

Long live the Pictures.

Yours truly,
THOS. COMMERFORD.

Miss Anita Stewart has received her prize for having won a place in the Great Cast, and her acknowledgment follows—it having arrived too late to find place in the department:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

You may be sure that I feel honored and very happy to receive such a wonderful rug, and I wish to thank you and my friends thru your Magazine. Also the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the sincere fairness in the way the contest was conducted. With very best wishes and success.

I remain, sincerely,

ANITA STEWART,
Vitagraph Co., Bay Shore, L. I.

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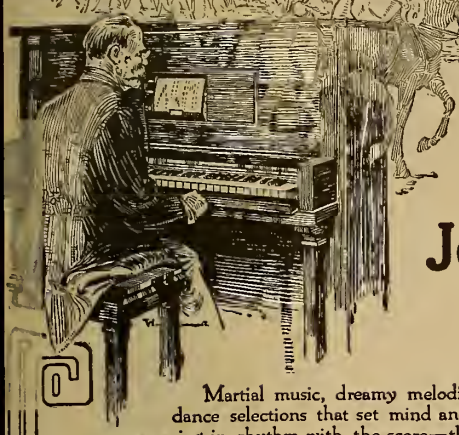

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MAGAZINE

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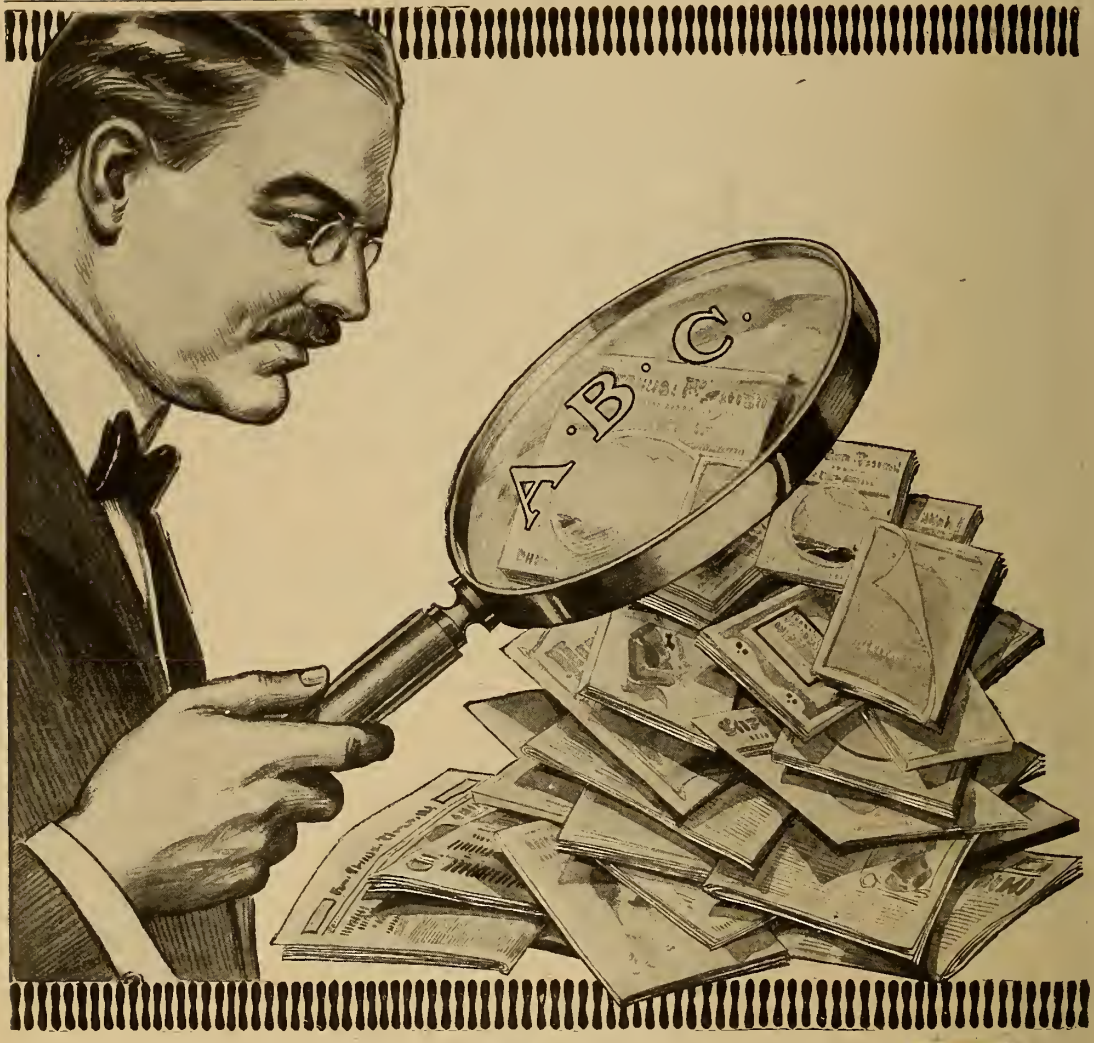

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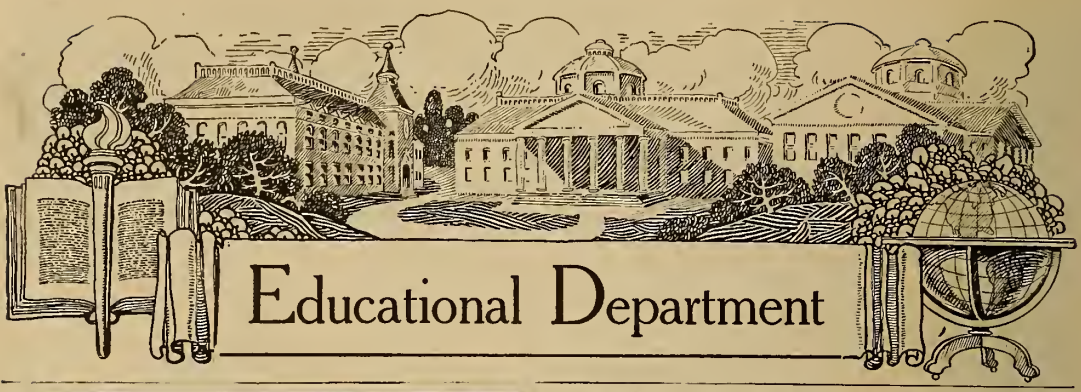

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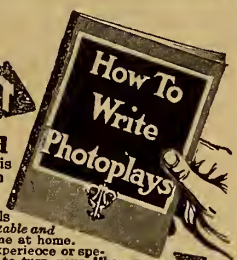

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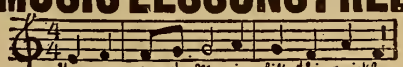

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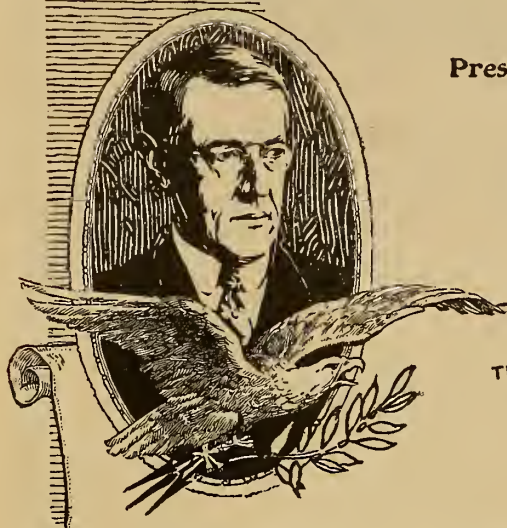


President Wilson's Message on Advertising

Contained in the following letter to the President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World

ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS OF THE WORLD — TRUTH

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 11, 1915.

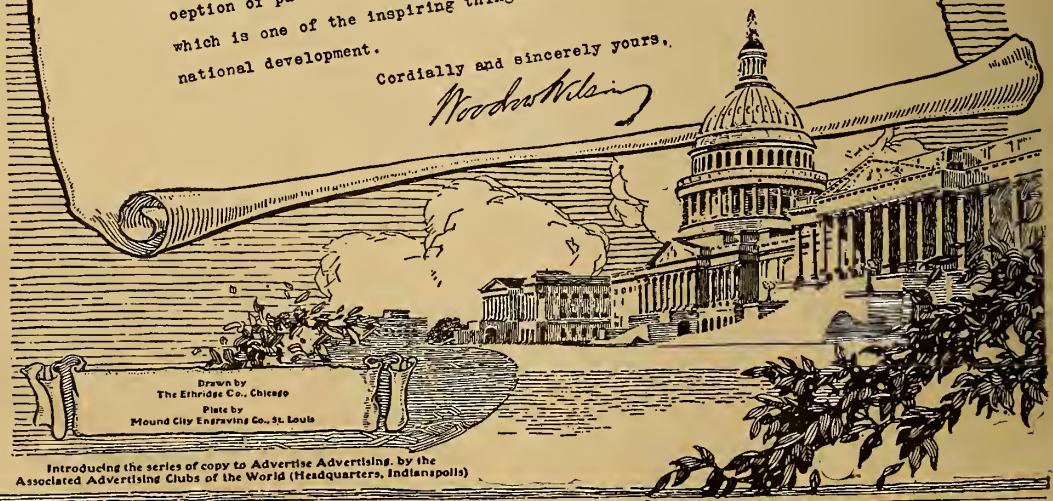
My dear Mr. Houston:

Advertising is a factor of constantly increasing power in modern business, and it very vitally affects the public in all its phases, particularly since the mediums for the dissemination of advertising have increased so remarkably in recent years. For business men, therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the highest standards should be applied to advertising as to business itself.

The country is to be congratulated on the work of the Associated Advertising Clubs to establish and enforce a code of ethics based upon candid truth that shall govern advertising methods, and the effect of its work should be of the greatest benefit to the country. It augurs permanence and stability in industrial and distributive methods, because it means good business judgment, and more than that, it indicates a fine conception of public obligation on the part of men in business, a conception which is one of the inspiring things in our outlook upon the future of national development.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson



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I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay
There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay
When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy
There's a Mother Old and Gray Who Needs Me
Down Among the Sheltering Palms
When You're a Long Long Way From Home
When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big [Red Rose
If I Had a Home Sweet Home
When I Was a Dreamer
Where the River Shannon Flows
I Want to Go Back to Michigan
I Love the Whole United States
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Will the Angels Let Me Play

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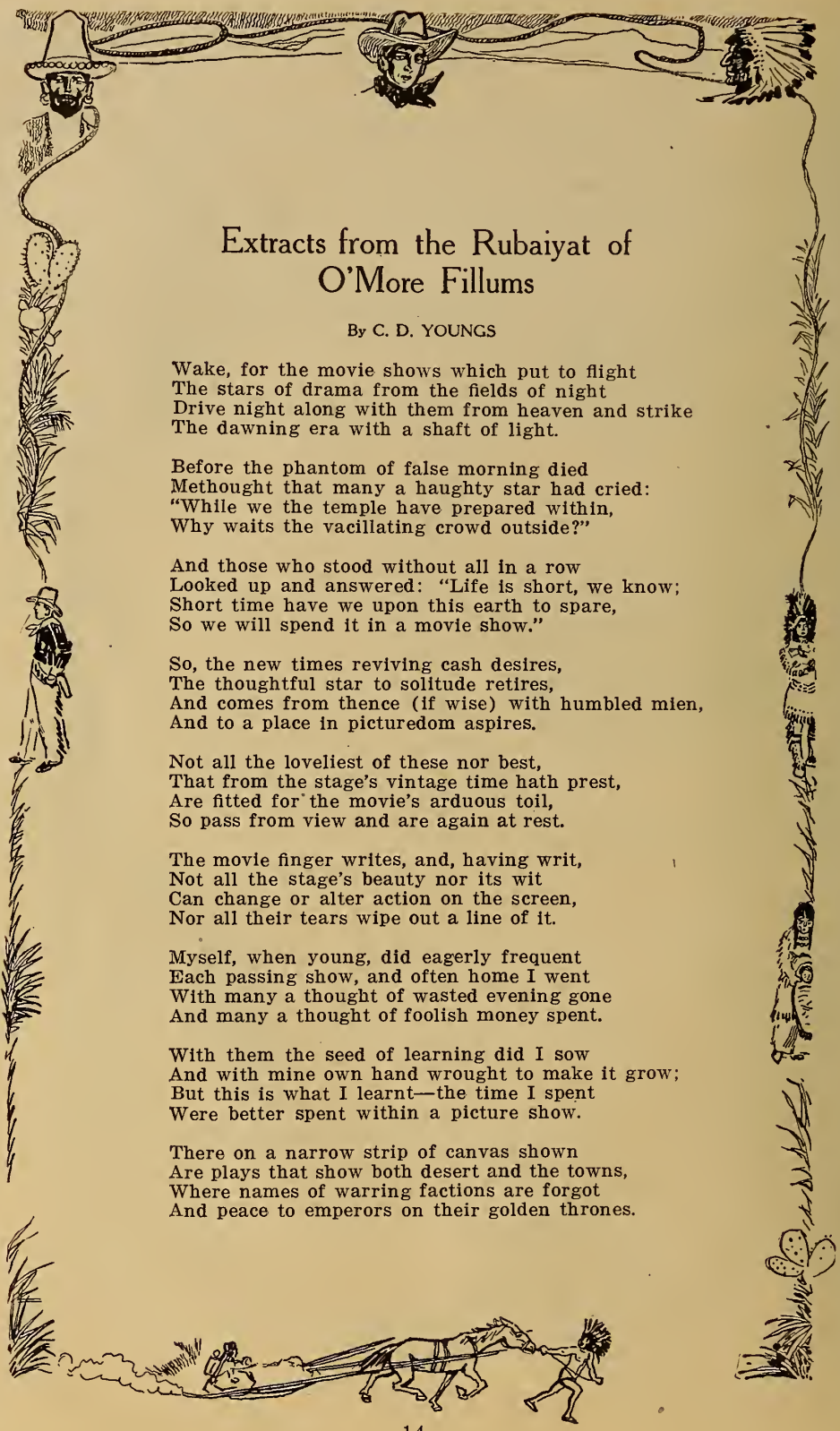


Extracts from the Rubaiyat of O'More Fillums

By C. D. YOUNGS

Wake, for the movie shows which put to flight
The stars of drama from the fields of night
Drive night along with them from heaven and strike
The dawning era with a shaft of light.

Before the phantom of false morning died
Methought that many a haughty star had cried:
"While we the temple have prepared within,
Why waits the vacillating crowd outside?"

And those who stood without all in a row
Looked up and answered: "Life is short, we know;
Short time have we upon this earth to spare,
So we will spend it in a movie show."

So, the new times reviving cash desires,
The thoughtful star to solitude retires,
And comes from thence (if wise) with humbled mien,
And to a place in picturedom aspires.

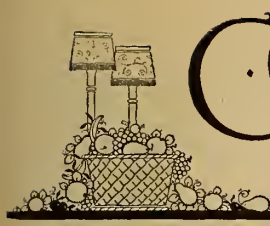
Not all the loveliest of these nor best,
That from the stage's vintage time hath prest,
Are fitted for the movie's arduous toil,
So pass from view and are again at rest.

The movie finger writes, and, having writ,
Not all the stage's beauty nor its wit
Can change or alter action on the screen,
Nor all their tears wipe out a line of it.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Each passing show, and often home I went
With many a thought of wasted evening gone
And many a thought of foolish money spent.

With them the seed of learning did I sow
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
But this is what I learnt—the time I spent
Were better spent within a picture show.

There on a narrow strip of canvas shown
Are plays that show both desert and the towns,
Where names of warring factions are forgot
And peace to emperors on their golden thrones.



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Something about everything, and everything about something in Picture Land

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE - 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have you, too, said "Why can't I have the charm of pink cheeks—the kind where color comes and goes?"

Read the "color secret" below if you would gain the charm you have longed for.

The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for.

The girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand.

The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess *all* the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

It is a dull, sluggish skin that is keeping so many from having this charm. And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny, old, dead particles so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface and the small, muscular fibres stimulated. You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once!

Use the treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this skin treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

Send today for "week's-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a "week's-size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1725 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1725 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

MARGUERITE CLAYTON
(Essanay)

Photo by Matzene

THOMAS MEIGHAN (Lasky)

Photo by Hartsook

RUTH ROLAND (Balboa)

GERTRUDE ROBINSON (Gaumont)

Photo by Floyd

NAOMI CHILDERS (Vitagraph)

ENID MARKEY
(Triangle)

EDWARD EARLE
(Edison)

Photo by White

Photo by Witzel

HAL COOLEY (Signal)

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

RUTH BLAIR (Fox)

Photo by Hartsook

MARY ALDEN
(Triangle)

Photo by Hoffman

CHARLOTTE BURTON (American)

NAN CARTER (Fox)

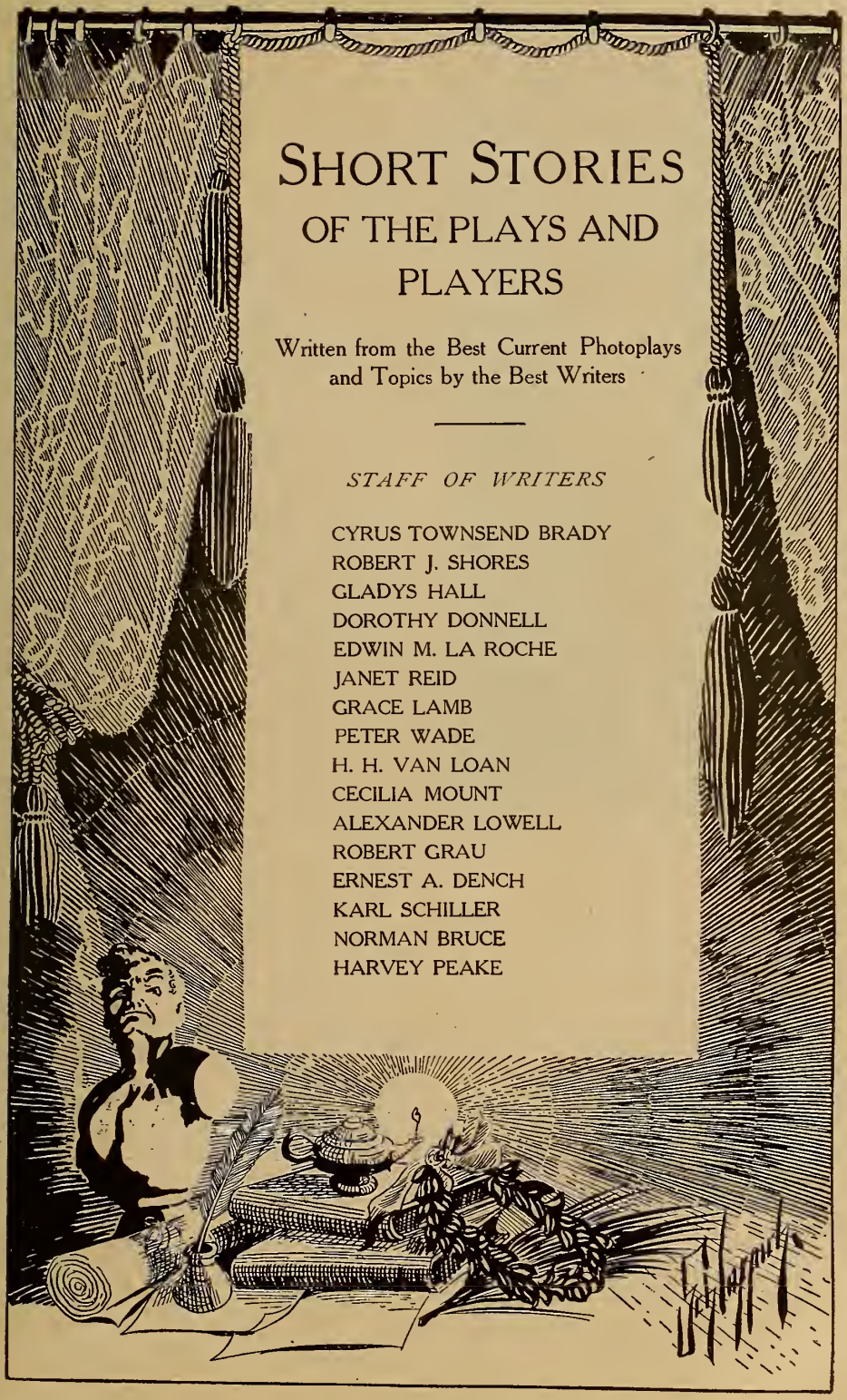
JAY MORLEY (Lubin)

FRANK DANIELS
(Vitagraph)

GAIL KANE (Equitable)

Photo by Hartsook

DUSTIN FARNUM (Triangle)



SHORT STORIES
OF THE PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Written from the Best Current Photoplays and Topics by the Best Writers

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ANTONIO MORENO

THE SUPREME

By ROBERT

This story was written from the Photo

To the Editor:
Enclosed please find the story;
It's gruesome, vivid, gory;
It's full of love and kisses,
Of woes and blasted blisses;
Of trembling hands and panting breath,
Of dying love and living death;
No "bare synopsis" this is.

Sincerely yours,
Robert J. Shores.

I do not know why I am writing these lines. God knows I have struggled against the impulse to set down here in my journal the full story of my great temptation. Time and again I have felt myself urged on as if by some power from without—some invisible power stronger than my own will. Thrice I have found myself seated, as I now am seated, pen in hand—and thrice I have thrown my pen from me as a thing accursed. For this is no ordinary tale of youthful folly—it is a story written in my own heart's blood and in the blood of—Annette.

Annette! Shall I ever forget my first sight of her? Flickering lights—gay laughter—all of the brilliancy, lure and glitter of a French café; men in sober evening dress, women in the latest creations of Worth and Paquin—and thru it all the lovely, languorous eyes of Annette, gleaming thru half-closed lids as she smiled at me over the brim of her wine-glass. She was the darling of the café. Is it any wonder that my head was turned? Had I not had before my eyes the example of Milton, hardened to the ways of the light-o'-love, I would have sworn that no man could look upon her unmoved.

I had arrived in Paris that very day to begin my medical studies, and my friend Milton, friend-like, had insisted upon showing me how familiar he was with the night-life of the city. We had come at last, as every one did in those days, to the Moulin Rouge. We had hardly been seated when I caught sight of Annette. She was at a table near-by with a party of grisettes and men-about-town. At her elbow was a black-bearded Frenchman whom I afterward learnt was Monsieur Picard, the most famous "man milliner" in Paris, and as noted for his taste in women as for his taste in hats.

Her attention was wandering and, somehow, as I raised my eyes from the wine-card, her glance met mine. It was like the crossing of two currents of electricity. I felt the shock of it to my finger-tips—it was a physical sensation, like the touching of hands—and in that moment I lost sight of everything but the girl. I forgot my purpose in coming to Paris; I forgot father, family, friends—

TEMPTATION

J. SHORES

play of ARTHUR J. WESTERMAYR

everything but the desire to be near her, to be with her—always.

After a little, the others suggested a dance. Annette demurred and at last reluctantly consented. As she passed my table, she contrived to drop her glove and, a few moments later, having escaped from her friends, she returned in search of it. I joined in the search and our hands met beneath the table—met and clasped and clung together!

I awoke the next morning with a feeling that some one, during the night, had fastened an iron band about my forehead and was now diligently turning a screw which tightened it inch by inch. Unfamiliar as I then was with the sensation of the "morning after," I realized that I had taken too much wine. At first it was this only. And then, gradually, it came to me who I was; then, where I was; and finally, what I was. With a groan I flung myself face downward on my pillow. I was now a married man!

When I had lain there for what seemed an eternity, torn between the desire for this woman who had come so suddenly into my life and shame in the thought that I had been guilty of such monumental folly, I forced myself to open my eyes and face the situation squarely. Cursing myself for yielding to the double intoxication of the night before, I slowly rose to a sitting posture and took stock of my surroundings. I was upon the couch in my study. The room was a wreck—overturned chairs, empty champagne bottles, and everywhere was strewn rice—rice—rice! How I loathed the sight of it! In my hand I held a satin slipper. I remembered now with what a gallant air I had played the bridegroom, drinking the health of the bride from this dainty bit of footwear.

DOROTHY KELLY

As my eyes were drawn irresistibly toward the door of the bedroom, the door opened slightly and a white arm was thrust out, while Annette called to me, "Dearest, will you hand me my other slipper? I want to dress!"

Groaning, I crossed the room and thrust the slipper into her hand. As I did so, her warm fingers closed upon my own and sought to draw me into the room, but I resisted. I dared not face her then, for I knew that she would read regret in my eyes. So I pressed a hypocritical kiss upon her wrist and returned to the couch.

I had scarcely seated myself on the edge of the couch when my man, Cramps, opened the outer door and ushered in old Rombould, my father's Paris lawyer.

As his glance strayed about the

room and took in its disordered state, I saw him stiffen, but this was nothing to his attitude a moment later when Annette, with a market basket over her arm, came dancing out of the bedroom! It was as hours! The night before I had flushed with pleasure at her kiss; today I burned with shame. When she was gone, Rombould turned to me sternly. "Is this true?" he demanded.

"SHE WAS AT A TABLE NEAR-BY WITH A PARTY OF GRISETTES AND MEN-ABOUT-TOWN"

tho some one had suddenly substituted a ramrod for his backbone. If I had not been so utterly miserable, I should have laughed at him. As it was, I felt that I must set myself right in his eyes at once, so I rose and, with such dignity as I could command, exploded my bomb:

"My wife—we were married last night."

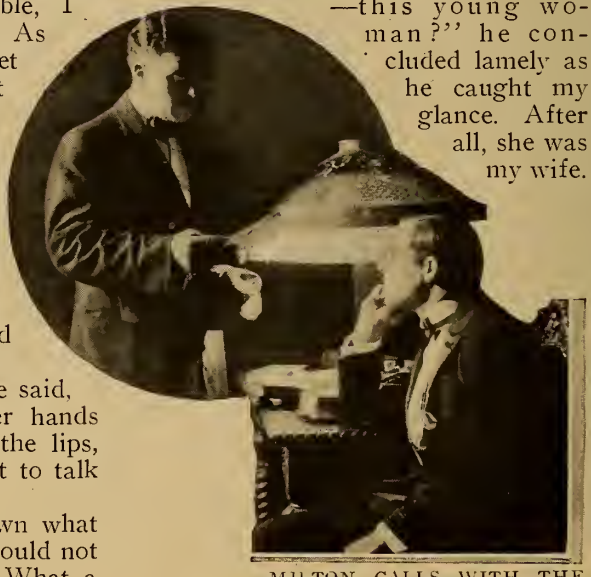
If Rombould felt surprise, or Annette embarrassment, neither showed it. She smiled sweetly at him and he bowed stiffly to her.

"I will run away now," she said, seizing my head between her hands and kissing me squarely on the lips, "for I see that you men want to talk business."

Business! If she had known what business we would talk, she would not have run away so blithely. What a change can be wrought in a few

"It is."

"You are actually married to this —this young woman?" he concluded lamely as he caught my glance. After all, she was my wife.



MILTON CALLS WITH THE SEPARATION PAPERS

"I am."

"Then you must be separated at once. I will attend to it."

This seemed to me to be carrying matters with a high hand and I said as much. I realized fully the folly of this alliance, but my young sense of honor forbade me to utterly repudiate the woman whom I had taken for my wife but a few hours before. And so we argued. And of course, in the end, he won. He was a lawyer. He showed me that the continuation of this relationship meant the ruin of my career and the disgrace of my family. Did I owe nothing to them? Did I not, in point of fact, owe more to them than to this woman who had doubtless married me deliberately, knowing me to be drunk, and thinking me rich? Had she not, in fact, trapped me? I knew better than this. I knew that she had married me, as I had married her, in the madness of the moment, but I wanted to be persuaded and I was.

And so it came about that when he sent Milton to me a little later with the separation papers, I accepted them, and when Annette questioned me with trembling lips, "Dont you want me? Are you tired of me already?" I let her see that she had guessed the truth.

With a cry like that of a heart-broken child, she snatched up her hat and fled. I afterward learnt that she went to her friend, Marie, but she

MARIE BEGS ANNETTE TO RETURN TO THE OLD LIFE

did not go back to the old life, in spite of Marie's scoffing. Thru the help of Milton, she obtained a position in the millinery shop of Monsieur Picard, and there she remained, despite all efforts to lure her back to the cafés and the dance-halls.

I did not see her again until I had obtained my degree. My lawyer—or rather my father's—paid her a regular allowance which she had accepted, much to my surprise.

MONSIEUR PICARD URGES ANNETTE TO DINE OUT WITH HIM

On the night before the day when my steamer was to sail for home, Milton persuaded me to go with him to bid good-by to Paris. We went, as a matter of course, to the Moulin Rouge, and there I saw, or thought I saw, Annette, drinking and smoking with Picard. In a moment I forgot that I had turned her away from my home. I forgot that I had wanted to put her out of my life. I forgot everything but the blind jealous rage which swelled my heart and choked my throat, and before Milton could restrain me, I had sprung in front of Picard and dashed the contents of my wine-glass into his face. And then, too late, I saw that the woman I had taken for Annette was Marie, her friend, who had borrowed Annette's hat and cloak.

Of course he challenged me. We met early the next morning in a wood off the Bois, where many affairs of this sort were conducted. We exchanged shots, but before we could fire again, Annette sprang between us and she and Marie explained to Picard the mistake I had made. Picard and I shook hands and I saw Annette to her cab. Standing there, looking into her sweet, pleading eyes, I was tempted to enter with her and let the world go hang, but I restrained myself and bade her farewell, as I thought, forever.

As my steamer drew away from France and approached America, the

thought of Annette grew less vivid, until, by the time I reached my own house and embraced my father, my mother and my sister, the whole affair seemed like an episode which belonged altogether to the past.

In a few days my sister was to have her coming-out party, when she was to be introduced to society, and this, of all inappropriate times, was the night of the tragedy.

I had met Florence Lockwood, his arrest. Everything was lost but a small legacy left me by my aunt.

We moved to smaller quarters—a little house in the suburbs, where I hung out my shingle as an M.D. and where we lived unsought by our former friends, with the exception of Mr. Lockwood, Florence and Milton —for Milton had met my sister on the night of the tragedy and had fallen in love with Lydia, my sister. How adoring and thoughtful he was!

"WE MET EARLY THE NEXT MORNING IN A WOOD OFF THE BOIS"

daughter of my father's New York attorney, and was talking with her of father's affairs when the fatal shot was fired. I had learnt, vaguely, that all was not well at his bank, but I had no idea that his business was in such condition that he was in danger of arrest, nor did I dream that he would be arrested—least of all on the night of my sister's début. The days that followed were like a nightmare, filled with horror. Poor father, despairing of clearing his name, shot himself when shown the warrant for

No little attention was spared to make Lydia forget the shadow that darkened our home.

My conscience troubled me that I had not been a closer friend to my father. But worse than this was the knowledge that I loved Florence and that she loved me. A good woman, beautiful, adoring—Florence was the one true love of my life. She was an exceptional woman, the confidante and business partner of her father—the very mate for a professional man. With her face ever before me and

her words of inspiration ringing in my ears, I was kind to the poor, giving medical attention free to many who could not afford to pay. I labored long and arduously at my profession and at last success crowned my efforts. But thru it all, every fibre of my being cried out for Florence. A hideous barrier lay between us—the shadow of Annette, my living wife, my dead love. A new-born love was mine—pure, holy; and this woman to him. He did not explain to Florence, but told her that her happiness lay not in marriage.

Slowly she faded. Day by day I could see her cheeks grow paler, and as the blood was drained from her cheeks so it was drained from my heart; and then, when I was despairing of ever being set free of these fetters of the past, came the news which gave me liberty and love.

Picard, the same with whom I

"SHE HAD WASTED AWAY, SAID PICARD, GROWING DAILY MORE WEAK"

of my heart adored me with an honest, girlish adoration. How she started, elate and flushed, if I but touched her hand! Tho she sought to conceal her feeling for me, she gave me opportunity after opportunity to speak my love; but when the desire for her opened my lips, the face of Annette rose before me and closed them. I could not speak.

At last I saw that this could not go on. I knew that her father, Mr. Lockwood, favored our marriage, and I made a clean breast of the whole affair

fought the duel, called upon me one day. He had come to America on business, but he brought news of Annette—more, he brought a note. Poor, pitiful little note, scrawled in pencil and in a French which was not that of the Faubourg Saint Germain:

DEAREST HERBERT—It is I—Annette—who write you these lines to tell you that you will soon be free, for I am dying. The doctor calls it catalepsy. I know nothing of this, but that it killed my mother. It will kill me also, for the doctor has said it, and he knows. I do not regret it. My love, if you could look into my heart, you would

know that this has been my one wish since you made known to me how hopeless was my dream of a home and little ones. I am sending you the money which you allowed me. I have saved it all for you. Take it. It will, perhaps, buy something for that more fortunate woman who shall win your lasting love. God keep you and bid you think kindly sometimes of her who now signs herself, for the first and the last time, Your wife, ANNETTE.

She had wasted away, said Picard, growing daily more weak, tho nursed by Marie, who sat with her, read to her, and strove to awaken her desire to get well. And at last, one day, she had sunk into a torpor from which she did not awaken, and the doctor told them she was dead.

"She never went back to the old life," said Picard, solemnly, "and from the day she became your wife, she lived the life of a good woman."

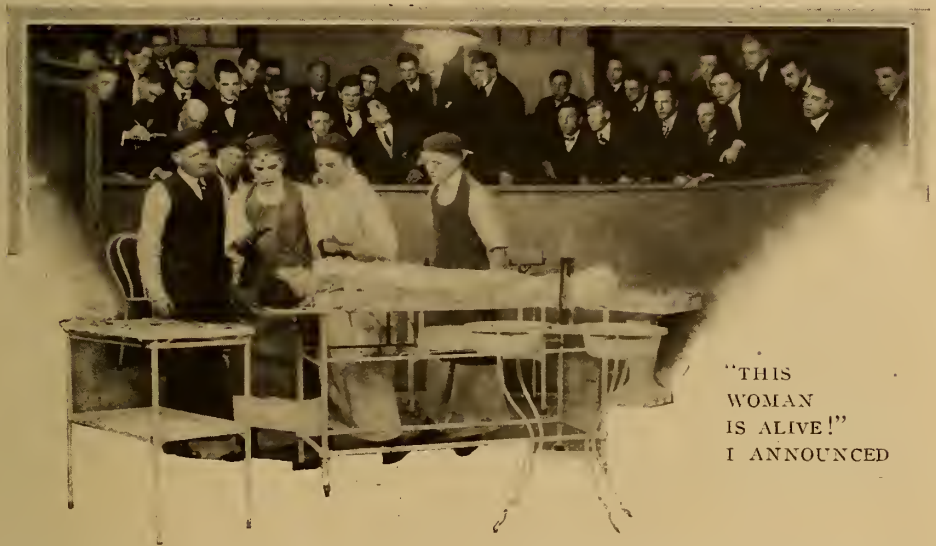
I thanked God for that. She had, at least, that consolation.

Annette was at rest, and I was free to love, with full adoring heart, my Florence.

Our marriage took place very shortly with the consent of Florence's father, and shortly after our wedding, my sister married the patient Milton.

Happiness was mine at last; happiness and success. Every nerve in my body tingled with the joy of life. I was soon to become a father. Yet there were moments when pity for Annette crept into my heart and lingered there like a lonely strange child who shrinks aside from a group of merrymakers. And in my dreams I sometimes saw her face, sorrowing for the children she had been denied.

But thoughts of her were banished by my love for my living wife and the good news that came for both of us. I had been appointed the head of the Barnabas Medical College. With what a high heart I left for my duties that first morning, bearing with me a mental picture of Florence sewing upon dainty wee garments.



"THIS WOMAN IS ALIVE!" I ANNOUNCED

Pride mounted in my veins as I looked about the clinic and saw doctors and students all alert to catch my every word. On the table before me, covered with a sheet, lay the corpse which was to furnish the illustrations for my lecture. I stepped up to the operating table, knife in hand, ready to demonstrate a new operation upon this nameless bit of clay. As I sought to lift the sheet, it caught, and I moved around the table with my back to the audience, to adjust it.

But when I raised the sheet—oh, vengeance of God!—there lay Annette. The throbbing of a tiny vein in the neck told me the story only too well. She lived! For a moment her eyes opened, unseeing, and closed

again. And then the devil stepped up on the rostrum and whispered to me, "You have your scalpel—use it! No one will ever know!"

My fingers closed convulsively about the handle of the knife. My wife! my child! What right had the dead to come to life? I raised the knife, but as it descended, the face of that frail figure turned suddenly to that of Florence, and again the eyes opened and looked at me blindly. The knife fell to the floor.

"This woman is alive," I announced hoarsely; "help her at once!"

How I left the room, I will never know. A hospital orderly met me in the hall. "You are wanted at home at once."

My mother met me at the door. Florence was hovering between life and death. I went to my study weak and ill. I called the hospital for news. The girl was living. Then came news from above-stairs: Florence was better; a son—my son—was born to me. Could I ever look him in the face? No, never! I walked to the medicine chest and took out a bottle of chloral. As I filled the glass the telephone bell sounded. It was the hospital:

"The woman has died!"

Annette! . . .

The Haven

By BIRDIE LUCILLE RIVERS

(With profound apologies to the shade of one Edgar Allan Poe)

IF, upon some evening dreary, you're possessed o' feeling leery—
Kind o' quaint and curious thirsting for your neighbor's gore—
Your disease is Boreinsomnia; but there's something that will calm you,
Take that restless feeling from you, and you'll smile as ne'er before;
Smile with mirth so quickly spreading it is treading on a roar—
Motion Pictures; nothing more!

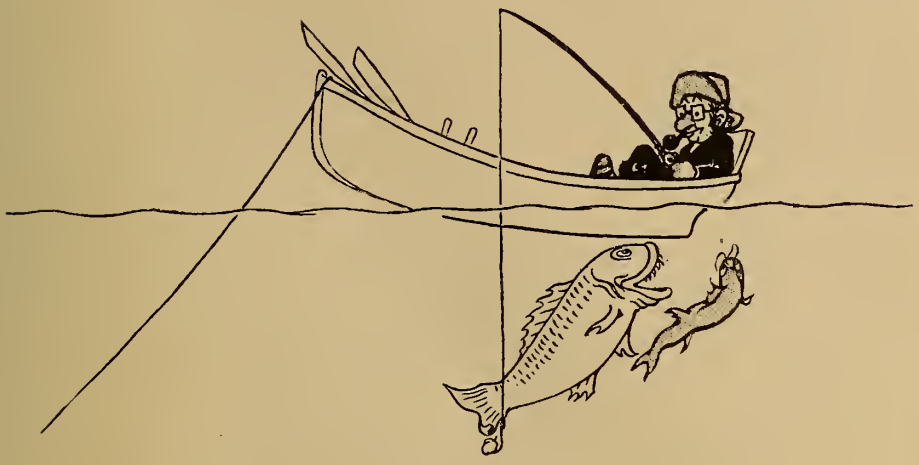
Soon will heart and soul grow stronger; weary then you'll be no longer—
"Sir," you'll say, "or Madam, truly, your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I've been napping, and heard not the 'movies' rapping,
As so gently they came tapping, tapping at the public's door—
Would that I had known their interest, and had started to explore,
Ere I'd missed a hundred score!"

From that stretch o' darkness peering, you will sit there, wond'ring, fearing,
Watching daring feats no mortal ever dared without reward;
While the silence is unbroken, and the stillness gives no token
That the words in reverence spoken are the names of those who've starred—
Just a whisper, till the gallery raises voices loud and hard;
Simply showing their regard!

Much you marvel as returning scenes and faces new discerning—
Opera fav'rites, leads in Shakespeare, artists *all* you learn to know;
Till you cannot help agreeing that no single human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing Art like this in long ago:
Books and stage are relegated since we have the "Picture Show";
'Tis the Screen—their common foe!

'Tis the haven that's beguiling all the sad world into smiling—
Sort o' guardian god o' hearts and souls on continents galore;
So, if you perchance are thinking they're in public favor sinking,
And tomorrow will be slinking back into oblivion's core,
You're a grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, gigantic, grumbling bore!
Movies leave us?—*Nevermore!*

Cartoons That Move and Act



By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A.B., M.A., M.D.
(Johns Hopkins University)

WINSOR McCAY, the famous cartoonist of the New York *American*, is known to the Motion Picture theater patrons better, if possible, than is Charlie Chaplin, King Baggot, Francis Bushman, James Morrison and Crane Wilbur, and the other popular artists. Why? Is he handsomer? Is he a better actor, or a funnier comedian? Nay, not so.

The fifty million patrons of the American movies do not know whether he is as big as a flea, or as small as a hippopotamus. He may have whiskers, and he may be bald—the movie fans care not a tittle. With all his faults, they love him still—not acting.

In brief, Winsor McCay, like J. R. Bray and other cartoonists, has developed the ingenious, non-photographic Motion Picture, known as the moving cartoon, or animated drawing.

The animated cartoon is, for the most part, restricted to comedy pictures and the adventures of primitive man. They lend themselves best to the dodo, the gigantosaurus, dragons, dwarfs, giants, fairies, ghosts, and other unphotographic material, which human nature always craves—indeed demands.

What the farce, the fairy story, the folk story are to the drama and to the novel, the animated cartoon has already become to the cinematograph. One of the largest Motion Picture theaters in the East omitted them from its weekly program for two weeks, after they had long been the comedy attractions between the photoplays, and thousands of letters of protest, demanding their return, nearly swamped the management.

Added to the pleasure, interest and zest of the movie drawings is the mystery of "How do they do it?" Listen to the patrons of the movies, when these animated sketches are running down the screen, and such open-mouthed queries are to be heard on all sides. I confess that I went to great efforts myself to satisfy the curiosity of hundreds of inquirers about these entrancing and puzzling wonders of the reels.

It does seem well-nigh superhuman to think of an artist trying to draw dozens of different trees, rivers, men,

animals, clouds, heavenly bodies—and what not—each so slightly different and in such multi-myriads that sixteen perfectly different-drawn landscapes may be flashed each second before the eye, and three to four thousand of each of the slight differences of bedsteads, doors, houses, horses, reptiles, elephants, crocodiles, "Heeza Liar," and the rest of the frequently seen figures.

The average rate of scenes flashed upon the screen is somewhere around sixteen different drawings per second. This makes 960 each minute. Since many of the moving sketches have complete comedies to unfold, which call for from fifteen to thirty minutes, this means that the artist must paint 14,300 to 28,600 different drawings to give you such a brief period of fun.

J. R. BRAY

Manifestly, it would be physically impossible for even a lightning-like cartoonist to complete 28,600 different pictures with landscapes and figures in a lifetime, much less in a day, a week, a month, or a year. No Motion Picture magnate—not even a Griffith, an Ince, or a Lubin—could afford to pay for the time consumed.

What, then, is the real explanation of the mystery of motion cartoons? Dont artists such as Winsor McCay, Bray, and others, really draw the pictures? They do. The process, however, like many great discoveries, is very simple.

The landscapes and interiors, the water-scenes and the foliage, if you will recall these motion drawings to mind, are not animated. They are as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

In the amusement and excitement of seeing Adam feeding a dragon, or some pterodactyl flying away with a few paltry elephants, you may not have observed that the oceans, sun, trees and mountains do not move. Yet such is the truth, and it is the basis of the economy in these animated non-photographic movies.

The artist finds his scenario of comedy-stuff written for him. The scenes are laid mostly in one spot, rarely ever in more than two or three. He therefore sets about it at once to paint the forest primeval, or the interior of a haunted bedroom, or whatever it may be.

Now and then animals, clouds, and men or women are not included in the action of the cartoons, but may be needed in several momentary scenes. These, too, are printed in some sheets, and may be rubbed out where not required.

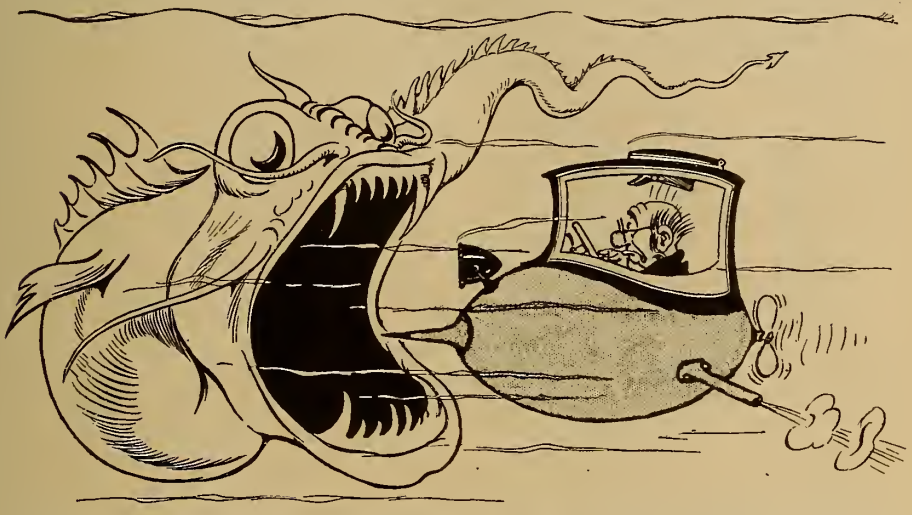
The artist does not, as a rule, as is often supposed, draw the movable creature on one sheet and then have it traced on transparent film-paper in its successive positions. Merely to duplicate the animal or person in slightly different positions would do away with all perspective in the finished cinema.

If such a repetition were made on the screen, the animate object could not turn about, leap, fly, fight or carry on its amusing didoes. Each member of its anatomy is made to change in each picture. Moreover, the relation of each part of its cosmos vibrates in harmony with the others.

The artist, therefore, such as Mr. J. R. Bray, in order to have the creations of his pen perform lifelike motion, lays out carefully each successive position on his paper. Often, as you watch, with a broad, substantial smile, the animated cartoon, you will see each subject coming from a distant landscape into the foreground.

Then the creature will run about, so that the size of its body, as well as the position of its head, arms and body, is constantly changing. Altho many drawings are used over several

Suppose 200 pictures were pasted together, each picture a foot long. Since the drawings are numbered and have to be set, one at a time, under the camera—the number of exposures given to each drawing varies according to the results the cartoonist may desire—and the subjects get back into many similar positions time and time again, the camera to photograph the drawings is geared to take one picture each revolution of the crank, instead of eight, as in ordinary Motion Picture photography.



THESE CHARACTERS ARE, OR SOON WILL BE, JUST AS WELL KNOWN TO MOVING PICTURE PATRONS AS ARE CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND BILLIE REEVES

times to obtain actions that are repeated, the immense amount of detailed drawing can well be understood. If a big dinosaurus kicks over several hundred elephants, or a "Colonel Heeza Liar" pulls the bedclothes over his head, such moves can be repeated a dozen times. If he raises his arm, he can lower it with the same drawings run backwards.

Animals can also be made to alternately walk on the floor or on the ceiling, turn somersaults or fall down.

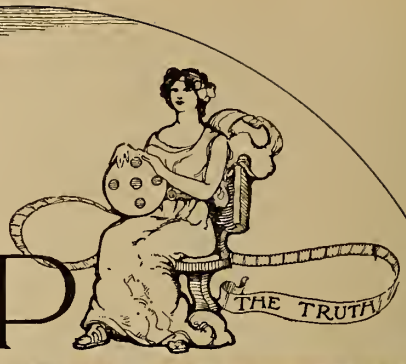
There are various reasons why the scheme imagined by many movie operators, namely, of pasting the drawings together endwise in a long strip and running them by the camera, will not work in practice.

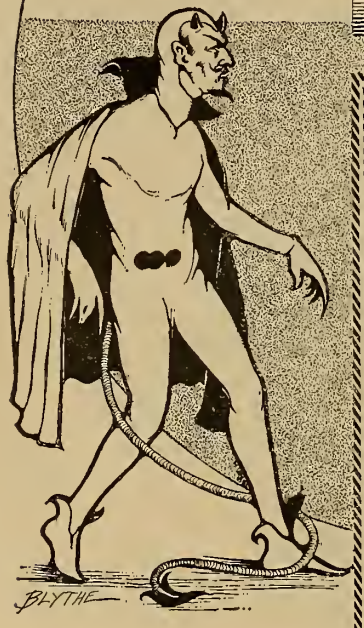
The camera man can give each drawing the exact number of exposures required. In this way he can picture new combinations of motion without extra drawings.

The artist will always have to lay out the projected movement of each animated figure with diligence and infinite care. It is, after all, the fine touches in the situations that give the Bray Studio's Cartoons the smoothness, unity and near-reality of the creatures of our dreams.

But this cannot be accomplished without years of study, for Mr. Bray haunted the Bronx Zoo for months, studying the animals there. He even bought a large farm and stocked it with animals to study their motions.

The DEVIL'S HANDICAP





By R. H. Dyer.

The arch-fiend flies, with evil eyes,
From earth to the regions infernal;
He rakes the coals o'er the smouldering souls
In the pit of the fires eternal.

He stokes and pokes with vicious strokes,
Till the awful conflagration
Greedily laps at its prey and snaps
With the furor of consummation.

"I have played and lost," quoth he; "the cost
I count in souls immortal.
I have led men straight to hell's own gate,
But they balked at the flaming portal.

"With a strange machine, man-made and mean,
Science and art would block me;
And they flash the truth of life, forsooth,
On a snow-white screen to mock me.

"They turn a wheel, and a filmy reel
Baffles the Father of Vices;
A million feet of sermons meet
The public—at bargain prices.

"Thrice have I wooed and three times sued
For the soul of a maiden clever;
But a lesson gleaned from a story screened
Lost her to me forever.

"I have coaxed and lied, and cunningly tried,
By the power of seduction,
A youth to win to the path of sin,
A spirit to sure destruction;

"But my deadly foe, the picture show,
Daughter of art and science,
Thru a shaft of light reflected Right—
And hurled at me defiance.

"I have striven to shame and corrupt the game—
To evil I would persuade them;
But a censor spies with a hundred eyes,
And I cannot evade them.

"So I loll and sit by the flaming pit—
My erstwhile patrons go,
With joy unfeigned and unrestrained,
To the Motion Picture Show."

Secret Griefs and Cankers in the Bosom

Charlie Chaplin Claims That He Is Full of Them

By IVAN GADDIS

THE troubles of Charlie Chaplin, the merry vagabond of the Moving Pictures, are becoming acute. He doesn't know any more whether he is Charlie Chaplin or whether several other fellows, who are daily getting kicked in various uproarious ways, but always in the same anatomical place, are "him." It makes him sore to see his other selves getting all the kicks, for, like Byron, he feels: "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone!"

The little comedian has read the big billboard query at the entrance to a theater, "Did You Ever Know That Charlie Chaplin Played the Violin?"

He saw another sign asking, "Is He Really Charlie Chaplin?"

"Come In and See Charlie Chaplin Fight the Bull" was the call of red fudge type at another place. And to add to his misery, there are the dozen or more "Original Charlie Chaplins."

Several New York newspapers really found him out. They compiled proofs from various sources to the effect that he is an Irishman, a German, a Russian, an Englishman. He was discovered to be Charles Fitzgerald, Otto Barger, Patrick O'Flaherty and Nicolai Lapidovitch.

He says he talked to a young woman journalist for five minutes, and the story of his life soon began to appear. It ran as a serial in several newspapers, and is still running. This "biography" described piteously the neglect of a drunken father.

But these are the least of Charlie's troubles. He has been accused of "borrowing" what he thought he owned. The season's large crop of "Original Charlie Chaplins" each comes forward and claims to have discovered the little pot hat, the dinky cane, the baggy trousers, the "toothbrush" mustache, and those shabby but historical shoes.

"Is he deaf and dumb?" is the earnest query from one magazine, which makes out a strong affirmative case in five full pages.

It seems that space writers go crazy trying to invent a new fable about Charlie. He has read recently that he spent some time in an asylum; that he is a dope fiend; that he is married.

SOME OF THE MORE FAMILIAR MAKE-UPS OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN, AND AS HE APPEARS OFF THE SCREEN

Not that the last goes with the others, but he happened to mention it in that way. Also, he has been startled to hear that he had died; but with Mark Twain he says that the report of his death is greatly exaggerated.

Sometimes C. Chaplin gets his maltreated back up for fair. The occasions fully warrant it. He is about to bring an injunction against the production of a picture play called "The Mix-up." He says that this is a patchwork of old scenes which were used in different plays.

"There's going to be a decided mix-up on that," he told me. "The film dont represent me at all. A fellow has to work too hard for a reputation to have a thing like that try to camp out on his trail."

There is also a matter of some ragged, spotty films, taken eighteen months ago, and now being widely advertised, to which Chaplin objects.

However, his biggest "trouble" symptoms are of three distinct kinds. One is biographies. Another is provided by that host of men willing to sustain bumps and kicks for art's sake, who do turns on the vaudeville stage and in shows of various kinds under the guise of the original Charlie Chaplin. The third big trouble emanates from the "Originals."

"The Originals," said Charlie, "are always trying to pick an argument with me in controversies about make-ups, about who discovered the hat, who invented the walk, who conceived the funny way to walk when kicked, and who first learnt to flirt a cane my way, and all the rest of it.

"What they really want," he avowed with a far-away look," "is for me to come back, hot under the collar, and denounce them. Then their stock will soar under the advertising. But no controversies for me. I get enough in front of the camera.

"But where it hurts the hardest," he went on, "is that these fellows bamboozle part of the public. The result is this: If the audience see an actor, got up as I am, being chased by a bull, and the bull is the only funny part of the scene, the crowd goes away saying, 'Why, I thought that fellow Charlie Chaplin was funny. Wish the bull had got him.'"

Chaplin indicates that art suffers and a crimp is put in his funniness when these pretenders get busy. They are a real sorrow to him and to every one else.

Some of his public libelers take the view that he is a boob, an ignoramus, a simp of the first water. He says he has even read that Charlie Chaplin is so ignorant that he cant sign a check. If this wasn't nonsense it would be a serious misstatement, as Chaplin does know how to do this so well that he signs checks on the back most frequently. He confesses one of the neatest things he does during the year is to endorse about $75,000 in checks. Nobody as yet has tried to forge his signature, tho several have offered to help him get rid of his salary. But if Charlie didn't take the thorns with the roses, he would most likely have been suffering with an awful and protracted case of "swelled head" long ago.

Two Ways of Looking At It

By AUGUSTA BELDING FLEMING

While selling Movie tickets once,
A one-eyed man approached,
And, as he put a nickel down,
The subject thus he broached:
"I only ought to pay five cents—
I'll tell the reason why;
I'll see but half the show at once,
I've only got one eye."
I said: "'Twill cost you twenty cents,
Altho your plea is strong;
With but one eye to view the show,
'Twill take you twice as long!"

REAL THOUGHTS ON REEL THINGS

By MARY BLANCHARD

Movie pests work on the principle that the lips should utter what the eye see-eth.

Many women would be pleased if the cast of characters would tell who was married to whom and why.

When we see the hero sit down sort of casual like, we know some of that dream stuff is going to be pulled off.

The would-be scenario writer will have to bide the time when the managers have become tired of the books and plays of the last century.

It is one of life's ironies which features a feminine star in a photoplay that has a masculine title.

Movie audiences are becoming tame —the women take off their hats now without a murmur.

Why is the stage bankrupt?

Movies	$0.10
Stage	$2.00

Some actresses are not so popular as they used to be because their salaries have soared beyond our imaginations.

Names of photoplay stars all remind us that the Race is not to the Strong but to the Young.

When the $2 movie becomes the order of the day, the poor legitimate stage can make a home run to popularity.

If a girl is not good-looking, she may console herself with the idea that certain of the masculine stars received her share of face goods in the beauty shuffle.

If some of the hefty heroines in those slapstick comedies continue their jumping-up-and-down business, it wont be a great while before they are as thin as a rail.

Some people do not approve of movies. Well, the loss of a dime or two wont hurt the managers.

What is so painful as to have the four in the seats ahead arise just as the hero gives the heroine the kiss we knew she had been waiting for?

Do all police detectives in the large cities wear heavy, black mustaches? Why not show a smooth-shaven fellow occasionally?

It is sad, indeed, to witness the plight of our poverty-stricken heroines who gaze upon their last crusts of bread, when their hair is carefully done up according to the latest style and their feet are encased in slippers of the very latest design.

It has always looked so natural to us to see a basin or bathtub overflowing and filling the room with water while the plumber is on the way, when nearly every one with a grain of common-sense knows that there is a cut-off under the house that would stop the trouble in a minute.

What is that peculiar noise we hear in the audience as the hero presses the shero's lips to his'n. Hist! It is nothing but the sighing of the aching hearts of many maidens.

On the street, when we want an auto or taxi, we usually have to wait a few minutes or hunt around for one, but in the films they always appear to be right on the spot.

Yes, Mabel, Charles Chaplin gets something more or less than $850,000 a year. You are entirely right about his being too funny for any use. That's what he draws his salary for.

Wonderful, indeed, are the things we see every day on the screen—entirely too wonderful to be plausible.

Our Artists Have Caught It, Too

Not Grippe, Nor German Measles, But the Limerick Bug—It's Cartoon Limericks the Best Ever

EVERY now and then, Elhoff used to drop into our two-by-four office and split a grin with the Limerick Editor over fresh contributions. One day Elhoff sketched an illustration for a limerick, and the idea was born—Cartoon Limericks! Then all the pen-and-ink battalion got busy and helped make up these pages. It's not going to crowd any one out of a seat in the limerick cosy corner. We want more and more; both our solemncholy and merry readers insist on having 'em served up every month. Our monthly prizes are still dangling, $5, $3, $1, and $1 for the four brightest limericks about Photoplays and Players. We'll give you a tip: until further notice hurl in limericks dealing with Tom Moore, James Cruse, Mark Swan, Billie Ritchie, Arthur Hoops, Gilbert Anderson, Owen Moore, Ford Sterling, Tom Forman, William Hart, Raymond Hitchcock, George Ovey and James Aubrey, Van Dyke Brooke, Charles Richman, Carlyle Blackwell, John Ince, Bryant Washburn, Harry McCoy, William Shea, James Lackaye, Harry Meyers, Eddie Foy. And for the stars and starettes, Lottie Briscoe, Theda Bara, Jane Fearnley, Billie West, and, in fact, almost any of the well-known players that have not already been "limericked" too much.

Sooner or later you'll have a Limerick-Cartoon of each one of your favorites. This month the prizes go to Messrs. Farbstein, Julian, Turnbull, Moxon and Kirschbaum.

'TWILL BE HEAVEN.

WHEN back unto dust I return,
I know that I shant give a "durn,"
If the place where I go
Has a swell photoshow,
And the celluloid fillum wont burn!

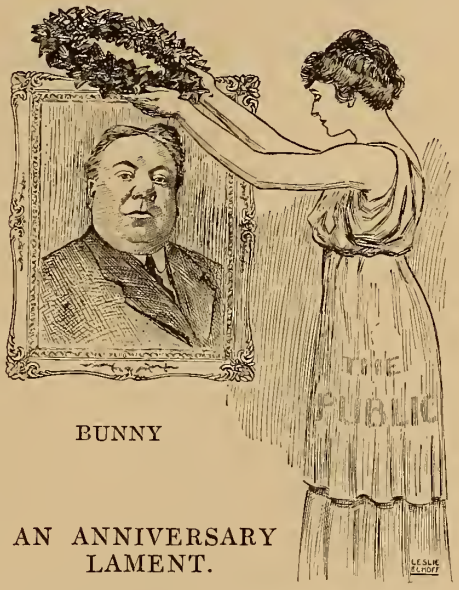
C. T. BARR.

Wheeling, W. Va.

THEY'LL GET HIM YET!

WE all love you strong, Francis Xavier,
For the nicety of your behavier.
This is on the level,
You charming young devil,
From bach'lordom I'd like to saveyer!

E. A. STIRMELL.
336 21st Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis.



BUNNY

AN ANNIVERSARY LAMENT.

THO a lim'rick's unsuited and funny,
Let me mourn for a character sunny;
With the gravest intent
I will voice my lament—
Oh! You funny, gone, sunny John Bunny!

EMANUEL FARBSTEIN.
160 Devilliers St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILSON

BIG BEN, MY BEN.

He's the living, breathing spirit of the land of frost and snow,
Where the timber wolves howl nightly and the blustering northers blow;
We like him for his "whimsy" ways,
We like him for the parts he plays;
Ben Wilson is the photostar whose light will ever glow.

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

IT PAYS TO BE NUTTY.

Charlie Chaplin's the funniest freak,
Makes you laugh till you cant even speak;
I think he's a daisy,
Some think him plumb crazy;
But who wouldn't be for a thousand a week?

Frank O'Hearn.
209 E. 64th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

INSPIRED BY FEBRUARY COVER.

From such a good sport as Fay Tincher,
What knight would be known as a flincher?
I feel much inclined
To mount up behind,
And tease her, and poke her, and pinch her.

Frederick Moxon.
Rockville, Conn.

FLOWER OF THE WEST.

Name the Lily of the Valley,
The ferocious Tiger hue;
The golden Day that dies at night,
The Fleur-de-lis' deep blue—
Lilies all, but slanderers
Of Tiger Lilly Drew!

Marion Russell.
31 Plaza St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ARBUCKLE

GLADDER THAN HIS RAGS.

O, Roscoe, so dimpled and cunning,
You sure take the pie with your funning!
You're more than a star,
A full moon's what you are;
And your *settings* are perfectly stunning!

Day C. Julian.
2022 Wabash Ave, Terre Haute, Ind.

CLEO MADISON'S ARTILLERY.

Of Cupid's arrows we all know,
But when I saw you I was so
Hard hit, I'm sure that impish one
Employed a centimeter gun.

Dorothy DeJagers.
3307 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo.

CLEO MADISON

GERTRUDE McCOY

GERTIE'S FLIGHTY LOVE AFFAIRS.

There was a young fellow from Troy,
Played opposite Gertrude McCoy;
When she flew thru the air,
He missed her for fair,
And now he's a heart-broken boy!

Charles H. Turnbull.
819 Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

WRITE HIM ANYTHING BUT A MASH NOTE.

If a body meet a body
On the movie screens,
And if a body see a body
Even in his dreams,
Should a body write a body,
And tell a body so?
Will somebody tell a body
Who would like to know?

Helen Maynard.
1012 East 16th St., Kansas City, Mo.

MERRY-GO-ROUND FREDDIE MACE.

There was a large chappie named Mace,
Whose greatest success was his face;
He causes much laughter,
From cellar to rafter,
But he never stays long in one place.

R. W. Kirchbaum.

EATING MARY ALIVE.

Can I ever forget Little Mary,
When she danced on the sands like a fairy?
Why, God bless her soul!
I could swallow her whole,
Like the Thomas Cat did the Canary!

Charles H. Turnbull.
819 Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

IT KILLED HER CANARY, TOO!

Flora Finch one day (this is true)
Saw a lion escape from the zoo.
Said, "You horrid old thing,
Go away or I'll sing!"
And he tucked in his tail and just flew.

William M. Talbott.
Paris, Ky.

The HOUSE That JACK BUILT

by Janet Reid

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That was eating the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

"I TELL you, son, your *own* carelessness is going to be the rat that eats the malt of happiness in the house you have built. Some nights ago some of the boys asked you to sit in at a game, and you refused, saying you were building a house and couldn't gamble. Fine! But—you are gambling with a more priceless thing than money—stakes in a poker game—your own life. And if it is not precious to you, Jack, old boy, it is priceless beyond price to the woman who has borne your name and your children. She gave her life into your keeping—a good life that has a right to demand protection and happiness and consideration—she gave two other lives into your keeping. What's your answer?"

"I—why, Stevens—you exaggerate."

Stevens snorted impatiently. He

had never waxed so eloquent before, but he was fanatical on Safety First —a fanaticism founded on sane, clear reason. And he was truly fond of the young brakeman, Jack Foster, and Foster's little family. Growing old at the game, he had seen and learnt much, and more than one white hair was due to the horrors that carelessness—sheer, foolhardy carelessness—had caused.

"There's no exaggerating in a case like this, Jack," he returned quietly; "either you're careless or—you're *not. You are.* I've seen you stand deliberately on the tracks between two trains about to be coupled. I've seen you wait till the hair-breadth last of a minute before flagging. I've seen you ride a freight like you were lounging in the center of your hardwood dining-room floor. I've seen you stand and light a cigaret under the belching nostrils of a flyer. D—d poor sense, I call it—and if you want the missis to wear black and the kids to chant, 'The railroad made chop suey out of dad,' just keep it up. That's flat."

Jack's mouth twitched nervously. Like most of us, he resented the bald truth—even from one who honestly preferred seeing him living than dead.

They were standing on the tiny patch of ground in front of the nearly completed house that Jack had built. On the porch waited Mrs. Foster and Bobs and Stella. The children were amusing themselves, but Helen Foster was listening. And, as she listened, she seemed to take root to the spot, so motionless was every fibre of face and body.

She had never thought very much about her husband's work up to this time. Most of her friends had married railroad men—most of them had lived along uneventfully. One of them—she shuddered now as if thinking of it for the first time—was a widow. Her man had fallen off while riding a freight. He, too, had stood as nonchalantly as tho on solid earth. After they brought his mangled body home, Tess, his widow, had become a poor broken thing herself. Another of them toiled unremittingly to keep a roof over the head of a mere stump—a pitiful, living creature who stopped hideously at the thighs. He had fallen asleep alongside of the tracks—a flyer had done the rest. She quivered again, spasmodically. Why had she never realized this before? Why had she never thought, each morning, as she kist the smiling, carefree mouth, that the kiss might be the last? Never again would the phantom of this fear go from her. Never again would she wave to Jack from the house he had built, without an inward crucifixion.

It came to her all at once that it meant a big thing to be the wife of a railroad man—to be even an incidental factor in the mighty girdles of the earth. And it came to her, too, that there may be other vices outside of wine and cards and women—the accepted trinity. There might be selfishness, pettiness—*carelessness.* That, vastest of all—*carelessness.* And above and beyond all, carelessness in a *railroad man*—that puny, impotent little digit, controlling with mock import the gigantic, monstrous creatures of his own invention.

When Jack and Jim Stevens turned to her again, they started at the ashen tone of her ruddy skin.

"Sick, sweetheart?" Jack reached her at a bound.

"No—no—yes, Jack—yes, I am. Sick—with fear—for you. I overheard you and Mr. Stevens just now. I overheard him warning you. I—I never *realized* before, but oh, I do now! And you *are* careless, darling—*awfully careless.*"

Jim Stevens smiled, reassuringly. "He's promised to do better—to be cautious, Mrs. Foster," he consoled her. "Dont worry—Jack wouldn't lose you—not even by playing mincemeat for the road."

Helen quivered at the crude pleasantry; then, by common consent, they turned to the more cheerful topic of the house nearing completion—the house that was to be occupied that week.

"We'll be scrimped for it, I can tell you," Jack laughed; "we squeezed the

eagle till the old boy shrieked for mercy. It's been a tough road most of the time, what with the babies and doctor's bills and clothes and some few good times. But we've always wanted this, Helen and I. Even before we were married, a home—our *own* home—was our goal. We said that no matter what we had to go without—no matter what sacrifice it meant—we'd *have* this. And we have. And we're going to be awfully happy in it, Jim—Helen and the babies and I. It's going to be a *real* home, 'cause—what was that you said, dear, last night?—'cause love planned it and work built it and faith shall keep it pure."

"I believe it." Conductor Stevens shook Jack warmly by the hand, tossed up the kiddies, and with another kindly nod of reassurance to Mrs. Foster, was on his way.

Left alone, Jack and Helen entered the house again.

"It's all ours, little wife," the man said, happily.

"Jack," Helen took him by the arms and faced him—soft, dark eyes brimming—"oh, *promise* me," she whispered, *"promise* me—home would mean less than nothing—life would mean less than that—the babies and I would be—— Oh, my husband, be *careful!*"

"Dont take Stevens so to heart, dear," Jack smiled. "He really exaggerates. He's a *bug* on the Safety First business; it's all very well—good dope—but nothing should be carried to excess."

The next week was a whirlwind one of out of the old home and into the new. And it was not until they were settled finally in the brand-new, shiny-floored, freshly papered house that Jack built, that Helen found time to entertain her phantom of fear.

One morning, after Jack had taken his cheery departure and the kiddies were playing outdoors, it invaded Helen's mind and imagination and shook her heart by its tautened roots—numb in the paralytic clutch of the uncanny fear, she stared protrudingly ahead of her. The familiar, cozy room seemed to melt away, and she was looking down from a solitary, sickeningly remote height on Jack, swinging carelessly along the track to his signal point. Foreboding seemed to clutch her, chill-fingered and prescient—she tried to scream out, but her tongue seemed stiff in her mouth—speech was impossible. Around the bend, shrieking, whirling, impending as

"DONOVAN HAD FALLEN WHILE RIDING A FREIGHT"

Doom itself, came the flyer. Down the track a perilously short distance was Jack's stalled train—standing, it seemed to Helen, idiotically motionless. Jack, in whose horny palm lay confident, human lives, stopped easily, under the very cow-catcher of the flyer, Helen thought. He extracted some cigarets and fumbled for a light—Helen swayed and gagged—a nausea swept over her, leaving gooseflesh and a chill as of ague in its wake. She made a rattling sound in her throat—the flyer sped fatally on—the stalled train stood woodenly still. Jack lit his cigaret—puffed nonchalantly—there was a horrid, splintering, deafening crash—the breath-taking monstrous impact of wood and glass and steel and screaming flesh and

baleful fires. Then, demoniac sequence, the high-roaring, licking, sucking flames and the thick, sickly yellow vapors of smoke. Men running and shouting and cursing God and man —men, awful in hysteria; a charred crisp THING—another—and another —pulled from under the flaming wreckage; Jack—Jack—her husband —a craven, saffron-beaked creature, swaying on his knees—praying, sobbing, entreating mercy from an in-

It was the noon-hour and past when Helen reached the small station where Jack and Conductor Stevens ate their dinner together. As Helen sped nearer she heard an unfamiliar voice, pitched as if in excitement.

"Yes," he was saying, "I'll be glad to tell my tale, Foster, if it 'll give some other chap his legs. Believe me, a feller cant have a wandering mind in this game—this railroad game. A feller's got to be ON THE JOB—body

"THERE WAS A HORRID, SPLINTERING, DEAFENING CRASH!"

furiated crowd. And across the heavens like a brand, the word *Carelessness* in letters of living flame.

Helen pulled herself out of her chair and stood erect. The tranced, tragic stare left her eyes. She pulled herself together with a deep, gasping breath. "Oh!" she moaned, "I cant— I cant let myself go like this—my fear and my awful imagination will drive me to insanity.

"I'll go see Jack and take him a fresh pie for his dinner. Maybe, if I *see* him—alive and doing his duty— this dreadful feeling will leave me."

and soul and thought; if he aint— well, a train's no respecter of persons, I'll tell you, and they aint supposed to be, either. They run accordin' to schedule and switches and flags and all that—and a feller workin' on this road is supposed to be *wise* to the game. And if a man's such a poor fool as to stand squat in the middle of the tracks and let a train chop him up —he's chopped to a finish. That's what happened to me.

"I'd had a quarrel with my wife that morning—the day I lost my leg —our first quarrel. It was my fault

all right. She'd been cookin' breakfast and scrubbin' around for me. And when she asked me a civil question I snapped her short—took her by surprise—and she—she *cried.* I had to leave her—crying—and I couldn't get it out of my mind. Every blamed place I looked I saw her face—tear-stained and awful sad. I felt like a cheap cad and I couldn't wait to get home. While I was moonin' wiped a shamed tear from his lean face and pulled himself awkwardly to his one foot. Then he achieved a smile. "Maybe I'll get used to the darned things later on," he said; "but, gosh, I wish I hadn't thought I knew it all. We was gettin' along swell, too—thinkin' of buildin' in the spring. Min's strong for kiddies, you know—but, gosh, 'twouldn't be square now—— Well—g'by, boys."

"JACK—JACK, HER HUSBAND—A CRAVEN CREATURE SWAYING ON HIS KNEES"

along, attendin' to everything but the job, a movin' train—struck me.

"I—I—it sorter makes me sick to describe it—even yet, Stevens. I—cant get over—the blood that oozed out of—*where my leg* WAS—or the leg itself—hangin'—by a shred—ugh! —and my face—and the white, scared faces of the boys liftin' me up and bendin' over me——

"It sure PAYS, Foster, to be careful. My girl's workin' now—and I'll never be any real good any more. If I'd only thought what I was doin'—if I'd only taken heed to the Safety First rules—but I didn't, and——" He

"Good-by," smiled Stevens; "thanks, Donovan."

Jack sat immovable.

"He said he was plannin' to build in the spring," he said at last, throatily.

"Yes," smiled Stevens, "but of course he cant think of it now. Can hardly expect a woman to support a house—and as for children, well, half a man 'd have a blamed nerve to have kidlets.

"Yes, of course."

Stevens laid his kindly hand on the rigid shoulder. "Oh, it pays, boy," he said, gravely—"it *pays* to be *careful.* To be on the job—to keep life

and limb intact. There's no room for doubt—it PAYS——"

Helen did not wait for more. She forgot the fresh and toothsome pie. Her breast heaved and tears rolled from her eyes, unashamed.

"Oh, poor man," she sobbed, as she sped toward home—toward the House That Jack Built—"*poor* Donovan—and his wife—and the kidlets she wanted and will never have. Oh, I hope Jack *learns*. I hope he *resolves* to be careful, for if he ever makes a resolution he always keeps it"

That night Jack brought Conductor Stevens home for dinner.

"Stevens wants us to go to the Safety Rally in Town Hall tonight, Helen," Jack said, at dinner. "Do you want to?"

"Yes, of *course,*" she responded eagerly, glad to snatch at any straw that would go to the foundation of Jack's resolution.

"You run along and get dolled up, then," Jack ordered smilingly, "and I'll take Stevens in to peek at the kids—they look so blamed cute when they're asleep."

"I've got to hear their prayers first," Helen said, "then I will."

Stevens looked down with mingled awe and curiosity on the chubby, kneeling figures and the dark, bent head and white, clasped hands of the mother.

"A wonderful trinity, boy," he whispered, with the rare sentiment that was deep-grained in his earnest nature, "but a pretty helpless one, too—*too* helpless for the man who claims them to be taking chances with his life. Lord, if I'd had gifts from the Almighty like *them,* I'd be doing myself up in cotton-wool for fear of damage."

Jack laughed, and the men left the peaceful room with the lisped, soft words in their ears.

"Did you hear *what* they were praying?" asked Stevens, as they waited for Helen in the living room.

"No—usual thing, I guess."

"They were saying, 'Please, God, dont let daddy be careless any more.' That's the best Safety First you've got, Jack, for you certainly do give death the glad hand every day of your life, and so do half of the d—d fools workin' on the rails. And then we're up to our necks in widows' tears—and fatherless babes—and stumps of men—Lord!——"

Helen arrived at this juncture, and Stevens, who was warming up, reluctantly held his peace.

Town Hall was crowded, and the white screen drawn across the hall at its extreme end bespoke Motion Pictures.

"Going to be a lecture?" asked Stevens of one of his fellow conductors as they took seats.

"Believe they're goin' to show movies," he made answer; "true-to-life ones."

Helen glanced about her curiously. She had been too busy at home to get about much, and most of the people were strangers to her. And it seemed that everywhere she looked she beheld some horrible imprint of *carelessness*—men with an eye missing—here, an arm—there, one leg or both. And beside them women, wives or mothers, with their maimed hearts in their poor faces. "Oh!" she found herself breathing, involuntarily, "why weren't they careful?"

Donovan was there, with his lean face, from which the recent horror had not yet gone. And by him was his young wife—truly young no longer. The bridal bliss was quite gone, and in its place had come the strained, harassed expression put there by grinding work—a too-heavy burden of anxiety and heart-break.

One of the leaders of the Safety First Rally came before the screen at this juncture and informed those assembled that the pictures about to be shown were, unhappily, only too true to life. Pictures that might never have been possible if the employes would heed the Safety First rules and believe that those in command of them knew what they were talking about.

"Some of these scenes will strike raw wounds in some of your hearts, I know," he sympathized, "but the individual has ever to be sacrificed

"HE FELL VIOLENTLY BACK, HIS HAND TO HIS FLAYED EYE-BALL"

for the common good. All right, operator!"

A length of gleaming track showed on the screen. Along it rolled a freight, ridden by a man, who lolled thereon in obvious disregard of his position. The freight coupled with a sudden, startling jar, and the man was precipitated to the tracks, violently. After a long minute he arose, and his arm hung limp in his coat-sleeve—his temple was darkly smeared, and his eyes were wide with pain.

"Oh," sobbed a young girl in the audience, "my feller did that very thing—oh, it must have hurt him something *dreadful!*"

This time a car was moving down the tracks with a man running ahead of it. Now and then he stumbled, but kept doggedly on, head bent as if wilfully determined to pay no heed to his whereabouts. Quicker than he had dreamed, the freight collided with another moving one, and the man was mashed between them, hideously, inhumanly.

A woman in the audience screamed and clutched of the man next to her. "My man!" she choked and gasped; "make them stop it—make them take it off; oh, merciful mother of Christ—my man was killed *—that—way!*"

Helen, white-faced, looked around at the frantic woman. Her eyes filled with hot tears. It was Tess, whose eyes had never been quite sane since she kist the unrecognizable face of her man in fiercely protesting farewell.

A factory scene was shown, with men in goggles chipping steel. One man, in the foreground, pushed his goggles impatiently from his eyes and chipped serenely on.

The foreman, on the lookout for just such negligence, passed, reprimanded him, and ordered him to wear his goggles without fail. The man nodded sullenly, and, as soon as the foreman was on his way, scowled defiantly in his direction and pushed them off again.

An instant later, as if in sharp terrific punishment, he fell violently back, his hand to his flayed eye-ball in which stuck, with pain untellable, the sharp bit of steel. His fellow workers gathered about him, and bore him, fighting, shrieking, torture-wild, to the emergency hospital. There the grave-eyed surgeon extracted not only the fatal steel, but the shattered eye as well.

In the audience a slim lad, with one

"ONE OF THE EMPLOYES WAS NAILED TO THE BOARD"

bright eye, watching the screen, avidly nodded.

"That's how it was, Ma," he whispered, "with me."

The mother put her hand on his shoulder, infinitely tender and compassionate. "Oh, son," she breathed, "if you hadn't of been *careless!*"

"I thought I knew it all, Ma," he answered. "*Gee!*"

This time the screen showed a man walking along the track, in evident preoccupation—so deeply preoccupied that the flyer rounding the bend caught him in its fangs and passed its gigantic length over his body. They drew him out—a stump.

Mrs. Donovan was sobbing, unrestrainedly. "Dont take on, Min," Donovan whispered tenderly, "I only lost—ONE."

Again—men opening and crating wooden boxes. One man, after wrenching his box apart, left the boards lying where they fell, with the vicious nails ready for any passer-by. He saw his carelessness, but shrugged. Two minutes later a maddened howl of wrath and pain brought them to the spot. One of the employes was nailed to the board. They extracted the nail at last, and carried the groaning man to the emergency.

"The foot must go," the surgeon said, and the man fainted.

Out among the onlookers a man turned livid. "God!" he muttered; "I can feel it all over again."

Helen leaned against Jack, heavily.

"A WONDERFUL TRINITY, BOY, BUT A PRETTY HELPLESS ONE"

"Oh, I cant *bear* much more!" she gasped. "Is it nearly over?"

"It's all over," nodded Jack.

Helen missed him after they reached home that night, and found him by the kiddies' bed. She crept up behind him softly and twined her arms close about him.

"I wouldn't want to leave them, dear," he whispered.

"No, dear; *no.*"

"Or you, either, dear."

"Oh, no—NO!"

"Or be maimed—and a burden to you all."

"No, my darling. Oh, those

men—those poor, foolish, tortured creatures——"

"Yes, Helen—over the kiddies' bed, with you near me—I swear it—to be careful to the point of being fanatical—to take no risks—to run no chances—to cause you no vestige of fear. Too many fools monkey with the buzz-saw. I do most solemnly *swear it.*"

"Oh, Jack—my dear, my *dear!*"

And so—

Resolution became the cat
That killed Carelessness, the rat
That was eating Happiness, the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

SCENE FROM "EASTER BABIES" (VITAGRAPH)

AS CLEOPATRA CONQUERED ANTONY

Are not eyes mightier than the sword? If you dont think so, see Cissy Fitzgerald and Joseph H. Frank in "Leave It to Cissy" (Mutual)

Bees and Eagles Are Her Pets

By CORA DREW

But for the smiling face, one might think Lillian Brown Leighton were decidedly on the defensive. Not so; her bees are swarming, and her wide-spread arms suggest a warning to strangers not to approach. Miss Leighton seriously considers the matter of bee-keeping. She reads everything printed concerning the care and keep of bees, and considers it the most fascinating of all insect life. "Some day," she tells me, "I shall make a business of it—some day when I am too old to remain in pictures. I would carry the work further now, were it not that my mother has an uncontrollable fear of the bee. But they never sting me; perhaps it's because I love and care for them, know how to work with them and really have no nervous dread. Why, they are regular pets!"

Miss Leighton extends her love of pets still further, and soars higher than even a bee. This eagle is a particular favorite of hers, knows her voice, and readily responds to her call with a wild flapping of wings. To get his picture, it was necessary to hold him with the curved spread so beautiful in the eagle. The distance from his head to Miss Leighton's waistline will give an adequate idea of the number of feet that spread measures. Methinks it's something like seven feet from tip to tip, yet I may be short in count. The savage opening of the beak shows he does not relish captivity.

Eagles are not supposed to be affectionate birds, but Miss Leighton's winged warrior is very fond of her, however much he may strike with talons and beak at her servants.

Mothers

Helen Anderson, Champion "Character Mother"

MAKE-UP is an art, it is true, and lucky are those stage people who are adept at it, but more fortunate are they who, with but little use of this art, have the power of changing the expressions of the face to fit the different characters. By her facial expressions

Mrs. Helen Anderson, mother of Mary Anderson, changes easily from the cruel and hard-hearted to the shrewd, to the pathetic, to the happy-go-lucky.

In the upper picture at the right is shown Mother Lee, the part Mrs. Anderson took in the play, "Anselo Lee." In this picture she is a famous witch and fortune-teller of the gypsy tribe. Does she not look as tho she might have formed a compact with the evil spirits? Her son and a society girl are in love, but the old witch opposes the romance, because she has read in the girl's palm that she will die young. This hard-hearted creature for a time keeps the lovers apart, and, broken-hearted, Anselo Lee follows his wandering tribe for many weary months. He manages to again locate his sweetheart, but finds her very ill, and, after a brief period of happiness, true to the foreboding of

this old woman of the dark-skinned, wandering tribe, the girl dies in Anselo Lee's arms.

The upper picture on this page is Aunt Lovell, the part Mrs. Anderson plays in "Gone to the Dogs." This is the story of a gypsy lad who leaves his tribe and his sweetheart, goes to the city, meets the "Painted Woman," only to find, when he has spent his last cent on her, that she has conceived a pure love for him. Tho he feels the call of the road, he stays with this woman until she dies. His gypsy sweetheart brings him back to health and happiness. Mrs. Anderson, tho a gypsy in this picture, too, with but little make-up makes of herself one of an altogether different type from the former character.

In "The Goddess" Mrs. Anderson was Mother Douglas, mother of "Freddie, the Ferret." She was the sweet, sad old lady whom "The Goddess" went to visit in the tenement. The lower pictures here show how well she impersonated her rôle. Perhaps the "gypsy" in Helen Anderson has something to do with her wanderlust, for she has just left the Vitagraph Company for parts unknown. And on almost the same day, three thousand miles away, little Mary Anderson was married in Los Angeles. Mother Anderson, no doubt, heard the church bells and is speeding westward to their call.

The Girl With a Hundred Personalities

Anne Schaefer, the Character Woman of the Vitagraph Co.

By DORIS SCHROEDER

"JUST a few steps across the yard." The guardian of the portals was most obliging, but the ground between myself and the dressing-rooms was thick with dust—and the day was hot. So I was unprofessionally grouchy when I knocked on the door marked neatly, "Anne Schaefer."

A modulated voice, with just a touch of sad sweetness in it, called "Enter." And when I opened that door, I shut it at once on my grouch. Maybe it was the room itself that did it—it was such a sunny little place, with curtained window, cut flowers, and well-bound books; but I am more than half persuaded that it was the "Lady Anne" herself. For as she sat there, smiling a welcome, I fully realized why the shabby little old man just outside the studio gates had said, "Miss Schaefer? You mean our 'Lady Anne'? Sure, she's over there, and it's myself is tellin' you, Miss, it is 'Saint Anne' they should be callin' her—yes!"

Her lap was full of envelope corners, each decorated with a canceled stamp, which she was carefully clipping off and placing in a large box, half full already. I explained the object of my visit, and begged her to continue her work as we talked. She consented to answer my questions, offered me some fruit, and returned to her tedious clipping. I was curious.

"Why do you collect those stamps?"

She smiled as she replied: "Not all women are so fortunate as we Americans. These apparently useless stamps may be the means of saving the life of some Chinese girl baby who will be bought from the parents that do not want her because she made the slight mistake of not being a boy, and she will be taken care of by the missions, which the sale of these stamps, in large quantities, helps to support. So my canceled stamps are worth a little, dont you agree?"

I certainly did. And I was filled with admiration of her spirit. I had heard often of Anne Schaefer's

charities, and had known personally of people to whom she had been a saviour; but I was glad of this glimpse at the real meaning of Charity—patient labor to accomplish good, with no thought of selfish reward. However, tho I tried tactfully, "Lady Anne" would not be drawn into a discussion of her good works.

I noticed a book of "still pictures" and asked for a few of her favorite parts.

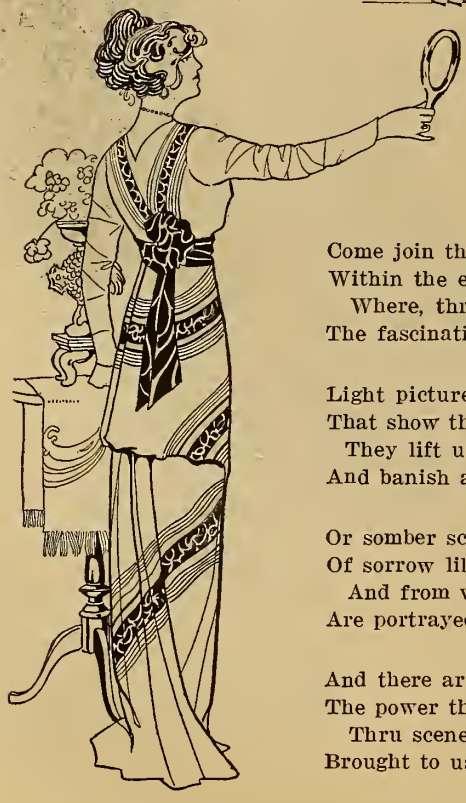
"My favorite parts?" she paused with a bewildered look in her restful eyes. "There are so many that I dont know where to begin. The most recent was Martha in 'The Woman's Share,' a character which I felt every moment of the time I was in it. Were they real tears I shed in 'Bittersweet'? Yes, I lived every emotion. It was really my boy who was leaving me—my heart was aching with the realization that I hadn't understood him until too late! Wearing? Yes, but I love it. There were the two 'Mareea the Half-Breed' stories, 'Johanna the Barbarian,' and 'Anne the Black-

smith'—all very different—and 'The Pore Folks' Boy.' I hear of that yet, tho the little boy who played in it with me three years ago is a grown-up actor now."

Miss Schaefer was born in St. Louis and educated at the Convent of Notre Dame in that city. She is an original member of the Western studio of the Vitagraph Company and came West with Rollin Sturgeon over four years ago. Much of the success of that organization is due to Miss Schaefer's efforts and ability. Such pictures in the earlier days of the Western Vitagraph as "How States Are Made," "The Yellow Streak," "The Craven," "Anne of the Trails," "At the Sign of the Lost Angel," were the firm foundation upon which the present studio record stands. Her stage career was long and successful, her engagement just previous to entering the pictures having been with the late Louis James.

"Lady Anne" is devoted to her family and is responsible for the introduction of her clever niece, Jane Novak, into the pictures. It is very seldom that Miss Schaefer has a day free from studio work, but when that day comes, her active hands are never idle, and every week a big box of stamps leaves for far-off China, and in many places there are people a little happier because of messages of sympathy and understanding, written by a real woman from the depths of a loving heart; for "Lady Anne" never ignores any one's appeal for advice or comfort, and in consequence her friends are legion. Her greatest ambition is to make the screen a strong power for good, and by doing her best and truest work, help bring home the lessons of life to those to whom the screen is the book of life.

She told me these things in the hour that we sat together, and she spoke of herself and her gentle, forceful life, happily but calmly, as tho they were all in the day's work.



PICTURES

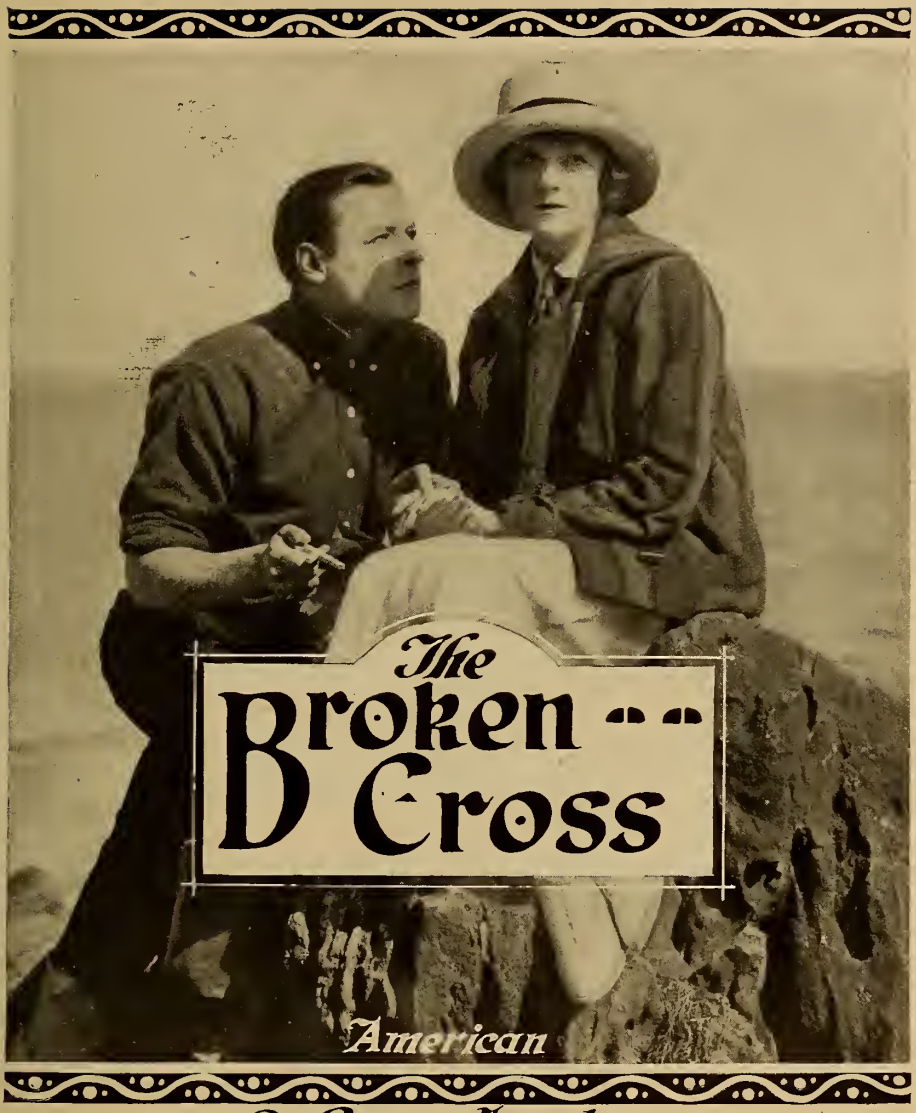
By GEORGE B. STAFF

Come join the crowd, and spend an hour or so
Within the entertaining picture show,
Where, thrown upon the surface of the screen,
The fascinating pictures come and go.

Light pictures, full of brimming laughter gay,
That show the bright side of life's winding way;
They lift us to the heights of happiness,
And banish all the sorrows of the day.

Or somber scenes, o'er which the gloomy pall
Of sorrow like a canopy shall fall,
And from which sermons, stronger far than words,
Are portrayed with their lessons clear to all.

And there are scenes that quickly demonstrate
The power they possess to educate,
Thru scenes of other peoples, other lands,
Brought to us by this new invention great.



by Grace Lamb

JUNE 1ST.—A diary is an ancient institution, but I've decided to keep one. I've a feeling that I'll always want to remember this most vital day of my life—the day in which I have met *my woman.*

Somehow I've felt different, anyway, since I arrived in this fishing hamlet. It's so almighty different from the life David Keightly has been accustomed to. I can be glad, now, that dad kicked me out. I can even believe that he knew what he was about. It was spoiling me—all of it: dad's millions; the clubs; the life; the fawning, immodest women. I'm *glad* I was kicked! And I'm glad I came down here by the sea instead of going straight to Hades. And I'm glad I risked my good-for-nothing life today to save Dora Brandon's.

I can see her now as I brought her out of the water—her dark hair slicked back by the beastly water; her little, slender face; her drooping, listless body. I wanted to kiss her then and there. I wanted to love her. I wanted to tell her so. All at once I knew, even as story-book chaps, that this was my woman. I exulted within

myself, as I bore her up to her boarding-place, "This woman is *mine,* given me from the clutch of the sea, from the grasp of Death."

JUNE 20TH.—I knew I'd never be good at keeping this thing regularly. How could I write things when I've been living things so hard? But tonight I cannot sleep. I'm tingling from head to foot with a veritable storm of exultation. Dora is going to marry me!

It's been a marvelous, mystic month

bronzed; web-footed and bunch-muscled—and unsurpassably happy.

I couldn't write it—tonight on the beach—and Dora telling me she loved me, with her soft lips; her burning, dark eyes; every strand of her lovely hair; every line of her beautiful body. I cant write it; but I can remember it, and keep it holy, and I will, oh, my beloved!

JUNE 21ST.—A telegram to come home at once. Father ill. Am writing this en route, after a hasty, unsatis-

"THE HAMLET BY THE SEA, WITH THE SEA-TANG IN OUR NOSTRILS AND THE SEA-WINDS IN OUR HAIR"

—the kind of a month that makes a fellow believe in the good old days of golden romance, and Swinburne, and Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," and—oh, all that. We've had the sea —with its strange, salt tang and its crooning, beaching sound—and the damp, compelling salt-air, and the moon—and each other. My faith! but we have loved!

How they would laugh, the women in town! How they would jeer—they with their teas and their *thé dansants,* their skating and their mincing walks! How little they would understand me now—David Keightly, the debonair, in an open flannel shirt, sea-kist and

factory farewell to Dora, my poor little love. She seemed unduly pale and frightened. Somehow, I feel ominous. She gave me a tiny, wooden cross—to remember her by, she said.

JULY 31ST.—I have been a very sick man, they tell me—the kindly-eyed M.D., and Helen, the soft-spoken nurse, who was the innocent cause of my being here at all. But before I record that tale I must try, with faltering pen, to go back to the fishing hamlet, whence I repaired immediately after my father's funeral.

Joe Badger, one of the fishing fleet, met me at the train. I never knew

how he happened to meet me, as I had let no one know of my arrival—not even Dora, hoping to surprise her. But my little girl had passed beyond surprise. She had died in my absence. I always thought Joe Badger loved her himself, and when he broke the news to me I *knew* it. He was so white, so broken. She is dead. I guess I loved her too well. They say you shouldn't love a mortal like I loved Dora. Anyway, I know that I shall never love again—that way. Sometimes I wake out of a sound sleep, here in this white room, with the sea-tang in my nostrils, the sea-winds in my hair, and a little, slender figure in my arms. It almost drives me mad. Then Helen, my nurse, comes along, with her cool, sensitive hands, and soft, soothing voice, and I sleep again. I've grown dependent on Helen, for Dora's death has killed the old David Keightly, too. He is lying with you, my sweet, my own, in your innocent, narrow bed.

August 3d.—After writing that last instalment, the fever came back again, and Helen wouldn't let me write again until today. I am much better today, thanks to Helen, which reminds me of two important discoveries I made today. One is that Helen has Dora's eyes—the same dark, wistful ones, that always seem to be pleading—dream-misted, yet frankly clear. The other is that Helen loves me. I do not say this vainly. I have been too nearly thru with life for small vanities. I know that she does, with the uncanny insight of sex. And now I *must* tell of my meeting with Helen. It was the very day that I returned from the fishing hamlet, having heard of Dora's death. Walking along Cape Street, here in town, I suddenly beheld a bunch of ruffians bothering the life out of a lone girl. I plunged in, and they did me up. To be honest, I rather let them manhandle me, for I didn't care. And when they had done, the remains were taken to the ——

"I SUDDENLY BEHELD A BUNCH OF RUFFIANS BOTHERING THE LIFE OUT OF A LONE GIRL. I PLUNGED IN AND THEY DID ME UP"

"AND THE VERY GIRL I HAD DEFENDED TURNED OUT TO BE MY NURSE"

Hospital, and the very girl I had defended turned out to be my nurse.

Helen! My blood does not burn when I think of you, nor my pulses leap, nor my arms yearn. Rather I feel calm and very still, and, more than all, at peace. I need your cool touch, dear, your woman's love, to salve my raw, red heart. And knowing you—your quality of ministering angel, your sweet nature that had rather give than receive—I am going to ask you.

AUGUST 5TH.—She *does* love me. And she is going to marry me. Helen, with Dora's dark, dark eyes. I think that I am happy. I know that I am going to be so. How can I help but be, with such a love enveloping me like soft, eager flame—a love that shames me by its completeness, its measureless generosity? Why must women like Helen—passionate, splendid, vivid—give their love to a broken husk of a heart? Why do I yearn for my first real love when I hold this woman in my arms?

We are to be married on the eve of the day I leave the hospital. I am glad; but it is the gladness of twilight, not the scarlet glory and the searching sun of the dawning.

AUGUST 10TH.—Tonight was to have been our wedding-night. Instead, I stand alone, waiting. But to go back: This afternoon, in packing up my things, I came across the little, broken, wooden cross my love had given me "to remember me by." Somehow, the sight of it did for me. She was cold and prisoned and helpless in her grave. I had never placed a single flower over her, nor said a prayer for her homing soul, nor breathed of her to the woman I was about to marry. I had forgotten—so must she think. Then, all at once, it came over me. I must tell Helen, I decided, in fairness to them both.

I sought her out, and I told her. I showed her the wooden cross. I burned it into her heart—my story and my lost love's. I even cried a little, and begged her to forgive me.

When I had done, she looked at me a long, long time—such a look as I would have given Dora had I been permitted to look on her dead face. Then she said, in that clear, soft voice with its tender depth, "Dora is my

"I BURNED IT INTO HER HEART—MY STORY AND MY LOST LOVE'S"

sister, David. She is not dead, dear. There has been some horrible mistake."

This very afternoon she accepted service with the Red Cross section starting out for the seat of war. Before she left she sent for Dora, who almost fainted at the news, and said good-by to me. I did not insult her by offering to keep faith. Her love was too fine for that. First, last and always it was sacrifice and *giving*. I'm glad I was able to see and know it.

And now I am waiting for Dora. I'll see her again, and hear her, and hold her to me, and kiss her willing mouth—my first love, twice given me by Death. And tonight we will be married. And tomorrow we'll go back to the hamlet by the sea—with the sea-tang in our nostrils and the sea-winds in our hair.

Photography

By ERROLL HAY COLCOCK

Past

In olden times daguerreotypes
And miniatures so small
Were the only likenesses
That seemed to "take" at all.

Present

The camera man now has his day
And flatters all with chaff,
Promising both young and old
A "charming" photograph.

Future

In future when we wish our lives
Lived over scene by scene,
We'll simply flash off "private reels"
Upon a movie screen.

"Oh, where is the girl of yesterday?"
Asked my Grandaddy, with hair turned gray.
"Each day and hour my old heart frets
For a sight of the maid in pantalets;
The shy little lass with corkscrew curls
And hoop-skirt gown. Why, today the girls
Are sweet and fair, but you should have seen
Your Grandma when she was sweet sixteen!"
I took Grandpa to a picture show;
He no longer sighs for the long ago,
For he often sees at the photoplay
The Crinoline girl of yesterday.

THE SHYNESS OF MARY FULLER

BY H. H. VAN LOAN

"SH-SH!" Mary Fuller is shy; in fact, very shy — camera-shy. You dont say so? Yes, I do. I may say it safely, for she said so herself. She gave me good reasons for it, too.

Here is how I discovered it, and here's how she happened to tell me all about it.

Her director, Lucien Henderson, herself and a big company went to Long Beach, which is situated just far enough out on Long Island to refer to it as being outside New York City limits—for the purpose of filming a play in which "money-bagism" was to be given an object lesson. For the purpose Mary had procured a brand-new bathing-beach creation. It was one of those affairs which were built for reviewing purposes, and its creator had never designed it for active service. It was a bathing-suit only in name, or, as the melodramatic writer would have it, "bathing-suit in name only." However, it was very brave; in fact you might even call it bold. For it took its form out of a glorious material which would not shrink from anything—except water, perhaps.

Well, all the scenes were taken, and the delighted crowd of hobnobbers watched with interest and applauded. This made Mary Fuller camera-shy? No, of course not; on the contrary, it was inspiring. But, after it was all over, Mary suddenly discovered several of those fellows who spend their lives doing nothing, and cannot even do this gracefully, just about to "shoot" her. Then it was Miss Fuller not only proved she was camera-shy, but she forgot all about that wonderful creation which had never been designed for ocean, river, brook or creek purposes, and, with one first and final look at the glaring lenses, she turned about, accompanied by a blush, and

plunged that "bathing-suit in name only" right into the ocean—with herself in it. The entire company followed suit—bathing. And in the cooling waves the entire crowd felt amply rewarded for the roasting they had received — not by an appreciating public, but by the too searching eye of the sun.

"Tell me, Miss Fuller," I said, when she came out of the water, her bathing-suit and hair looking not a bit attractive now for camera fiends of any kind, "what caused you to hasten into the water before the cameras?"

She paused a moment—brushed aside a few thousand grains of sand with her dainty right foot—then came the confession.

"I am camera-shy," she replied, later. There seemed to be something like anger in her voice. So I pre-

play, you know, I live my part. I do not feel that there is any such thing as a camera glaring at me. And, what is more, I need not care. Whatever the camera describes is not Mary Fuller, but Jane Jones, impersonated by Mary Fuller. So this impersonation is at liberty, and even obliged, to show itself as it is, body and soul. Mary is out of it, even tho she is ever so much in it. Now, when I represented Miss Headswell Moneybag at her best or worst, whatever you may call it, then the camera was required to show her bathing-suit on the film most accurately. However, those impudent young fellows did not want to photograph me as Miss Headswell

ferred to hold my tongue and wait for an explanation. It came.

"I suppose you men will never understand women, and I shall have to forgive you, altho your question involved a certain discourtesy to me. No, do not interrupt me, for I shall explain the point at issue to you. There is an immense difference between acting and posing before the Moving Picture camera, in a professional way, and being photographed in a bathing-suit by those staring boys."

"Yes," I replied, jokingly—"one is interpretation, and the other is delineation—and admiration."

"I refuse to laugh at such slapstick comedy," she returned. And her lips puckered up just enough to give evidence of her being fussed. "When I represent a character in a

Moneybag; no, they wanted to photograph Mary Fuller in her bathing-suit—a spectacle which is seldom witnessed by even my maid."

"Therefore, I suppose I must——"

"Not at all," she interrupted. "Your apology is unnecessary. You were not at fault. Instinctively, you would never have tried the trick yourself, or I would not let you talk to me at all."

That was indeed consoling. Flattery is so pleasing when it is rare. So I hastened to show my appreciation.

"Thanks, very much, indeed," I stammered. "But—may I publish the fact that there are instances in which you, the Moving Picture queen, are camera-shy?"

"I cannot see why I should object," she returned. "Only, if you do, you should know a little more, for this sea-shore occurrence is not at all a frequent one to make one camera-shy. Still, I am so nearly every week a couple of times, and this is what you should lay stress upon if you see fit to write anything about me at all: I am fairly swamped with requests for my picture."

"Fairly?"

"Well, I cannot call it unfair. Requests coming from the general public are by no means troublesome; they are easily satisfied with the reproduction of some of my photos. And the troublesome requests are not unfair, because they come from artists, magazines, newspapers and trade journals desirous of giving me publicity. That's really very nice on their part, and I am thankful for it. However, they always want something new. So they ask for a novel and original picture to accompany the article. One would think that recent pictures would be sufficient for the purpose. This seems to be an error. I labored under it myself. I have heard so many people remark that hardly two of my pictures have a striking similarity that I am entitled no more to doubt it. My friends claim the reason for it lies in the striking discrepancy of my "classical" profile and my "modern" front view—whatever they may mean to them. Under the circumstances, there is nothing left for me to do but to respond to the numerous and most courteous, even flattering, invitations, to pose, and to pose, and pose again. How could I refuse people who mean well?"

"It would be thwarting the ends of art," I admitted. "But I cannot very well conceive what the connection might be between those facts and your contention that you, at times, are camera-shy."

"Well, nearly every time I pose before cameras—just to comply with requests—of the kind now under discussion, I feel a little camera-shy."

"Miss Fuller—of course, if you say so—but what may be the psychological reason?"

"I cannot exactly account for it," she said. "I imagine, tho, that the reason is closely related to the one we discussed before. When I pose in a Moving Picture, why, then I play a part. A photographer, on the other hand, does not want my art; he does not want my impersonations of others; he does not want me to act, to show action; no, he wants me as I am. He wants the picture of Mary Fuller; he wants a picture which not only gives the looks of her, but, if possible, shows her very soul, tells her character, of her characteristics, her likes and dislikes; shows exactly wherein lies her strength and what are her shortcomings. Now, the art of Mary Fuller can stand, and even invites, closest investigation—Mary Fuller the girl, Mary Fuller the woman, and Mary Fuller the lady. Must she be different from her sisters? I suppose, I may be permitted to be natural and to keep what is usually called a charm of my sex—the shy demureness."

Then she started to move away. I was not thinking of the girl before me just then. I was not thinking of Mary Fuller the woman, Mary Fuller the favorite star of filmdom, Mary Fuller the lady. I was thinking of Mary Fuller the philosopher. She was just like her pictures. It was

MARY FULLER IN "THE FIRST CHRISTMAS"

hard to tell whether her vein of humor or her artery of seriousness was prevalent at a given moment.

A great artistic truth hit me fairly in the face: Mary Fuller in a ruined bathing-suit, or in ashes and sackcloth, or in filmy cabaret finery, was not Mary Fuller at all. She was Miss Moneybag, or a penitent, or an outcast dancer. As I turned to walk away she handed me a card. I thought I could see deviltry in her eye when she gave it to me. I glanced at it. It bore the name of a Fifth Avenue art photographer!

What Mary Fuller had told me was true: life is just one camera after another.

by Alexander Lowell

Being the experiences of BUCK PARVIN, based upon the Mustang Photoplay taken from the story of CHARLES E. VAN LOAN, published by the CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

DEAR STEVE—Say, Steve, I've got a good yarn to tell you about one of the boobs that try to break into the movies. And take it from Buck Parvin, Steve, they're *some* army. Coxey's little band were highbrows by comparison. We get everything, from the broiler with the vanilla ice-cream soda complexion and the Coca-cola temperament, to the big-knuckled rube from "back home." Y'know the kind.

Well, this little tale is about the last-named. We'd just finished the last reel of "The Guiding Torch," featuring Myrt Manners, and were casting about for some extras for "The Justice of the Jungle." Monty was directing, and he's a crab for temper, y'know. Myrt and La Rue were

to be featured, and yours apologetically was also cast in a fat and juicy rôle. But we were extra-less. Then who comes along but Tommy Dennis. Remember Tommy, Steve—the poor fish that did the chores back on his pa's farm, where we were vacationing summer before last? Well, it was the same Tommy—guileless as an unweaned babe; stupid as a bat, and soft like mush around the big aorta, or wherever the blood-pump's located.

Well, Steve, Tommy fell flat for Myrt Manners—flatter than a fried cake at Childs'. The tumble was something fierce. He'd never laid eyes on anything like Myrt before, and he was floored. When she rolled those big, black, moony eyes, he crawled down his spine; when she flashed her ivories in his direction—just accidental, of course—he looked like a piece of Roquefort cheese; and when she began rehearsing some of our animal stuff, he was sure polka-dotted with quilly gooseflesh.

"I'D BEEN DOIN' A LITTLE BOXIN' WITH A KANGAROO"

Honest, Steve, you never saw a man took so hard in your borned days! If I could 've given him some kind of an antitoxine, I would have. His case was something *awful.*

You know, Steve, from past communications, I dont think Myrt's so bad myself, so I didn't mind playing along with Tommy. The poor, simple boob would spend his mornings loosing the skin off the back of his neck picking flowers for her, and I'd just naturally deliver 'em and cop the credit. No one ever gave *Tommy* the credit of picking flower bow-kays—they thought he'd step on the blamed things 'fore he got to the *picking* stage.

One day we'd been taking some exteriors out on the prairie. I'd been doin' a little boxin' with a kangaroo, and Myrt had been doin' a love-scene with me in my chaps, etc.—I'm sorta the "other man" in the picture, La Rue being the hero proper. Tommy had trailed along, as usual, hoping Monty would find some small bit for him, and he *does* make himself useful, helping the chef rustle the grub and waiting on Myrt. This particular day he fetched and carried for her like a slavey, and when she finally grinned up at him, in that tantalizing way she has, I could see that the old earth was spinning around dizzy on its orbit for Tommy Dennis. Honest, Steve, you never saw the beat of it in your *borned days!*

Well, finally we got down to the third reel—all jungle stuff. Having no menagerie among our equipment, Monty chartered a strolling circus for a week. Lord, Steve, you never hope to see such mangy, stringy, sorry-looking beasts as those lions and tigers. They were just about the limit. Monty cussed 'em something

fierce; but the picture was a rush order, and they had to do.

The big scene was to be where La Rue rescues Myrt from the lion's den. I'm supposed to have put her there, in a fit of temporary aberration of the mind.

Well, what do you think that poor, mincing little lady of a La Rue does? Backs out at the last minute—wont risk his pretty, massaged, scented, velvety little hide in amongst those great, rough beasts. And, mind you, Steve, *he'd seen the lions too,* when he reniged.

Why, a regular, sure-enough jungle-town king would weep tears as big as the Kohinoor

"MYRT HAD BEEN DOIN' A LOVE-SCENE WITH ME IN MY CHAPS, ETC.—I'M SORTA THE 'OTHER MAN' IN THE PICTURE"

diamond to hear those poor, last remains called *lions.*

Steve, they were MILK-FED, and about as harmful as—oh, about as harmful as Tommy Dennis to Myrt's peace of mind!

Well, anyway, La Rue turned it down flat. He refused point-blank to enter that cage. Having been photographed thru three reels as the villyun, and having just thrust her in to the ravening monsters, I couldn't very well volunteer *my* services, especially as the celluloid thereof had just been shipped to Seligman.

Tommy volunteered, with a killing glance at Myrt, but we didn't even stop to listen.

Monty was desperate. "I am ruined," he raved, in substance; "the company is ruined—the *world* is lost!"

Then Myrt, who is not asleep at the switch, saw her big chance—she grabbed for it. "I shall do the scene alone," she declaimed, "and rescue *myself* from the lion's den!"

I knew the beasts were milk-fed—probably toothless, and *certainly* lifeless—but I feebly demurred. As I've said, I'm not averse to Myrt myself, and I didn't want her fatal beauty marred.

Monty fell on her neck, however, and only Tommy turned pale and looked anxious.

We didn't give her time to have a change of heart. Monty yelled "Camera!" and Myrt stalked grandly in to the carnivous beasts. I stood by, and Tommy, near-by, drooled ineffectual words of reassurance.

Then the poor, bewildered lion let go a dismal growl. Myrt turned

chalky and lost her grip. The camera kept grinding desperately. Monty chewed his cigar and yelled hoarse directions, and just as the thing was about to go thru at last, Tommy breaks thru

"I—I—I——" STAMMERED TOMMY. "YOU—YOU—YOU!" SCREAMED MONTY

the ranks, bursts into the cage and yanks Myrt protestingly out.

Such a scene, Steve, was never taken on a reel. Myrt turned on him, and honest to God, Steve, her language was something fierce. She laid it on him in *layers*. "Dont you know *acting* when you see it, you miserable little snail?" she yelled. "Didn't you know I was only *acting?* Did you think I was going to register Sabbath peace under a lion's jaws?"

"I—I—I——" stammered Tommy.

"You—you—you!" screamed Monty —then *he* let loose on him. He raved at him—cursed at him—wept at him, and kicked him out.

Gosh, Steve, he never waited to say good-by. He just *walked*. For all I know he's walking yet. I'll bet a hat Tommy could see a fair dame gobbled up by a lion under his very eyes and never turn a hair. But gosh, Steve, it was a *scream!*

Write soon—and any time you want a job as an extra, just come to

Yours mightily,

BUCK PARVIN.

How He Queered Himself

By LAUREN S. HAMILTON

Her great desire was to be
A Moving Picture queen;
"How would I look," she asked him, "with
My face upon a screen?"

'Twas then he made a *faux pas* sure,
'Twas there he fell from grace;
"You'd look much better," said he, "with
A screen upon your face."

How I Became A Photoplayer

I JUST drifted into it. I was enthusiastic over Motion Pictures when I was a high-school girl. I went to see them 'most every night, and always had a longing to appear on the screen myself. After I graduated from high-school, in Denver, Colorado, where my father is a mining engineer, I took part in many amateur dances. Then I made a study of dancing, and began to appear in professional work.

RUTH STONEHOUSE

A representative of Essanay saw my dancing, and evidently thought I would make good in Motion Pictures. At any rate, he offered me a position, and the dream of my high-school days came true.

I went to the Chicago studio, where, in a short time, I was given leading parts. I have been playing now two years, and I enjoy the work keenly. I never was on the legitimate stage, so I do not know whether I would like that better or not. However, I am so much in love with my present work that nothing would induce me to try a change.

Besides, I am such a homebody, I know I never could get used to this going from town to town and living in hotels all the time. I hope to stay right where I am. I am thoroly contented, and am looking forward only to rising in the Motion Picture art—RUTH STONEHOUSE.

After closing in vaudeville, in Chicago, with Hope Booth in "The Little Blonde Lady," I decided to make my parents a visit. I was on my way to Mount Vernon, New York, where they resided, and, as I was

proceeding on my journey by a route which Fate evidently decreed I should take, it led me face to face with the work with which I am now identified.

On my arrival at Bedford Park, the first stop on my way, I chanced to see the name of the Edison studio, which interested me and lured me to its portals. I immediately requested an interview with the director, which was granted, and, after preliminary negotiations, I continued on my way, very well satisfied with my interview. I was entering into a new pasture, where I had never nibbled before, but the clover-tops and every old weed seemed to say, "We're all right."

YALE BENNER

It is my delightful privilege that I have been in constant touch with the Edison Company, under very competent and agreeable directorship, for over three years, and every moment of that time has served to convince me that diligent application to one's work and a respectful and receptive attitude to those in command will pretty surely assure one permanency in position and keep one's mind in a cheerful poise.

I have played in many leading rôles, and in others oftentimes assisting. I am very fond of my vocation and hope to improve and perfect myself that I may meet every requirement which the broadening field and newer and better types of production may suggest. YALE D. BENNER.

To the Villain

By B. R. STEVENS

The villain scowls and threatens, all his heart
One dark, revengeful den of passions mean.
Ah, well he plays the low and hateful part;
We shudder at each entrance on the scene.

But when the clicking camera has its fill
And he may doff his mask and drop his part,
Oh, what a jolly, whole-souled pal we find him still,
With fine emotions stirring his big heart.

So when life's camera on its last reel flies
And masks are doffed and hearts we truly scan,
May every villain shed his dark disguise
And stand forth in God's image—all a man.

SUGGESTED

COATS OF ARMS FOR POPULAR PLAYERS

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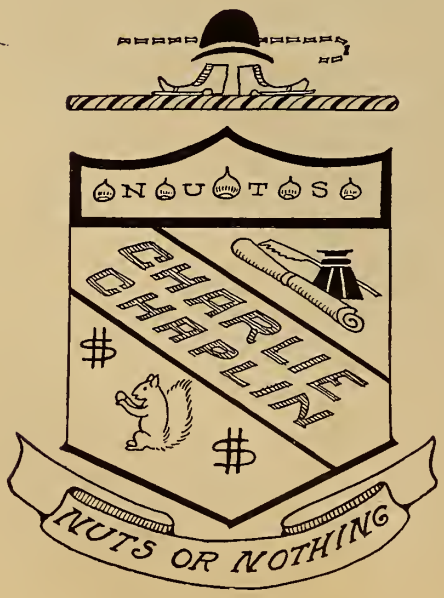


THEIR HOMES ON WHEELS

EDNA PAYNE PREFERS A "HUPMOBILE"

Saddleback, Omnibus and Buckboard Have Vanished Before the Tireless Steeds of Steel

By PETER WADE

A MORE and more common use of automobiles in the Motion Picture business is bringing about changes little dreamed of by studio folks a few years ago. The competition among directors for picturesque bits of scenery as locations for their plays has made the cruising automobile a prime necessity. Without his powerful touring-car, a picture director would be as powerless nowadays as was once the early settler bereft of his prairie-schooner.

In the olden days of Motion Pictures —days which are only a few years ago—the major part of outdoor scenes were photographed either in the studio yard or within a mile or two at most of camera headquarters. In those days a company of photoplayers setting out upon one of their little pilgrimages looked very much like a caravan of gypsies. The leads and juveniles were mounted on horseback, and the ladies of the company, including the older players, jogged along the road in buckboards, or sometimes luxuriated in a fringe-topped surrey. As for the "extras," they were usually herded into a dusty and cavernous omnibus that had worn out its life in suburban passenger service.

Because the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must perforce go to the mountain. Around Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, the rival movie Meccas of the West, the outlying reaches of the Sierra Nevada and the Santa Ynez mountains buttress and fend the towns at a distance of ten miles or more from the communities proper. Let an adventurer once wedge his way into the shady valleys and rocky defiles of the mountains, and civilization is seemingly a thousand miles behind. When picture men began to realize the wonderful possibilities of the mountains for locations, their invasions into the heart of the Sierras went deeper and deeper. The automobile has solved the problem.

The start of a modern Motion Picture troupe for its day's work afield is now very much like the assembling of an automobile touring club. The director immediately in charge has his own private car, usually a six- or eight-cylinder machine built to stand the roughest sort of mountain roads. This car is generally painted some very

MAY ALLISON HAS A SNOW-WHITE CAR WHICH IS OFTEN SEEN ON THE MOUNTAIN ROADS OF CALIFORNIA

distinctive color so that his camera men and operators may recognize him from a distance during his tour of operations.

Herbert Brenon, for instance, left an impression with the automobile body painters of being a very eccentric personage. At least six times he countermanded the color of his car, and it finally evolved itself into a sort of screaming royal blue, much to his satisfaction and to the disgust of the painters. But his object was accomplished; his car could be seen and recognized for miles across mountain and valley.

Hobart Bosworth, whose rugged interpretations have won for him the title of "The Mansfield of Pictures," makes his inspections in a dun-colored Cadillac. He is a vigorous man in the prime of life, however, and often, when not too pressed for time, he takes the road on his famous horse, "Busy." Mr. Bosworth rides with the skill and daring sangfroid of a cowpuncher, and often leaves the roads and trails to work his way over the divide of a sheer mountain, purely for the delight of the peril entailed.

The producer who perhaps has best systematized the use of the automobile to a Motion Picture science is Thomas H. Ince. The studio proper at Inceville is a vast piece of acreage sprawled across the map, with its head and shoulders cooling in the canyons and gorges of the Santa Ynez mountains, and its feet blistering in the desert beyond. From the crest of the mountains it is only a short breakneck jaunt down to the ocean. So Inceville contains within its confines the five great wishes of the artistic director—the sea, the woods, the mountains, the valleys and the desert.

Almost immediately after sun-up the various directors under Ince's command set out for their locations for the day. A map of the country is handed to Mr. Ince, and the field of each director's operations is indicated thereon. Climbing into his powerful car with a full set of manuscripts stowed alongside of him, Mr. Ince devotes the greater part of his day to a touring inspection. The traverse of his jaunt may be anywhere from twenty to two hundred miles, and his altitudes anywhere from sea level to six thousand feet above. But each day he makes the rounds of his various directors, and consults with them on the scenes under their control.

The use of automobiles, as a picture necessity, is not at all confined to directors. Practically all of the leading players in the big Western studios find it necessary to keep a string of silent steeds at their instant beck and call.

Mary Pickford's little car is perhaps characteristic of her. In color it is a pure swan white, with upholstery to match. The car has an inside drive, and Mary, sitting bolt-upright behind the glass, is as dainty a picture as any court lady of years agone in her sedan chair.

Harold Lockwood and his beautiful wife, May Allison, are perhaps the busiest pair of co-stars in Santa Barbara. One day they are playing together and, like as not, on the next day they are fifty miles apart. Each is possessed of a beautiful car, and May Allison is conceded to be one of the most expert drivers on the coast. She does not believe in taking chances, for, as a rule, true sportsmen have some regard for their lives; but when it comes to a bit of pinch driving down a slippery mountainside, May Allison is a pretty safe person to have at the wheel. The accompanying photograph of Harold Lockwood is doubly of interest. Mr. Lockwood is seen in command of his car, and in the immediate background is one of the finest old

HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN HIS "KING EIGHT"

MARIE WALCAMP AND HER CABRIOLETTE

BESSIE EYTON USES HER CAR FOR A DRESSING-ROOM WHILE "ON LOCATION"

WILLIAM DUNCAN DELIGHTS IN ATTIRING HIMSELF IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES AND TINKERING WITH HIS CAR. HE HAS BECOME A SKILLED MECHANIC IN THE ART OF PRESCRIBING FOR "DISEASED" AND LAZY CARS

buildings still intact in California, the famous Santa Barbara mission that has been re-born in many a picture.

That adventurous Scot, William Duncan, who has dug for himself a roomy place in the hearts of the admirers of the Western Vitagraph players, did not succumb to the lure of the silent steed until very recently. Duncan is known all over the West as a splendid athlete and good sportsman. He has earned enough medals to string twice across his chest, and his bungalow is a veritable natural history museum—tokens of his prowess with the gun. There was nothing that he liked better, until recently, than a strong-willed, hard-mouthed, loose-limbed, maverick horse. In "The Chalice of Courage" his audiences thrilled with genuine fear when he rode the narrow ribbon of path along the edge of a sheer mountain, with nothing but inches separating him from the valley thousands of feet below. But "The Chalice of Courage" has passed into the Hall of Photoplay Classics, and Duncan sprang the greatest surprise of their lives on his associates when he appeared, one day, at the studio with a big touring car. Since then he has lived the hermaphrodite life of a photoplayer-mechanician, and, as soon as his make-up is doffed, he dons his overalls and works ferociously on his new pet.

Strange to say, if there is any best thing that the automobile has done for the Moving Picture actor, it is to instil a love of home. Before the advent of the automobile, movie actors usually lived in the apartment that was most convenient to their studio. But now such things have changed. With the ability to travel forty or more miles an hour, the pick of all the watering-places and mountain suburbs around the different studio centers has been thrown open to the picture players.

IRENE FRANKLIN AND BURTON GREEN IN A NEW VICTORIA CABRIOLET

The conditions in New York City were particularly appalling for the establishment of permanent homes for movie actors. Most of the studios are located in out-of-the-way suburbs, with unattractive surroundings, and photoplayers were forced to either live in unsuitable boarding houses or take long and tiresome trolley journeys from Manhattan. The silent steed of steel is suddenly doing away with this unnatural condition, and studio stars are building their homes in such delightful bits of natural surroundings as best suit them.

Maurice Costello has purchased a rare old country mansion between Bayside and Oyster Bay, Long Island; and altho he is a very busy man, he now

BEN WILSON PREFERS HIS HUDSON TO ANY OTHER CAR

permits himself time for a morning dip in the Sound, and an exhilarating land-cruise in to the Vitagraph studio afterward.

Edith Storey has always been a lover of nature, and when she and her mother made a trip to Northport, Long Island, last summer, they were charmed with the beautiful forests and silver beaches that still remain unharried on Eaton's Neck, which puts out like a crescent moon some three miles from the village. Miss Storey, after camping out there for a few weeks, purchased several acres, and is now building a bungalow of rubble stone and natural timber. In fact, nearly all of the building material is local, and the entire surroundings will be left as natural as possible. As Edith Storey is an expert driver and runs her own machine, she figures that the forty miles between Northport and the Vitagraph studio will be merely a delightful morning constitutional for her.

Harking back to the West Coast, Los Angeles, besides being a Motion Picture Mecca, contains more private cars per capitum than any city in the United States. Perhaps photoplayers are mainly responsible for this. The highroad between Universal City and Los Angeles is one long procession of photoplayers going to and from their studio.

One of the most familiar movie actors on the automobile driveway is Marie Walcamp, who has earned the title of "The Daredevil of the Movies." There are lots of sights to make even the hardened bystanders stare when the gates of Universal City are opened. Imagine Miss Walcamp starting on an early morning tour in her auto in search of a suitable jungle, and just back of her, in a light auto-truck, a cage containing a pair of man-eating leopards. But these sort of pets are her daily life—speedy auto-driving is the mildest sort of relaxation for her.

Edna Payne, the young lady whose laughing eyes and cute, ingénue mannerisms have used up thousands and thousands of feet of Lubin and Eclair film, is another Los Angeles girl who now takes her morning jaunt in her car out to the Biograph studio in Gerard Street. When not posing, Miss Payne is usually at her wheel along the water drives, or hitting high spots in the suburbs.

While many of the photoplayers have veritable homes on wheels, it remained for Bessie Eyton to turn her car into a dressing-room. It is said that Maude Adams, who makes a nightly run from the New York theaters to her home at Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, a distance of over fifty miles, has her car fitted up with a

lounge, reading-lamp and combination study-and-boudoir; but Bessie Eyton has made an even more practical use of her car. On her trips afield she often found it embarrassing to make up before a cluster of rube onlookers, so she did the best she could by darkening her car and installing a small mirror. This makeshift led to other ideas, until now her cozy car is a complete miniature dressing-room with three-fold mirrors, lights, and folding shelf for the disposition of her make-up material, and lockers for her wardrobe. Miss Eyton predicts that many other picture actresses will be using her idea before long, as the comfort and privacy of her unique arrangement should appeal to every one.

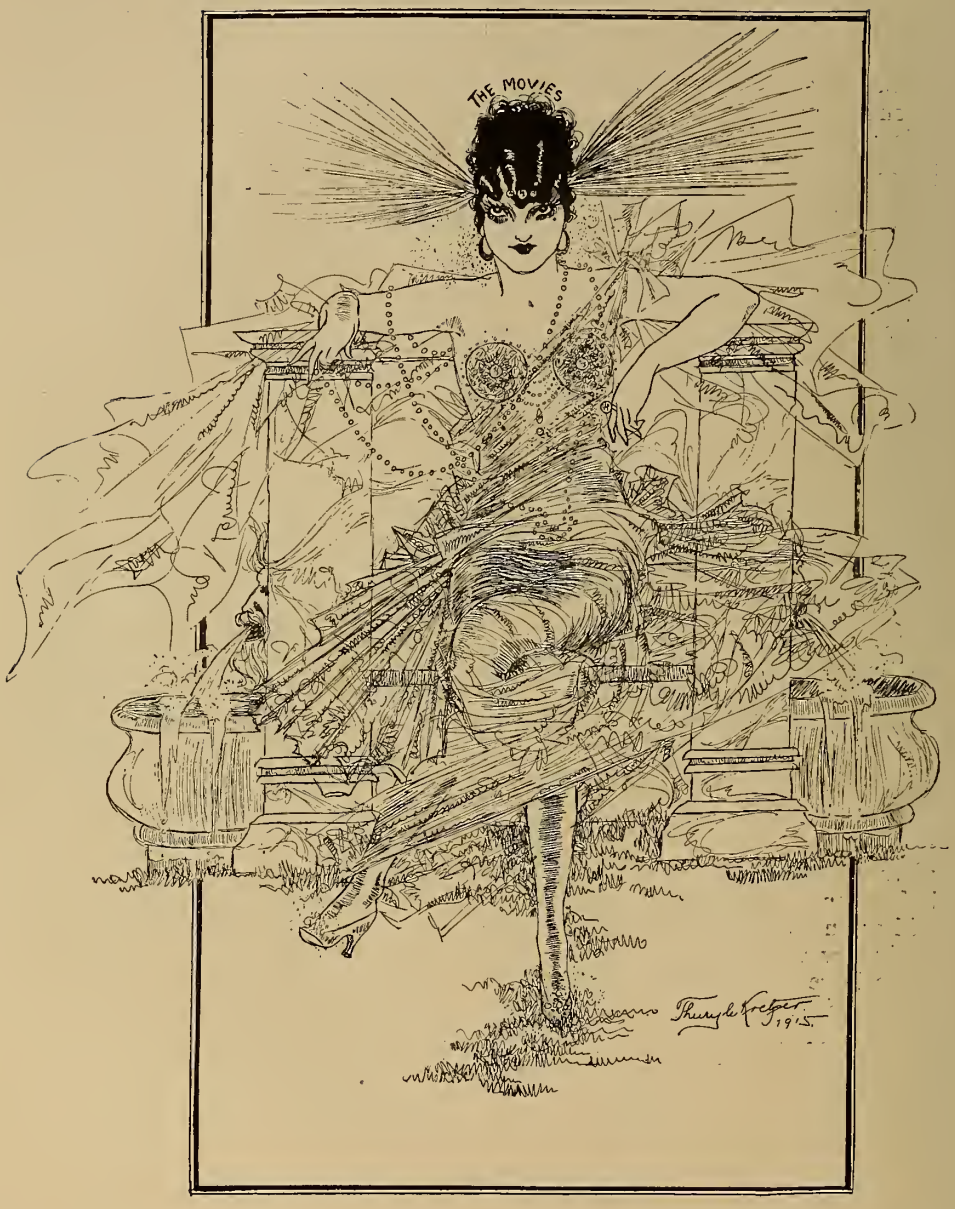
To have seen Myrtle Gonzalez disporting in her bath — the tub being lined with boulders in an ice-cold mountain stream—in "The Chalice of Courage," one would think her pet passion was to keep always scrupulously clean, but the advent of the touring car has changed her ideas somewhat. She does not believe in doing things by halves, nor in simply looking pretty at the steering wheel. Myrtle Gonzalez is her own mechanician, and tinkers with the "inwards" of her machine as expertly as the best machine-shop mechanic in Universal City. In her garage she has a complete set of working tools, drills, stocks, dies, and other accoutrements. As the "inwards" of a well-kept car are always well smeared with grease and lubricating oils, Miss Gonzalez is no stranger to these usual bugbears of tidy women. Her mechanician's overalls, which cover her from her shoetops to her neck, and her heavy gauntlets, are proof against the assaults of the lubricants.

The army of photoplayers who live on wheels is a fast-growing one. They are often called far afield, and the summons by the director to drive fifty miles or more to a rendezvous is not uncommon. Chauffeurs as a rule are neither required nor desired by the players of the fair sex. Some of them have been held up by bad men; some of them meet with nasty accidents, or have had narrow escapes, and nearly all of them have an occasional puncture, or a little "lung trouble," on a lonely place in the road, that requires them to exert all their skill. But to them such mishaps are nothing. After the grind and perils of picture work auto-driving under all sorts of conditions is to them as easy as running a sewing-machine.

WALLIE VAN IN HIS MARMON ROADSTER

DREAM PICTURES

By CHARLES ELKIN, JR.



I watch them as they watch the screen,
  And they are young, and they are old,
And many, weary-eyed, have seen
  Their every dream, a tale long told;
While others, dreaming, do not know
  Their wondrous dreams will fade one day,
As even roses, tho they blow,
  Must softly fall and die away.

But those who know and those who dream
  In silence watch the phantoms there,
That live and move and ever seem
  To touch the world and make it fair;
To soothe by memory those who know
  That they old dreams may dream again;
To charm the younger hearts and show
  Them dreams to dream without the pain.

A Visit to the Lubin Studio

By MARIE ROY

I PRESUME every one who has seen a Moving Picture from the front of the house has at some time longed to know the inside workings of the art, just as most children, looking upon a watch, are eager to see the wheels go around. Because of excessive curiosity on my own part, I got permission to visit the Lubin studio, and I started joyously out to acquire everything that could be learnt in one visit to such a tremendous institution.

It was a beautiful, gay morning. I had purposely gotten an early start so as to see the opening of camp, as it were, and my heart was singing in the suburbs as I reached a little door, very much like the little door in Alice in Wonderland, in the high wall that completely shut in the castle of my seeking.

As I stood before the little door, a high-power light blue car shot up, the horn tooted, a watchman from the inside pushed wide a hitherto unseen gate right beside my little Alice in Wonderland door, and I followed Mr. Ira M. Lowrey, the manager, thru the big gate into the hollow square of mystery, for so the yard appeared to me, surrounded as it was by high walls and many buildings. On a garden seat I awaited the coming of the actresses and actors. I had not a great while to wait, for altho it was scarcely nine o'clock, soon other automobiles rolled up—Jack Pratt driving his own car; tailored and strictly up to date, Miss Octavia Handworth, who, attended by her maid, alighted from a taxicab and proceeded to her dressing-room. Then came Joe Kaufman and Ethel Clayton, his wife, whose dainty, intellectual beauty is so appealing from the front; and after them came debonair and handsome Richard Buhler. But they did not all roll up in their own cars. Many drifted in thru the little door; among them, June Daye danced in like a wild-rose leaf in a southern breeze, and others too numerous to mention followed her. And again the

ETHEL CLAYTON

horn tooted and up breezed Raymond Hitchcock and Tom Moore. One of the last to arrive was E. K. Lincoln, looking as fresh-cheeked and handsome as his mirrored self on the screen.

I was delighted that I knew so many of them by sight. It was like the materializing of spirits. Heretofore they had been but wraiths to me —from now on they would be flesh and blood.

I am now in the big studio building, waiting for things to happen. The immenseness of it all impresses me greatly, as I wander from studio to studio (for there are many studios in the studio building), where busy, busy people are arranging the different settings.

In studio No. 1 a drawing-room with rose-pink furnishings is being arranged. Studio No. 2 is a wonderful library, evidently a set from the night before, because the actors and actresses in costume are already waiting to go on. But a cog has slipped some place, and the taking of this picture has to be scheduled for another day. Studio No. 3 has all the appearance of a low-down dive, and methinks there will be strange things doing here before the day is done. In studio No. 4 a college room, with all sorts of pennants on the walls, is being fitted up for the eye of the camera; while upstairs under the skylight, a balcony is being erected. I then learnt that the big event of the day would take place in this studio—a big fancy-dress ballroom scene.

In every place are scenes in embryo, and thruout the building people are waiting, waiting, waiting—some are in costume ready to go on; some are extra girls hoping to be called; some are visitors expectantly waiting for the mysterious birth of the film—while the mechanics, with a horde of

BILLIE REEVES

assistants, are building, building, building, with the enthusiasm of children playing with new blocks, veritable houses of cards.

I marveled that they were able to keep alive their enthusiasm in the face of the constant tearing down of all their efforts, and I also curiously noted the effect of the daily waiting upon the performers. Many of the girls were curled up in comfortable chairs, embroidering; others were reading, while still others stood in

RICHARD BUHLER JACK PRATT

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH VINNIE BURNS E. K. LINCOLN TOM MOORE

AN ELABORATE SYSTEM FOR LIGHTING A SET AT THE LUBIN STUDIO

little knots, exchanging pleasantries. A group of men was being entertained by a fellow who was pulling off some of the old handspring stuff that he used to do before his muscles became stiff and he joined the movies.

The studio building has very much the appearance of a big storeroom for theatrical scenery, with a preponderance of electrical wiring, switchboards, Kliegel lights, and the marvelous Cooper-Hewitts that can simply laugh in the face of daylight, so much stronger is their power.

But something was at last going to happen—one of the camera men had taken his apparatus to the rose-pink drawing-room, and the Cooper-Hewitt lights had been turned on. I pressed forward with the others to see what was about to occur—Presto! the rose-pink drawing-room was no more, but in its stead were beautiful soft-toned purples, that I later learnt would show up in the picture as French grays.

The lights, they say, did all this, but my heart cried, "Ephemeral! ephemeral! ephemeral! Nothing lasts but the film, and that really has only the life of the moth—the life of a day!" And yet I cannot think of it as the film; I can only think of it as the screen, which is really an illusion —the ghost of all that has been set up and knocked down—a vivid apparition.

And then I looked into the faces of the persons about me. The change was tragic. Lips were purple, skins livid, what had been blonde hair was now green, dresses that had been blue were purple—the whole assemblage seemed a farce.

Just as the camera man was bending every effort to get the best effects, a blood-curdling scream was heard—evidently from one of the other studios. Noticing my concern, an old stage-hand standing beside me said: "That is only the hero having his eyes put out with acid—dont worry!"

And then, holy horrors! a bomb must have exploded—walls were falling, shrieks filled the air, sounds of broken glass were everywhere—another film was born.

When you are at the movies, do not for a moment imagine because you do not hear shrieks and glass breaking and falling walls that these sounds do not occur in the taking of the pictures. They do. Noise, you know,

SCENE PAINTERS AT WORK IN THE LUBIN STUDIO

is the inherited primitive mode of expression, and as yet the Moving Picture artists are not able to accurately express themselves without it.

It was the end of the scene. Like an empty eggshell, the setting was of no further use. We moved on.

I had been so intent on the scene before me that I had forgotten the big costume ball that was scheduled for 1 P. M. sharp in the studio upstairs under the skylight, where the little sparrows chirp and twitter all day long. Evidences of the coming festive occasion, however, soon projected themselves from every nook and corner. Cleopatra, in all her Titian glory, was doing something Cleopatra never even dreamed of doing—telephoning. Marc Antony radiated good looks in spite of the deriding daylight, while Allen-a-Dale conversed with an ancient Egyptian.

Had all this occurred after dark, with the soft lights and the music that usually attend such occasions, the pink tights and the low necks and the bare arms, and the altogether undressed appearance of the performers, it would not have been so stripped of sentiment. It was as if some great jester had pulled the curtain of idealism aside and grotesques had wandered far afield. I never saw so many half-dressed persons roaming at large in my life. The yard looked like what the early English days must have been when strolling players met and swapped yarns and led altogether care-free lives.

It was now lunch-time. The players strolled over to the little lunch-room across the way, and I followed.

It was a Bohemian scene indeed, and one I shall long remember. Myriad and marvelous were the things that happened to the characters who lived so long ago. Court pages lunched with Cleopatra, and Egyptians exchanged courtesies with Roman potentates. The director, a jeweled crown upon his head, his pink legs boldly protruding beneath his overcoat, sat at table with a Roman maiden and devoured lamb stew, and hundreds of other things happened that will never appear in the sedate films.

But the hour for the big ballroom scene had nearly arrived, so one by one, and in groups, the players left the restaurant, and again I followed.

I went over to the studio under the

skylight, where already the camera men were placed, the ball guests had assembled and the musicians were playing—the musicians that you will never hear from the front—and the director, still with his overcoat over his tights and his head adorned with the jeweled crown, was directing. As yet it was only a rehearsal.

The cry of the director all the afternoon was, "Spread out! spread out! spread out!" for the dancers, already confined in a small space, had an almost uncontrollable tendency to bunch together and so spoil the effect of the scene.

As the afternoon waned and rehearsal after rehearsal was had, the lines in the director's face grew deeper and deeper, and his unceasing efforts were a marvel of patience and persistency.

Finally the great climax was reached. Cleopatra appeared on the balcony, and the director, minus his overcoat, rushed up the stairs to greet her; Marc Antony sought and found his Roman sweetheart, and in some mysterious way Cleopatra and the director were crowded into the court chair, producing such other complications as only Moving Picture writers know. And then it was all—all—over.

With the rest I descended the stairs to the main floor. Curiously I looked again into the studio where first the marvelous Cooper-Hewitts made me cry out against the futility of it all—the beautiful drawing-room, with its chameleon parlor suit, the bronze pedestal with the niche at the back, and all the other furnishings, had been removed. Instead, an upper hall set stood complete, even to a ticking grandfather's clock and the fresh paint upon the handrail of the stairs. Truly all things must pass away.

Lady Fair of the Photoplay

By FLORENCE GERTRUDE RUTHVEN

Oh! Lady Fair of the Photoplay,
What is your rôle tonight?
Do you smile on the screen in fine array,
And pages trip in manner gay,
While courtiers bow as you wend your way.
As a minstrel plays a roundelay—
Are you a queen bedight?

Perchance you wander light-hearted, free—
A maid of humbler birth;
Doth your path lead you, sweet, beside the sea,
Where wild waves leap in their foam-flecked glee?
Would that you trod that path with me,
And I kist the brow and lips of thee!—
Oh, dearest hour on earth!

But I must toil in life's busy mart,
And earn but meager gold;
While you serve at the sacred shrine of Art,
And little dream that I stand apart,
A strange sensation in my heart,
That doth sometimes make the tear-drops start,
When thy grace I behold!

His White Lie

Biograph

by

Gladys Hall

PETER RAWLINGS was excessively fond of himself. He figured that he had a perfect right to be. He believed that every man owes a debt to society, and that he had discharged his admirably. Further than this no man need go. In liquidation of his debt he had paid exorbitant dues at the best clubs; entertained at his home in styles bizarre and lavish;

done the usual thing in rather more than the usual way. Still further, he had adopted a ward—a child of four at the time of adoption—and he had seen to it that she was reared so that —well, so that no one who knew her could possibly conceive of her as belonging to Peter Rawlings. Now she was eighteen, and absolutely lovely. Rawlings felt, at times, that there might be justifiable lapses in the puritanism of her rearing. He felt that—d—n it!—the girl ought to be grateful.

In further pursuance of his righteous cosmic debt, he had made cosmopolitan love. He flattered himself that many a woman would be but lifeless clay had he withheld his flaming touch. Women! Peter Rawlings had run their gamut, from the hothouse bloom, patrician and fragile, to the lowliest wayside flower, riotous and eager. He had made mad love to them—every one—bruised them, killed them, broken them, shamed them, and gone his miraculous way, unscathed.

"Rawlings 'll come a snag some day," commented Montayne, at the club, "and the snag 'll be a woman. There's bad blood waiting for him *somewhere.*"

And so when, later on, he was murdered, no one was surprised.

Claire Rawlings had grown up hand-in-hand with vice, and had emerged triumphantly, with naught but virtue in her unsullied heart.

This much must be said for Peter Rawlings: he had been a good actor before the growing child. His rôle had been the paternal, the gentle advisor, and he had played it artistically. Then, with his good deed nearly perfected, nearly beyond his touch, Claire had had the poor taste to grow vividly beautiful, which, as every one knew, was a poor thing to do under the eyes of Peter Rawlings. The paternal rôle was wearing very thin —so thin that a very little while longer would see its complete disintegration; and then Claire—well, if she escaped, there would be John Barton to go to; and if she didn't, there are many answers.

John Barton was a rising young attorney in the town—and Claire's lover. Their love had come with their first meeting at Rawlings' house, and grown, as freely and as naturally as any other fruit of nature, ever since.

On the particular day of Rawlings' unmerited demise, Claire had walked to her lover's office, and the two stood alone, talking of the plans that were to be consummated by Rawlings' consent.

"It's been a wonderful time, girl of my heart," Barton was saying, "just sharing our secret between us. But I'm glad I'm going to claim you soon —before all eyes. I want the world to know, sweet love."

"Ah, do you *think* he will say yes?" Claire breathed fearfully; "he's been acting so—so *queer* lately—grabbing me suddenly and holding me tight, then pushing and holding me away—coming into my room unexpectedly, with his face all red and his eyes bloodshot. I dont know what to make of him, John."

Barton tightened his hold of the girl. He had heard tales, and he had seen the beast in the man's eyes. What hideously easy prey this girl would be—bearing his name, under his roof, with her inadequate strength and her ridiculous ignorance! He felt cold and sick, and thought irrelevantly of the slaughter of the innocents—Rawlings' crimson record—desperate-looking women he had seen coming from Rawlings' house.

"Darling," he said hoarsely, "I am coming tonight to ask your guardian for your hand. If he consents, and he MUST, I want you to visit my mother for a while. In the meantime, lock your door when you go home, beloved, and, oh, be *wise* and *careful.* I cant *say* more, dear."

"Why, all right, John," the girl answered; "but there's no need, dear. Only guardian is home, and the poor dear's harmless."

"God grant it," muttered John, watching the slender figure down the street with dim eyes.

"Miss Claire is in the library, Mr. Barton," the butler announced, "with Mr. Rawlings, sir."

No one answered his knock, and he pushed open the door noiselessly.

On the tawny Bengal skin that hugged the fireplace was the unmistakably dead body of Peter Rawlings.

CLAIRE AND JOHN MAKE PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

A foot or so away Claire was struggling, dazedly, to a sitting posture. By her hand rested the iron poker, and its end was gruesomely stained.

The room was disheveled as from a struggle, and as Barton looked he saw Rawlings' lips drawn back from his teeth—the teeth of the beast as it springs for its prey!

"Claire—oh, my beloved!—what has happened? Collect yourself, dear one —you *must*. There will not be much time."

The girl was gazing, fascinated by horror, at Rawlings' dead face.

"Did I"—her stiff lips moaned—"did I do *that,* John? Did I? Yes, I did! I guess I did. Tell me, is it true? I—*must* have——"

"Stop it, Claire—at once. Speak calmly. It is—*vital.*"

Some of the daze left the poor, drawn face. She allowed herself to be pulled up and deposited in an easy-chair. She pushed back her heavy hair and looked up at Barton.

"He came into the library—here—with me—after dinner," she said. "He had been drinking a lot—at dinner, and at his club, I guess. He—took

me on his knee; but oh, John, it wasn't the same way! He kist me—horrid, burning kisses—and fondled me—and—and all at once—oh, it is *unthinkable* to tell these things to you."

"Go on—go on!"

"All at once—I *knew*. The things you have been afraid of—the strange way he has been acting—*everything*. All my blood seemed to leave my body and go to my head—and make a red blur in front of my eyes. I forgot everything but that I *hated* him—that I wanted to get away from him—far away—or else—to shut his hateful eyes—and stop his horrid mouth. John! John!" Her voice rose, hysteria-wild. "John — I've murdered him—I *must* have. Oh, God! Oh, Peter! Oh! Oh!"

Barton clamped his hand forcibly over the trembling mouth. "Be *still!*" he commanded hoarsely—"be still at once. Get out of this room, and go to your own. Keep mute on the whole affair—*dumb*. I am going; you will hear from me shortly, and then everything will be all right. Obey my orders; dont lose your nerve. I love you; I *love* you. Good-by."

HE RIPPED OFF HIS COAT AND HUNG HIS HAT ON A TREE

Barton cleared the staircase at a bound, and made for the river, some few yards back of Rawlings' place. His face was drawn now, and livid. He looked like a man about to renounce the world. "It is *nothing*," he whispered—"nothing to do for—her."

On the river-bank he paused an instant, drew a loose-leaf notebook from his breast pocket, and scribbled swiftly on one of the sheets. He reread the note, ripped off his coat, hung his hat on a tree, stuck the note in the hatband, gave one furtive look about him, and ran as for his life.

"WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?" GRACE ASKED

In front of Rawlings' house a posse had formed. On the steps stood Mrs. Rogers, the housekeeper, her round countenance an unhealthy yellow.

"I just went into the library, five minutes ago," she was saying, in high-pitched volubility; "hearing all quiet in there, I thought Mr. Peter and Miss Claire had gone out—and there, on the floor, he was—as dead as dead. Oh, Mr. Peter, sir, no one can say you wasn't a kind master and didn't pay honest wages!"

The posse leader chafed impatiently. Privately, he considered Mrs. Rogers to be giving Peter Rawlings the most laudatory epitaph he could hope to expect, but she was a woman, and the man had had the devil in him with women.

"Did you say Miss Claire was in the library with Mr. Rawlings at the time of the—er—murder?" he asked.

"I said I *thought* she was," corrected Mrs. Rogers, wiping her watery, red-rimmed eyes; "but, of course, she *couldn't* have been, or she'd have screamed out. Poor dear, she's taking on terrible."

"Was no one else in the house, Mrs. Rogers?"

"No, sir. I'd let the others all off. But—— Oh, Mr. Barton was here. Had come to see Miss Claire, but I dont know—I"—she paused and looked askance at the waiting men—"they was the best of friends," she finished, defiantly. But the posse were on their way.

At the river-bank they found it—the note pinned to the hatband, and on the bank a hastily flung coat. The leader of the posse opened the note and read it aloud, slowly:

This river will avenge Peter Rawlings' death.

Farewell,
JOHN BARTON.

A silence followed the reading of the note. The men regarded one another blankly. "John Barton!" they exclaimed in unison—"who'd believe it?"

"I always thought John the whitest chap in shoe-leather," commented one.

"He didn't do it, unless he was doing it for a d—d good reason," said the leader, fiercely.

"The girl, Claire," suggested someone.

"Shut your d—d mouth!" snapped another.

"Well," announced the sheriff, "there is no need for further search. Two of our leading citizens are dead tonight."

The posse walked slowly thru the town. People, standing on their lawns, ran forward to question them, curiously, and fell back, chattering like magpies, and aghast.

"Peter Rawlings—I knew it!" one would say. And—"John Barton! Impossible! My God, isn't that awful!" Or—"A woman killed P. R. Dont forget that, whatever the evidence—a *woman* killed him!" And again—"John—John Barton! And a murderer! It could not be so. Oh, heavens, this is horrible—horrible!"

In a poorer section of the city, a girl, clad in shabby black, clutched the sheriff by the arm. Her white face broke the darkness; her brilliant, fevered eyes held the attention of the posse. "What is it all about?" she asked, hoarsely—"what has happened?"

"Peter Rawlings has been murdered in his own home," the sheriff answered, wearily, "and John Barton confessed, then drowned himself."

The girl recoiled. "Peter—Peter," she mumbled, dizzily. Then—"John Barton. Oh, Gawd! John Barton!"

"Yes," assented the sheriff, "that's what I said."

"Oh-h!"—the girl threw her arms out as tho in repudiation. "Go *away,*" she sobbed out piercingly, "all of you—*all of you!*"

"Who's that?" inquired one of the posse of the sheriff, as they turned the corner to the sheriff's office.

"Her name is Grace Martin, I believe," the sheriff replied. "Dont know much about her; believe she does plain sewing."

"Humph!" grunted the man.

Timothy Crucious surveyed his party thru thick smoke. "It's on," he reiterated; "unless we can get something on him, this man Fleming is sure to win. Let his slate be left clean—and the mayoralty of this burg is *his.* And *we*—lose."

"Any tool you can think of?" suggested Big Tod Slocum, the virtual boss of the opposition.

"His secretary's a mealy-mouthed fledgling," considered Crucious; "it looks like money was as good as truth in his mouth."

"We might try him," said Tod.

"You'd have to go high," vouchsafed another member of the party—"*so* high there'd be no chance of sinking. If he flats we're *better* than lost."

"Watch me!" laughed Big Tod. "I'll make the eagle stand up and deliver a seven-day monolog."

The next night Jack Nelson called upon the opposition. His eyes had the smugly, insufferably superior look of a wrong-doer who knows he holds temporary, ill-got power.

But Big Tod talked big figures, and Jack Nelson was a raw recruit.

He fell neatly and completely into the bag, and even betrayed his incredulous satisfaction at the figure Big Tod named.

"You're to dig up something against him, mind you," Big Tod admonished him—"some dark disgrace, some crime or scandal. A woman 'll do if all else fails. But that's sorta old; most of us"—he made a wry, reminiscent grin—"are accused of a mix-up or two with a woman."

"I think I'm going to win, girl of my heart," he said happily. "I think I'm going to make this new name a big name for you. If they only dont get anything on me I'm confident; if they do——" he paused, and his smiling lips tightened grimly. He was only thirty-eight, and it hadn't been easy—this making *two* names in a lifetime.

"Yes—if they do, dear?"

"It'll mean all over again for the

JOHN FLEMING, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, ADDRESSES THE MEETING

"I'll do my best," Nelson avowed, traitorously, "but I'm afraid, Mr. Slocum, that he's an awfully good man."

"Good to his skirt?" queried Slocum.

"Good to her, huh! He all but says his prayers to her, and for all I know he does that, too. And she's the same. You'd swear to God they were on their honeymoon."

"Humph!" grunted Big Tod; "looks difficult—but do your best."

Serenely unconscious of being double-crossed, John Fleming was resting in his easy-chair. On its arm, habitually, perched Claire, his wife.

third time—another climb up another hill—but with you, darling——"

"Oh, John, my husband, if it were not for me—but I'm not going to think of that. Anyway, sweetheart, I want you to know, again and again, how proud—*proud*—PROUD I am of you! You gave up your name and home and life itself to shield me from my own crime. You began all over again—without a penny, without even a birthright. You've had to fight inch by inch, and yard by yard—and most of the time alone. You should have sent for me long before you did, sweetheart. I *wanted* to help—to work—to wait——"

"Let's forget all that, darling." John smiled gayly into the passionately tender face bending over him—the same dark, lovely face, save for the sadder eyes and wearied mouth. "We've all but won, now. There's no way they can find out. I'll be mayor—then governor, perhaps—then—who knows, my sweet, where your dear feet may walk?"

"You can be anything," the wife affirmed. "I was at the rally this afternoon, dear. And I thrilled to the listening crowds—to the big sign, 'John Fleming, The People's Choice'—to your straight-from-the-shoulder, ringing speech. And I kept saying to myself—'Oh, he's mine—he's mine. That leader of men is *mine!*'"

In three days Jack Nelson called again upon the opposition.

"I believe I've got some dope," he announced; "but I don't know how important it may be."

Big Tod and Crucious looked it over swiftly. There was an old photograph, unmistakably Fleming without his mustache, signed John Barton, and there was a marked newspaper clipping. Big Tod read it aloud:

PETER RAWLINGS MURDERED IN HIS OWN HOME.

JOHN BARTON, HIS SLAYER, DROWNS SELF IN RIVER.

The town of Duncan Center was shocked last night by the most mysterious crime in its history. For some unknown reason——"

Crucious leapt to his feet. "I'm *made!*" he announced.

Big Tod wheeled on Nelson. "Go to Duncan Center," he commanded; "we'll take care of you!"

When Nelson returned from Duncan Center three days later he was accompanied by the sheriff of that town—the same who, years before, had found John Barton's note by the river-bank.

Big Tod interviewed him, and then they repaired direct to the spacious home of John Fleming.

The sheriff was plainly at sea. "It's the sensation of the century in Duncan Center," he kept repeating. "They cant believe it of John Barton—*John Barton* of *all men!*"

At the gateway of the Fleming house the assistant district attorney joined them, and they entered the house together.

It was Claire who came into the hallway first, and she stopped, eyes riveted on the sheriff. Fleming, a step behind her, stopped short.

Big Tod looked cynical. The sheriff took a step forward. "Well, Barton?" he asked.

John Barton cleared his throat. His patient toil of years was crumbling about his head; his future dreams, built on the shining rock of sacrifice, were evaporating and drifting away into chill mist. This was the end of a worthy game.

"Well, sheriff?" he countered.

"The game's up, Barton."

"So I see."

"Oh, but it *isn't* up—you're mistaken!" Claire's voice rang out, almost stridently. She took a step toward the sheriff, and her eyes flamed. "*I* murdered Peter Rawlings," she announced. "*I* did it, just as I would murder any lustful beast who was about to devour me. John Barton found me beside Peter Rawlings' dead body. He loved me—with a love that does not stop at self, gentlemen, and so, he took the blame to shield me. You have tracked the murderer, but you made a mistake in identity. *I* killed Peter Rawlings; my husband—is innocent—he——"

"Claire!" ejaculated John Fleming, frantically.

In the office of the district attorney, a woman in black sat waiting for his attention. She was thin to emaciation, her hair was gray-streaked, and she was ravaged by a disease that was far into the last stages. Her hollow eyes seemed peopled with ghosts too unthinkable to believe; her mouth looked starved, famished, denied; her hands moved spasmodically.

The district attorney handed some checks to his secretary, waved him away, and turned to his visitor. "Well?" he asked kindly.

The woman spoke feverishly—hastily. She seemed, in some way, to be playing against time. "What I have to say," she began, "is God's truth. It daren't be anything else, for before it goes beyond your mouth I will be in front of God, and there's enough sins for Him to judge without adding another lie to them.

"Some years ago, in Duncan Center, a man named Peter Rawlings was found murdered in his library. A

"I KILLED PETER RAWLINGS—MY HUSBAND IS INNOCENT!"

posse found a note from a John Barton, confessing the murder and giving the impression that he had drowned himself. He didn't commit the murder. He didn't drown himself. *I* committed the murder—*I, myself.* He is living in your town today—running for mayor.

"My——" the district attorney rose, excitedly.

The woman raised her hand. "Yes, I murdered him," she said—"I, Grace Martin; I murdered him on the very night that my—baby—died. My baby that was his, too. The night before I killed him I went to see him. 'My baby is sick,' I pleaded with him frantically

—'he needs a specialist; Peter, for God's sake, he is yours, too—but not for that, not for that—but because he is all I have, Peter—my little love—the heart in my bosom—my soul—my life' —oh, I pleaded with him! The baby was dying and no one to help. And he didn't care. No, sir; he didn't care. He'd taken me like he'd taken lots of others, and got all he wanted of me—got me in trouble—and left me to go thru hell all alone. But I wouldn't have minded that; I'd have forgiven that—for baby's sake.

"After he came—in a charity ward —things seemed different again. Oh, God 'll let me into heaven for baby's sake, I know. Whatever else I may have done I loved little Peter. I didn't want men, nor money, nor pleasures—just so's I had the baby.

"And then he was dying, and Peter put me off. 'Tomorrow,' he told me —'tomorrow I'll send money for the specialist; now, be a good kid, beat it; I'm sick of your face!' That's how he talked to me—me, who was begging him for his boy's sake.

"He didn't send the money, and the

next night baby died. Yes, he died—the next night. Ever seen a dead baby, sir? Oh, they look awful sweet. But somehow the tears come right out of the veins in your body, and you feel like your heart was vomiting out of your mouth—only, just blood comes out instead. Yes, he looked awful sweet—that baby of Peter's and mine.

"When I knew he was dead I went around to Peter's again. I felt like he *must* know it, for that little dead thing was *his*. Part of his flesh had wanted. I just wanted little Pete's father—some one—the *only* one who would possibly know the littlest bit—not that he'd ever cared for the baby, but a man's flesh is his *flesh,* and his caring or *not* caring cant get past *that.* When I got nearer, I saw Rawlings struggling with his ward. I ran in and up the stairs. No one was around. As I got to the door I saw his ward fall, strike her head, and lie still.

"Rawlings faced me, savagely.

GRACE MAKES A CONFESSION TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

died, and some of his soul, and he *had* to know.

"And while I walked around, I must have been kinda crazy. 'Oh, if he'd only take me in his arms,' I kept moaning, 'like he uster. If he'd only hold me tight, and maybe sing to me, maybe my heart 'd stop this bleeding.' And, 'Oh, God,' I kept saying, 'what 'd you want of little Pete? He didn't even have a name, God. What 'd you *take* him for?'

"When I got to his house, I heard some one scream—a woman's scream. I'd have been jealous once, but that night it wasn't the *man,* Rawlings, I 'What do you want *now?*' he sneered. 'Baby's dead, Peter,' I sobbed out, and the tears seemed to wrench out past my bones and come drenching, blinding, endless. 'Oh, Peter—Peter—please——'

"'As the baby is dead, you have no hold on me,' he said, and turned on his heel.

"Then I did it. It wasn't me that did it—just my body. The thing they call outraged sex did it; the thing that was good in me, but wasn't good any more; the love I'd given him and he had thrown in my face; the baby,

(*Continued on page* 180)

$250.00 IN GOLD

Will Be Awarded to Those Readers Who Best Answer the Question:

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

In the February number of this magazine we printed five pictures of photoplayers, announcing that in the March number we would print several more, and that we offered $250.00 in gold prizes for the best answers to the question, "What are they saying?" In the March number we printed four more pictures, making nine in all, which completes the set. In the present number, for the convenience of those who have not saved February and March numbers, we are printing the entire set of nine pictures, and on April 3d at noon the contest will close. All answers must be at our office on or before that time. While some of these pictures are scenes from photoplays, it is not necessary to know what those photoplays are, nor is it necessary to see them. The prize-winning answers need not mention the scenes nor the plays from which these pictures were taken, nor are they desired. In other words, it is immaterial to us what these characters were saying, or were supposed to be saying, when these pictures were taken. The question is, What are they saying now? What do they *appear* to be saying *now?* What words best fit the situations? In awarding prizes, the judges will not consider the original plays and situations; hence, it makes no difference whether the contestants do or do not correctly state them, for they have no bearing on the contest.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize	$100.00
Second prize	50.00
Third prize	20.00
Fourth prize	10.00
Fifth prize	10.00
Sixth prize	10.00
Seventh prize	5.00
Eighth prize	5.00
Ninth Prize	$ 5.00
Tenth prize	5.00
Eleventh prize	5.00
25 prizes, each $1.00	25.00
Total	$250.00

Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Any person may compete, and he or she may send in as many answers as desired; but each answer must be complete in itself—that is, a contestant must not send in *part* of his or her answer at one time and the balance of the answer at another time.

2. Each set of answers must be fastened together, and must contain the name and address of the contestant. They should be addressed to Contest Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. Postage must be fully prepaid on all answers, and we cannot undertake to return any answers.

4. Letters should not accompany the answers, and we must decline to give any information about the contest other than that which appears in these columns.

5. All answers must arrive at this office between February 1st and April 3d, 1916.

6. It is not necessary to tell what *all* the characters that appear in the nine pictures are saying, nor is it necessary to give an answer to all nine pictures. It is barely possible that one or more of the prizes will be awarded for just one sentence that fits just one picture. For instance, a contestant may send in only one answer, and it may state only what *one* of the characters is saying, and still win a prize. In other words, if clever answers to all of the pictures do not present themselves to the contestant, he or she may send in one, or two, or any number of answers.

"WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?"

DESIGNATE YOUR ANSWERS BY NUMBERS. THE PICTURE AT THE TOP IS NO. 1; THE PICTURE AT THE BOTTOM IS NO. 2

THE PICTURE AT UPPER LEFT IS NO. 3; THE ONE AT UPPER RIGHT IS NO. 4;
THE ONE AT BOTTOM IS NO. 5

Picture No. 6

Picture No. 7

Picture No. 8

7. It is not necessary to describe nor to title each picture, nor to name the actors therein, nor is it necessary to cut the pictures out and mail them with the answers. The number of each picture should be given, however.

8. Say what you have to say in as few words as possible. The shorter the answer, the better. And the neater the answer, and the more artistic the design of it, the better chance will it have to win a prize, other things being equal, but the main thing is to tell "what they are saying" briefly and cleverly.

9. A mere title to a picture might be sufficient to win a prize, provided that title implies what the characters are saying.

10. It is not necessary to devote a separate sheet of paper to each picture; the entire nine answers may be contained on one page of paper if desired.

Here are some sample answers:

Picture No. 8—"The Rivals."

Billie: Well, do you get her, or do I?
Earle: I'm afraid it's you, Billie.

Picture No. 7—"Hubby Gets a Raise!"

Picture No. 9

These samples are not intended to convey any idea of our own conception of these pictures. We look to our readers to do better than we have done.

We advise you to study these pictures carefully before sending in your answers. Note the postures, gestures, and particularly the expressions on the faces. Talk it over with your friends and get their ideas—two heads are always better than one.

This story was written from the Photoplay of DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN

THE locomotive works were the town; the rest counted for nothing. There were shelter and wives and children in the prim rows of little brick houses back of the works, and food and drink and clothing in the stores on Main Street; there was even a church for the soulful. But the bone, the brawn, the brains, the sweat and the prayers of the town belonged to the works.

The giant body of the works sprawled across both sides of the railroad—miles of dingy brick; its bullet-head was the little one-story office building whose windows glistened like spectacled eyes, and winding in and about the building were the yard tracks, a network of steel ganglia—the dynamic nerves of the works.

Five thousand men had sapped, grizzled and gone gray in the works—iron puddlers, master machinists, wipers, lathe-tenders. The mighty Cyclops of men and machinery that piece by piece stood an engine on its wheels, throbbing for its destiny, was all soul, or none. And now one of the rivets in the human templet had gone wrong; a man was missing from his place.

Thirty years, lacking a day, he had

given to the works heart and soul, and that distorted few hours found him missing. God's mechanism—man—had given way to the ceaseless grind of his own contrivance. Bit by bit the drifting particles of steel had worked into the lungs of the pack-muscled machinist.

In a cheerless, darkened room Bill Estey lay on his bed and matched his strength against the eternal census-taker—death. Pneumonia had him by the heels and slowly gripped its phlegmy fingers around his hairy chest.

The ice of death had all but formed around him, and the man struggled with narrow gasps to shake it off. The priest had come, performing the last sacrament, and gone. His intercession to the final tribunal was done. And in the presence of death remained only a child—Bill's little image—and a friend.

For over twenty years Jake Miller had stood side by side with Bill in the shop while whirling belt and screaming lathe had sung the song of daily bread and daily death. Lacking a finger or two, each had survived; and now, in the glow of his healthy sweat, one of them was struck down.

Somehow, as he gripped the calloused hand, Jake knew that his friend was dying. The darkened room, the gasping man, the priest, had told him, and not the habit of years.

The little girl nuzzled against Bill's shoulder, pressing her face into the hard flesh. Her mother had died in bearing her, and Bill had raised her, so that now she clung to him and sought the touch of his breast.

Her whimpering aroused the dying man, and he tried to raise his hand to stroke her head. The effort was beyond his will, and for a long while he looked at her, caressing with his eyes.

She lay close to him, and he felt the warmth of the loving little body. There began in Bill a terrible struggle—his final grip with the icy burden in his lungs. The blue veins knotted in his forehead, and his muscles responded to the driving of his will.

A big, hairy arm shot out, circled the child, and placed its hand softly on her tear-bedabbled cheek. Her sobs gave place to little treble love-words, happy as a bird's. Then the arm about her relaxed, the broad chest sighed easily once or twice, and Bill passed on.

Jake took little Jane home with him; it was the best he could do for Bill, and the lathe-workers and drillers in Bill's shop were given a half-day's leave to escort his remains to the little graveyard back of the town.

Jane was not taken along. Some soft-hearted wife in the crowd advised Jake that such impressions were only horrid ghosts to haunt and pain little children with, and Jake saw the wisdom of it and left her at home with his boy.

Jake's new responsibility seemed to sober him. He left off going to the saloon in the evenings, and confined his drink to a four-finger gulp, on the way home, and a hooker or two, never more, from a bottle that he laid in.

Bill's effects, his neat little outfit of furniture, had been moved over to Jake's house, and made a fine showing in the dingy place. Jake saw no harm, too, in getting the rest of the wear out of Bill's clothes.

Being a widower like Bill, what troubled him most was the child. He sat up a bit later o' nights and kept the bottle a little busier in trying to figure the problem out right.

The little girl's dog-like faithfulness to Bill's memory bothered him. She turned as pale as a moonlight elf, would not eat, and her great eyes were filled with shadows.

At last Jake thought of Cal Luther's widow. Cal had died with his boots on, scalded to raw pulp in the boiler testing-room, and for the past two years she had stuck by the town, doing drudge work and supporting herself and Cal's boy.

Jake had once asked her to marry him, but, with Cal's loss still stabbing her, she had refused. But that was over a year ago, and she had rubbed elbows with poverty ever since.

Bill's bosom friend fetched home a fresh bottle and sat down to seek counsel with it. Each lift of his elbow whispered a fresh advice. With one drink under his belt he was for setting out at once and proposing again to the widow. A second dram held him back with equal impulse and suggested the wisdom of the serpent. He must make no mistakes this time.

The perplexed machinist thrust his hand deep into the inner pocket of his coat, the best store suit of his late friend, and instead of grasping a handkerchief his fingers came in contact with a sheaf of papers.

Jake unfolded them and drew up close to the lamp. They were the working plans for a vacuum brake, and even the befuddled machinist recognized the simplicity and practicability of the design.

"This is some of Bill's doings," he mused, and then, suddenly, a hard-and-fast scheme shot thru his brain, that brought him up standing.

Jake slipped the key of Bill's house into his pocket and strolled around to the darkened house. A "To Let" sign fluttered ghostily from the porch-post in the moonlight, and already the prim little yard was rank with weeds. The intruder opened the door cautiously and nerved himself up to enter the room in which Bill had died. Once over the doorsill, a panic seized upon him, and he lit a match with shaking fingers, peering around in its narrow circle of light.

He found the closet door and lit another match to explore the cavernous place. The closet was half-filled with litter—worn-out shoes, torn overalls and tobacco tins—but set deep in the corner Jake found a small, heavy

CAL'S WIDOW MARRIED HIM AND SETTLED DOWN WITH HER SON

box. Its lid gave way to the twist of his fingers, and in the dark Jake felt the outline of the thing he wanted.

In a trice he was out of the house, carrying the model of the brake under his arm.

Jake set the model on his table and studied it with shrewd eyes. In turn, he examined each delicate valve and compared it with the plans. It was a marvelous piece of workmanship, and Bill must have put in years of nights shaping its parts by hand.

A deep resentment formed in Jake's mind that Bill had never even mentioned his invention to him. He was a sly old fox, after all.

JAKE SELLS THE STOLEN PLANS TO THE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

The long night passed, giving way to the shadowy gray pall that precedes the dawn. Overhead, Bill's little girl slept in a cot alongside of Jake's small boy. Once, lamp in hand, he had tiptoed above and looked at them, with the glow of warm sleep painting their cheeks. Then he went below and took counsel from the bottle.

Later, with the sun stabbing at their window, the children romped downstairs to meet him. He was somewhat unsteady, as he drew them to him, but his eyes were bright as the sun. The model and plans had disappeared. Jake was the thief of little Jane's inheritance.

Surprising things tumbled over one another quickly after the night of Jake's temptation and fall. He sold the brake to the works for ten thousand dollars, and was hailed by his mates as one of the seven wonder-workers of the world. His house inside and out gloried in virginal paint, and the yard was set out in flowering shrubs. A piano was purchased and moved in. And, to cap the climax, Cal's widow married him and settled down with her son in the rejuvenated home.

After that Jake quit his job at the works and took to mixing around and to spending his money. When the drink was upon him he avoided Cal's widow. But, drunk as a sailor, or drunker, the sight of the sleeping souls under his roof always drove home to him the fact that he stood in two dead men's shoes.

He would be a slattern biographer, indeed, who did not wear out his pen in descrying the charms of Jake's adopted daughter. Her loyalty to the memory of Bill was quite pathetic. Jake at first used to put her off with "the long, great, big journey" story, and how her daddy would come home

to her some fine day. But once she listened to Jake's palaver gravely, and said, "He'll never come back, 'cause I know. He's with God an' mommer, 'cause he told me so."

After that Jake seldom lied to her; generally, when the solemn-eyed child questioned him, he fell back on a bad memory.

Once she disappeared for a whole day, and a burly engineer led her home from where he had found her in the graveyard. By dint of questioning she had found her daddy's grave, and had sat down before it and waited like a lost savage at land's end.

Sometimes she played games with Gordon Luther, the widow's boy, but more often she kept to herself, fashioning all sorts of queer and ingenious things with bits of rags and string.

Jake stared at her goings-on, moodily; perhaps they recalled to him the work of rare genius he had stolen from her father.

The years passed; Jake had run thru all his money, and, with rum-scarred face and broken-down body, had found employment in the works as a night watchman. The children had grown up together; Kent, Jake's son, after a vicious fling as a hanger-on in the dance-halls, had taken a grip on himself, and, after a scourging apprenticeship, found himself yard switchman in the works.

Gordon Luther developed into a robust man, the "spitting image" of his father Cal. With crisp, bronze hair capping his ruddy face, and clear, hazel eyes that teemed with wholehearted mischief, he was the unconscious cause of many a town maiden's sigh. He, too, had been swallowed by the omnivorous works.

As for little Jane, from a leggy, hollowed-eyed, tangled-locked elfin child, she grew up to be the town beauty. She sang like a bird, and at such times her great, velvet eyes lit up like forest fires against the clear bisque of her skin.

Before she had turned seventeen, a round dozen young mechanics had talked it over with Jake about boosting their several causes. He promised his faithful influence to each, and that's as far as matters went.

To tell the truth, he was no longer master of his house. Cal's widow, when she married him, looked his affairs squarely in the face, and at the outset she resolved fairly to mother the three children, without discrimination. That was expecting a lot of herself, but she lived up to it — prompted their prayers, washed miles and miles of their dirty clothes, bandaged maimed fingers, and smoothed over baby brawls with the impartiality of an honest judge.

JANE PRESIDED AT THE PIANO

The result was that they all loved her, and Jake became more and more of a figurehead under his own rooftree.

From the very beginning Kent and Gordon strove for the possession of little Jane. She ran with both the hare and the hound and took pleasure from them both. But, as her woman's mind grew, she saw that Kent was his father's son, and Gordon the true son of his mother. He did not know the town so well as Kent, nor did he have his trick of a ready, witty tongue, but he always flung out his words straight from the heart and never went back on a promise.

As her beauty of full womanhood grew apace, they both beset her.

Their rivalry was unspoken and keen. Kent was for taking her out to the dance-halls, and Gordon dreamed of nothing better than a cozy evening at home, with Jane presiding at the piano in full-throated song.

If he could manage it, Kent very seldom left them alone. When Jane sang overlong, he whistled shrilly in accord and made her laugh with his rapid fire of small-talk. Gordon was a good listener, be it spoken words or song; so in the end he was a double profiter. Jane trusted him; Kent was still to be proven. This sort of siege could not go on forever, and Kent soon took to the comforting saloons again. Inside these ruddy gathering-places his gift of gab never failed to bring its rejoinder in plenteous drinks. He carried his whisky well; it made him fluent and nimble-witted, but it added a white-hot alcoholic flame to the mounting heat of his resentment against Gordon and Jane.

If the girl had not been surcharged with the industry of her father, her life might never have held a dramatic moment. Unwittingly, she unearthed a long-buried skeleton that plunged each one of their lives out of its orbit —a tragic destiny held on the tips of a child-woman's little fingers.

For years the litter of hoarded junk in old Jake's cellar had been an affront to her sense of orderliness, and one day she made the momentous decision of tackling the mess.

N FULL-THROATED SONG AND GORDON WAS THE BEST OF AUDIENCE

With sleeves rolled up to her armpits, and heavy broom in hand, she disappeared below and started in. She warmed up to the task; boxes were split open and their contents searched for signs of anything valuable. The color mounted to her cheeks thru the haze of dust, lunch was forgotten, and even the all-important preparation of the men's dinner.

Then destiny took a hand. In a

box of discarded newspapers she stumbled across Bill Estey's drawings of his brake. The descriptive writing she did not recognize, of course, but his name scrawled out as bold as a brass plate under the text. Jake had made a copy of the plans in his own handwriting, but, with the fatuity of wrong-doers, he had neglected to destroy the original. All these years it had lain in the cellar undiscovered.

"Come, get up out of here!" he cried in a stuttering rage.

Jane did not move; the fascination of his bloodless, guilty face had taken hold of her.

Like all cowards at heart, Jake tried to cover up his guilt with noisy bluster. He raved; he shook the papers in her face and called her all sorts of a prying huzzy for nosing into his affairs, like a thief in the night.

"THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS—HAVEN'T YOU YOUR FULL OF SHAMING HER?"

And now, as destiny must have it, the child of the wronged man unearthed it.

Her eyes went starry-bright as she crouched over the lantern on the box and pored over this precious relic of her dad's. She could not piece together the records that had made Jake a false friend, nor did she suspect the evil that he had done her.

Back of her came a light, lurching step, and Jake snatched the drawings from her hand. His face had gone putty-white, only his nose standing out in grotesque red like a circus clown's.

Jane sat helplessly pondering the cause of it all, but heavy shoes pounded on the stairs, bringing Kent and Gordon upon the scene.

Their presence made Jake the bolder; he meant to shame the girl into tears. But somehow his intention missed fire. Easy-going Gordon stood as much as he could of it, then suddenly flared into hot anger.

"That's enough of this," he cried: "haven't you your full of shaming her?"

Kent saw his chance for a point. "Dad's been pretty soft," he sneered, "in bringing you both up out of the

muck, and this is what he gets. Then there's your ma; she knew enough to load him up with orphans." In an instant Gordon's gripping fingers were around Kent's throat, and he bore him back against the wall.

"That's enough from you," bellowed the goaded young giant; "another word and I'll rock your head against the bricks. Now smile!"

He accompanied the command with a sickening play of his fingers against Kent's windpipe that induced a ghastly smile to his face.

Then Jane came to her senses. One by one she smiled upon and cajoled them, till presently the row was smoothed over and they tramped above. But the seed of discord had been sown: Gordon looked upon his stepfather and son with a fine contempt; Jake feared and avoided the girl on the verge of her discovery, and Kent, outlucked and outbid in Jane's affections, a victim of his own vices, nurtured a smoldering hate that must either burst its bounds or consume him in its flames.

His bad luck hung doggedly at his heels. It was the month when the works were laying in a season's supply of steel, and a night-shift of laborers was put on to unload the piled-up cars.

Kent cursed his evil fortune, as he took flying leaps in the dark for the footboard of the asthmatic little switch engine, and after each lurching trip set and released the yard switches until he called himself all kinds of a humpbacked fool.

He was leg-weary, back-weary, sodden with loss of sleep. The drink fastened upon him surer than ever, and three times a night he regularly emptied and filled his flask with rasping bar whisky.

KENT SETS THE SWITCH THAT WRECKS THE EXPRESS

Jake and his son rarely spoke to each other on the night-work. If each drank heavily, they had the grace to keep the knowledge of it from each other.

Night followed night with deadly monotony; the yard was no more than clear when a fresh train made its appearance in the morning. Kent, with the whisky seething in him, worked like a steam-shovel, sorting and moving flat-cars.

One night his flask jammed against a load of steel castings, and the cold liquor trickled down his legs. His supply was cut off, and, lacking fuel, the drowsiness of many nights and

days swept over him. He flung himself on a cinder bed and broke into an instant snore.

How long he slept he never knew. The cries of hurrying men aroused him, and, unglueing his eyes, he saw that the yard was filled with a ruddy, shadow-tossed glow. "The boiler shop's on fire!" some one screamed in his ear, and he staggered to his feet and ran toward the burst of flame.

With a sickening choke in his throat, Kent remembered that Jake usually hung out between rounds in the boiler shop, and if he took his "forty winks" there, after the manner of watchmen, the chances were that he was now sleeping his last sleep.

FIFTY TONS OF STEEL CRASH

Kent ran around the building and scanned the ring of faces flung out in high relief by the flames. Jake's was not among them.

Then Kent did a crazy thing. Wrapping his coat across his face up to the eyes, he dove into the boiler-house door and groped his way thru the wall of stinging smoke.

By the side of a little stove in the fireman's office he found Jake, his clothes half-burnt from his back and the telltale coals spilt on the floor from the open stove-door.

The smell of the burnt flesh retched Kent's stomach, but he picked Jake up and staggered with what was left of him out to the open.

A dozen huskies loaded him into a wagon and helped to get him home. As they carried him up the stairs he was scarcely breathing—the lungs were seared out of him—but his eyes shone like bright coals of fire.

Jake tried to speak, but his words came in a hissing whisper. They gathered that he wanted to be left alone with Jane. So, with a guttering candle waving ghastly stripes over the chalky, pain-twisted face, she bent her head close to his, and he whispered out the whole miserable story of his theft.

When he finished, she took his hand and patted it softly, and thereat the pain-twist left his face, and he died smiling up at her.

After Jake's death, Jane saw very little of Kent. He came to the house infrequently, with the look of a doomed man stamped on his face, which had fallen away to bones and baggy skin. A fireman told her that he had breathed flame into his lungs at the works fire and that the "white gallops" were setting in, but she never could get a word out of Kent himself.

She set all her pretty snares to interest him and hold him at home, but he broke away from them, and after awhile quit coming home at all.

For a month they neither saw nor heard from him, and then a neighbor told them that he had seen Kent pass thru the town on the top of a slow-moving freight.

Other things came to claim Jane's attention. One monumental thing above all—in a month she and Gordon were going to be married and set up for themselves.

In a series of heaven-made evenings they discussed their plans, and the upshot was the launching of a railroad jaunt to Centerville to lay in an outfit of furniture.

AGAINST THE SWITCH ENGINE

They shopped like a couple of happy children turned loose in a candy store, and boarded the night express for the home-town of the works.

The powerful engine whipped its string of coaches thru the flat country with the whiz and roar of a rocket. At the outskirts of the town it signaled with a drawn-out, eerie blast of its whistle and shot past the works.

There came a hideous grinding of brakes, a rocking, shivering hump along the cars, and then the titanic crash of fifty tons of flying steel against the switch engine.

The express had taken the yard-switch and crashed head-on into the train of steel-laden flats.

When Gordon came to his senses, lying by the trackside where they had carried him, the deafening roar of steam from the shattered engine was like to have burst his ear-drums.

He was too faint to speak, but Jane, a bandage across her cheek, hovered over him and smiled a message that rode straight to his heart above the din and chaos. The pressure of his broken ribs jumped in a scream of pain to his brain, and the yard, with its mess of twisted cars, rose on a red cloud, whirling madly above him.

Years afterwards, it seemed, he awoke in his own bed, and the terrible roar had gone, with the red mirage, leaving his room stable and still and clear.

Again the luminous, guarding eyes, and the comforting smile of Jane, met his.

"You will be on your feet soon, dear," she said, "and the doctor has made you my prisoner."

He sighed his approval like a tired child. "But the wreck —the red haze—you and I—tell me about it," he asked—"was it a dream?"

"No, dear; it was all too true. Poor drink-crazed Kent was found by the switch—a piece of flying steel had stunned him. Do you know, when the police led him off he cried like a baby and babbled out a broken story of how he had planned the thing.

"The sins of his father, and his awful death, had preyed upon Kent, until, desperate, he had left town and become a brakeman on the railroad. He went from bad to worse. The long nights alone on the car-tops brought the ghost of his father constantly before him. From the walls of cars, on moonlit banks, the ghastly face of Jake stared back at him.

"And over and over, in a voice that sang to the hum of the wheels, it urged him to go back home.

"Six times Kent passed thru the town, and six times he could not bring himself to stop. Then the news of our trip to Centerville drifted along the rails, and, primed with drink, he took a flying leap off the freight and lay in wait for the express. The rest you know, dear."

Gordon lay day-dreaming, or at least Jane thought so. But thru his mind coursed the life-records of Jake and his son. Suddenly he sobbed: Death had brushed Jane with the hem of his robe and passed on.

And she had been spared for him. When she turned at the sound, he was smiling, with tears on his cheeks.

"THE FACE DIVINE"

Naomi Childers, Vitagraph leading lady, and one of the beauties of the screen, is noted for wondrously perfect features. Hers is called the "Christ Face," and this picture shows that there is good reason.

WATCHING THE FILMS GO BY

By GEORGE M. RITTELMEYER

Is there any place where prosperity can be so easily and quickly acquired as in the films? It is nothing uncommon for a boy fresh from the country to get a job in a broker's office, or some other place, and become consulting partner or vice-president in a few weeks.

In how many real business offices do you see father's daughter flitting in every few minutes to engage in a flirtation with the cashier or bookkeeper? She may drop in about once a week to get father to cough up enough cash to purchase a new lid, but outside of that you dont see her very often. In most of the films we have seen, father's daughter seems to be as necessary as the office safe.

Personally we never have the least bit of trouble with our collars, but nearly every time a scene is depicted on the screen of a man dressing in a hurry he invariably works himself to death trying to get his collar buttoned.

Why is it always necessary, when Johnny gets ready to elope with Flora and father is tipped off to the fact by the jealous rival, to throw a leader on the screen, "The Plot Thickens"? A producer is a pretty dull boy to remind us of this so often, and it's an awful thick audience that cant see a plot thicken.

In the ordinary course of human events when a cashier or bookkeeper goes short in his accounts, it is usually detected by an audit. All of the books are gone over by expert accountants, and it may require several days to locate the shortage. In the films, when an employer has reason to believe that his trusted employee is short, he picks up the handiest book he can find on his desk, gives a squint at it and sees immediately that some dirty work has been done. Then he sticks his head into the office safe and, without counting the money, discovers that $862.63 has been stolen.

An heiress to a dozen million dollars would naturally be supposed to own a Hackard or a Bierce-Parrow automobile. When we see a beautiful heiress come out of her palatial home and get into a car of the "flivver" type standing out in front, we almost forget that she is supposed to have money. An heiress doesn't ride in a "tin lizard," unless she's hacking from the station.

The leaders in some of the films we see occasionally are enough to drive a dog out of a tan-yard. For instance, here is one we ran across in a five-reel feature: "Would you take my sweetheart away from me whom I loved in childhood?" Isn't it pathootic?

Why does the mother who comes to the city to see her son or daughter always wear a poke bonnet and an old shawl and carry a small satchel or carpet-bag? Isn't there some other type that could be shown once in a while just for a change? Some of us hail from the country ourselves, and we dont recognize the make-up.

Somehow or other the gentlemen who fix up the telegrams for the movies never seem to think that it is necessary to put down the address of the recipient. A message flashed on the screen to John Jones, care Traveler's Hotel, will be delivered to him no matter whether he be in New Orleans, La., or Halifax, Nova Scotia.

If we screwed up our face and went thru as many contortions, poses and stagey affectations while talking to a friend as some of the movie actors and actresses do, said friend would think that we were the victim of a nervous disease or had crickets in our belfry.

Business men in the films usually spend most of their time making love to some one, or, if married, they leave the office and go home at frequent intervals to see if their wives are behaving themselves. Their office force and telephone seem to be just part of the plot. They seem to do everything but work.

Jealous? Not a Bit of It!

Being the Tale of a Search for the Green-eyed Monster in the Den of the "Social Pirates."

By CECILIA MOUNT

OLLIE KIRKBY

GEORGE BRONSON HOWARD

MARIN SAIS

THIS is an interview on the subject of jealousy. At least, it started out to be that. I thrilled with the thought that I had bearded the green-eyed monster in his den—merely to find that I had only secured a chat with two very charming and sweet dispositioned young women who averred that they wouldn't know the self-same dragon were he to pass them on the street. Why, they actually appeared belligerent when I announced my quest.

"Jealous?" they echoed, with uplifted eyebrows; "not a bit of it! Why, we are having the time of our lives as 'Social Pirates.'"

But I was still unconvinced. Firm in my convictions that as a green-eyed monster detector I had some pretensions at least, I determined to stand by my guns.

"Listen," I said softly, trying diplomacy. "Here you are, two stars, Marin Sais and Ollie Kirkby, featured with equal honors in a series of pictures. Now, it is unheard of that two players of equal prominence and ability should divide the glory of stardom for even one picture without a clash of temperament. And you are to go thru fifteen pictures! Why, it's impossible."

A cheery laugh from two clear throats was my only answer. Then Miss Kirkby's blue eyes twinkled, and her face took on the pleading mien of a penitent.

"You are right, tho," she said. 'We *are* jealous. Terribly so. Do you know we have been fighting bitterly for three years? Yes, and last year I took a second prize and gloated gleefully for twelve months until Marin had to come along this year and take the first award. Just a minute"—I had started to ask for an explanation.- "It's all about chickens and ducks and all that. Both Marin and I are gushingly proud of our big homes here in California and we spend all of our time caring for the blue-blooded fowl. The annual Tropico Show is the event that decides which is the winner. Just now

I feel like a tail-ender. But I do believe Marin smiled at the judges when I wasn't looking."

"I did not," interrupted the accused one. And both joined in another hearty laugh which convinced me that the only green-eyed monster I would be likely to find around the Kalem studio would be certain to be a chicken. So I decided to change the key-note of my interview and make it a "two-in-one" talk. I asked them how they enjoyed being "Social Pirates," the aptly descriptive title that George Bronson Howard, the famous novelist and playwright, has chosen for his first picture series. In the initial announcement of the pictures I had seen the "Social Pirates" described as "two fascinating young women, who live by their wits and wiles—preying on the wealthy and sophisticated." As I looked at the curly, jet-black hair and brown eyes of Miss Sais, and the blue-eyed Miss Kirkby with wavy brown hair that was enough to make me jealous, I could see that the counterparts of the "Social Pirates" had been well chosen.

"It's wonderful," enthused Miss Sais. "You dont know how righteous it makes you feel to go thru day after day bringing evil men and women to justice. Of course you know that, tho we are 'Social Pirates,' we prey only on those who deserve it. Even if the means we use are not always just right, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are fighting fire with fire."

"And make believe we aren't the clever pair!" chimed in Miss Kirkby. "We use the most daringly brilliant schemes—it's no wonder the men all become our victims. That is the advantage of playing in stories written by a well-known author—they all ring true. It's so much different from the old-fashioned thriller stuff. Really I like 'Social Pirates' better than any picture I have ever been in."

The last statement gave me an opportunity to inquire further into details of the star's screen career. "How long have you been playing in Motion Pictures?" I asked.

"Three years," was the reply. "And all the time with the Kalem Company. I will frankly confess that I started as an 'extra,' too. Oh, yes; I was one of those white-capped-and-aproned maids that answer every time a bell is rung, and help the star on with her wraps and so on. It seemed a terribly long time that I was playing small 'bits' and, truth to tell, I was becoming discouraged with the prospect of ever convincing any one that I could do better. But all the time the officials back East in the company's office seem to have been watching me on the screen, and one day a telegram came, telling the director to put me in 'stock,' which meant that I had a permanent engagement. Then the 'Mysteries of the Grand Hotel' came along and I was given a chance to star. But——" it was probably modesty that caused her to drop the subject here.

"Since the days of cowboy and Indian pictures," spoke up Miss Sais, "I have played in blood-and-thunder Western pictures, riotous comedies, refined comedy-dramas and tense emotional subjects. I was educated to be a concert singer, but the screen captured me and now I have to save my voice for my friends. I dont know whether they appreciate it," she closed, with a demure smile.

The wonderful versatility of Marin Sais, which was seen to such advantage in "Stingaree," the series by E. W. Hornung, is well brought out by her innocent autobiography above. In all probability it is her Latin blood that is responsible for the wide range of her acting ability, for Miss Sais is the daughter of one of the oldest Castilian families in California. She was born in Marin County—which accounts for the name that has proven a cause for perplexity to many picture fans.

"I've grown so tired of explaining to people what it means," she laughed. "But really, if you knew what a lovable place Marin County is you wouldn't wonder that I am so proud to wear the name and show that I am a 'native daughter.' Ollie missed half the joy in life by being born in Pennsylvania. But we'll forgive it, for her parents tried to atone by moving out

OLLIE KIRKBY

"A small cottage, a little garden and a few chickens certainly spell 'heaven' to a player who has been accustomed to the road life of the speaking stage."

MARIN SAIS

"I have grown so tired explaining to people what Marin means! Well, I was born in Marin County, California." (Query: Was Miss Sais named after the county, or was the county named after Marin?)

to California while she was yet in short dresses and pig-tail.

"For this is the wrong place to look for green-eyed people. We are both brimful of ambition, both working our heads off to please the followers of Motion Pictures and to do big things, but for all that we are two pals, working hand in hand as two good and clever 'Social Pirates' should work. For that matter you'll find that same spirit of hearty co-operation all thru this studio. The Kalem Glendale Company is just one big happy family enjoying every moment of life, because we are all working hard to do the best we can every minute. You couldn't start an adult-size quarrel if you were to try.

"Not unless you were to mention homes or chickens, or blue-blooded saddle-horses," concluded Miss Sais as I rose to go. "We are all unreasonably proud of our homes, as you will find most players who have settled down to the comforts of Motion Picture acting. A small cottage, a little garden and a few chickens certainly spell 'heaven' to a player who has been accustomed to the road life of the speaking stage."

And all the way back along the road to Los Angeles I honestly believe every chicken I saw had jealous green eyes.

"ATTENTION, PLEASE, OH, GENTLE READER—

I BRING YOU GOOD NEWS!"

We have a pleasant little surprise for you in our next issue. As you perhaps know, the famous Sis Hopkins has just decided to become a screen star, and we have engaged this celebrated comedienne to write for us her first story of her first film. It will appear exclusively in the May *Motion Picture Magazine*. Furthermore, a delightful picture of Sis Hopkins on the May cover.

Marguerite Clayton is known about the Essanay studios as "The Girl with the Million-Dollar Smile."

Marguerite Gibson makes her début as a star in "The Soul's Cycle," a Mutual Masterpicture.

Alice Brady, World Films, is a clever artist, and her work with the brush recently won her a medal for technical skill at a New York exhibition. The picture was bought by a French connoisseur who is reported to have paid $15,000 for it. (Note: We said "reported.")

E. H. Calvert believes in "Preparedness." He has already collected over eighty-five ancient weapons, including knives, crossbows, catapults, slings, pistols and air-guns. Far be it from us to cross his path.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, one of England's most famous actor-producers, is regarded as the wit of the Fine Arts-Triangle studio. He sums up the war situation in three words, viz.: "Who wins, loses."

Col. Brady, the scenario editor of the Vitagraph Company, has just published a novel entitled "The Pharisee."

Helene Rosson, American, was actually stabbed three times during the duel scene in "The White Rosette."

They do say that Alan Hale, Lasky, is one of the best dressed men in the profession.

Jewell Hunt, Vitagraph, is going after the honors shared by dare-devil heroines. Her most recent stunt was to lie, bound and gagged, on a railroad track underneath the cow-catcher of a huge locomotive.

Neva Gerber was held up by a thug in Los Angeles, but she got the better of him thru repartee. Clever woman—the feminine resource never fails.

Louise Glaum is now vampiring. Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson and others, watch your laurels!

A couple of crooks mistook Antonio Moreno's make-up box for a jewel case, and he explained their error to them after he had placed them in the hands of the police.

Still another serial. Title, "The Love Pirates"; Kalem, responsible; Marin Sais and Ollie Kirkby, co-stars.

Constance Collier, Morosco, was recently injured when a three-inch oak counter fell on her hand.

When Anna Held's $3,000 Pekinese spaniel saw his mistress on the screen, he threw a fit, running up and down the projection-room between the screen and his mistress.

Billy Sherwood is now with Famous Players.

Francis Bushman's hobby is the collection of large and valuable amethysts. Got any to spare, O ye who admire him?

Captain Harry Lambart, Mirror, was about to receive the Lambs Club prize for thrills on account of his bravery in capturing 3,000 Boers single-handed, when Joseph Kilgour put in his claim based on a yachting experience. It is a long story, but Joe won.

Clara K. of the soulful eyes has donated a perfectly good auto to the Red Cross for conversion into a hospital car. Incidentally, she has left the World Film Co. to produce her own pictures. Lewis Selznick is promoting her company, and for his pains is being sued by Clara's husband, James Young, for alienation of affections. Keeping you busy, aren't they, Clara?

Helen Gibson, all-around chance-taker, has named her pet pony "Hazard."

A novelty in screen production is shown in "The Guiding Hand" (Kalem), in that all the scenes are interiors.

Harry Beaumont is now with Essanay.

Kathlyn Williams once studied for grand opera, and has a sweet soprano voice with which she frequently entertains her friends and studio associates.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

John Cossar, Essanay, has just purchased his semi-annual wardrobe. He re-stocks it completely twice yearly.

Vivian Reed's favorite color is pale blue.

Grace Cunard has just met with the third accident in two years. While it is not as serious as the former ones, still it necessitates her detention in the hospital temporarily.

William C. DeMille, when he is not writing plays for Lasky, deals in statistics. According to his figures, there were over 2,900,000,000 paid admissions in Moving Picture theaters during 1915 in the United States alone. This is an average attendance of 29 times per year for every man, woman and child, or once a week for half the total population.

Jack Pickford doesn't believe in signs, especially "speed limit warnings."

Marguerite Snow, our cover girl, does nearly all her own sewing. Incidentally, she was born in Salt Lake City, received her education in Colorado, made her screen début in "His Younger Brother" (Thanhouser), and is now a Metro star. In private life she is Mrs. James Cruze.

The owners of the Knickerbocker Theater in New York are suing the Triangle Film Corporation on the grounds that the latter endanger the rental value of the theater by giving the public too much for its money.

A sneak-thief stole over a hundred scenarios from the auto of Sidney Drew, while the latter was dining in a Broadway café. Who said that there was not a demand for scenarios?

Leah Baird is building a $50,000 home on the south shore of Long Island.

The director wanted twenty feet of Thomas Santschi preaching a sermon from the pulpit. He chose the "Golden Rule" as his text, held the audience spellbound, and the camera recorded 318 feet. Even the camera man fell under the spell.

The proposed Federal Censorship Bill, now pending in Congress, is scored by newspapers thruout the country as a menace to a free press, and therefore unconstitutional.

Henry Walthall has contracted the prevalent fever among film stars and purchased a seven-passenger touring car.

Mme. Olga Petrova, Metro star, was born in Warsaw, Poland; married in Indianapolis; got her stage training in London and Paris; achieved her greatest success in New York, both on the screen and stage, and—there you are.

Vivian Rich is a great lover of good music, and her Santa Barbara home has a large music-room.

Fritzi Brunette, Selig, has just recovered from a serious illness.

Thomas Commerford, Essanay, is an expert chess-player and has several trophies to his credit.

Alas, it was *not* Jim Jeffries that appeared with Francis X. Bushman in "Pennington's Choice," but Jack Jeffries, a brother.

Universal's "Handsomest Man" contest is eliciting photographs from men in all walks of life, from princes to delicatessen proprietors. Lieut. Percy Richards, the eccentric Swede, is a strong contender.

After a most unusual and successful stage experience, Lois Meredith signs with Balboa.

Is there any one who has not heard of the Geraldine Farrar-Lou-Tellegen nuptials? If so, you know it now.

For an appetizer, William Duncan, of the Western Vitagraph forces, raises a 180-lb. anvil over his head, to the consternation of the village blacksmith.

Vitagraph is richer by the acquisition of Thomas R. Mills, a well-known actor of the legitimate stage and at one time the main support of Richard Mansfield.

Helen Eddy, Morosco, is superstitious, and claims she has bad dreams unless she wears her peacock ring. Try sleeping on your right side, Helen.

Bryant Washburn IV made his initial appearance in Essanay's "Destiny." See if you notice a family resemblance. Who said something about "race suicide"?

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Annette Kellermann, star of the Fox marine production, has swum fifty-six miles since last August when it was started.

Gladys Hulette wears a hoop-skirt dress which some unkind person said looked like an "occupied chicken coop."

Florence LaBadie is in mourning. Her little "Chow" died.

An automatic fender and guard attached to the front of the automobile driver by Maud Gilbert, co-star of the Fox production, "The Fool's Revenge," saved from death an eight-year-old New York girl when struck by the actress' machine.

Baby Jean Fraser, Selig, dislikes monkeys, and gives as her reason, "I just dont like them."

Gertrude Robinson, Gaumont's young leading lady, was a successful playwright at the age of fourteen.

There are rumors afoot that the Standard Oil Company may purchase the Lubin Company. Is the three-cent movie coming?

Arthur Hoops, a renowned leading man, has signed with Metro.

Authors of mash-notes to Anita Stewart, please note that she has transferred her affections from the Brightwaters studio to Vitagraph's Brooklyn studio.

An English solicitor recently mistook Alfred Vosburgh for the missing heir to a million-dollar estate. Try as he would, this popular "Flying A" hero couldn't convince the lawyer that he had found the right man.

Valeska Suratt has sailed for the firing-line in France, accompanied by 50,000 cigarets, several barrels of candy and copies of the picture "The Soul of Broadway," in which she starred.

Cleopatra's opulence and wondrous fads are duplicated by Virginia Pearson. Even in her home every detail is carried out to represent the atmosphere of splendor and pomp amid which lived her notoriously beautiful prototype.

Vivian Martin's idea of rest is to ice-skate ten or twelve hours a day and to play basket-ball or drive an automobile the balance of the time.

Carlyle Blackwell recently spent the night with a friend whose hobby is butterflies. When he awoke in the morning, his bed was patterned with some nine hundred moths, and speaking of it later Blackwell said, "The next time I spend the night with him, his pets will have to wear chains."

Pearl White enjoys the distinction of having starred in more serials than any player before the public.

Marguerite Courtot loves a good, smashing game of tennis.

We have with us this evening: John Robertson and Dorothy Kelly, p. 38; Ivy Shepard, p. 55; Harold Lockwood and May Allison, p. 71; Dixie Stratton and Art Accord, p. 84; Charles Perley and Claire McDowell, p. 105; Gretchen Hartman, p. 107; Rosetta Brice, p. 122; Arthur Housman, Richard Buhler and Inez Buck, p. 123; Arthur Housman, p. 125.

Ah, ha! A man of mystery has entered the ranks of scenario writers. Emulating the late O. Henry, possibly, he signs himself "O. Humph"! and the exclamation point always completes the job.

Beatriz Michelena is conducting a "Talks with Screen-Struck Girls" column in several daily papers thruout the country.

Frances Nelson, the young emotional World Film star, is at least original. She disdains automobiles, and turns her attention to her stables at Tarrytown, N. Y.

In her spare moments and when not aeroplaning, Lucille Taft rides horseback.

Mary Pickford's latest leading man is John Bower. It seems that her company want Mary always to be "it," and they take no chances on regular leading men. Foolish! Eh?

Elsie MacLeod, who became famous with Edison, is now a Vim star.

We are all frequently asked the question, "If you were I, would you buy stock in such and such a film company?" Our answer is usually "No," of course.

Dont forget to get in on that "What Are They Saying?" contest of ours and win a part of that $250 prize money.

Harold Lockwood has decided to join the Metro forces, and not Lasky, as announced, while his charming little frau, May Allison, has signed with Universal.

Walthall and the Man Who Failed

By HECTOR AMES

"THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Henry B. Walthall, farmer, lawyer, merchant and actor, quoted Bill Shakespeare to me as we sat together in his dressing-room. His brown eyes were smiling as he talked, and the sunlight lighted them as they smiled.

"It's funny," he said, "a man can never be anything but what he is fated to be, tho he spend his life in doing something else. I know a minister who should be a professional gambler, and I know a burglar who will eventually end in the clergy. He will go down into the slums and tell how he was saved from the machinations of the devil, and he will be half-right. The other half will be his destiny, which he will not recognize, and the souls he will save will be chalked up wherever they do such things, and in the end he will save just as many as he was destined to save. Burglary was this man's method of evading his destiny. He wasn't successful, because he has done time and has the stamp of the jail-bird on him. But, mark you, this stamp is an asset. His criminal record stands behind a man of God who was brought to the sense of his wrongs. And hardened men will listen to him and be convinced, because he was as one of them in the mad, bad, glad days when he was young and the world was a temple of loot.

"I know a future candidate on the Prohibition ticket who would sell his soul for a drink. He is in training now for his life-work, tho he doesn't know it. But he is acquiring a fighting hatred for the stuff that he thinks is ruining him. And he is Irish—and unreasonable. When a woman's hand reaches down and plucks him out of the outer pale, he will live for her and the battle with drink. There will be no quarter in this fight. He will fight for the love of fighting and because drink has been a false friend to him. There is nothing more worth fighting than an old and tried and found wanting friend. And, as I told you before, he is Irish."

The sunlight slanted on a small man, with the illusion of bigness. Henry Walthall is under six feet, much under it. If he stood near you, if you are of medium height you would glory in the fact that you are a tall person. But people seeing you together would judge Walthall taller. There is some reason. It may be his head—it is massive. And the brown eyes smile at you, and you think you are talking to a giant.

"I was fated to be an actor. My mother was wont to sit and read Shakespeare to me in the long Southern evenings on the plantation. And I loved it. I used to go out under the stars and declaim where I knew I had no audience. I was afraid of an audience. If I thought I had one, I would have run and hid. But it was in me. I saw myself 'strutting and fretting my hour upon the stage' before an audience that was in tune with me. My father wanted me to be a farmer. He had the patriarchal idea of inheritance. But something in me forbade it. I studied law and found I was no lawyer. And I left home. I went from Alabama to New York and descended on the city with my hopes and nothing else. New York, like every city, is unkindly to him she doesn't know. And she was characteristic in her treatment of me. I was out of a job and almost out of hope. I found a job as a super in a theatrical company doing small things for small towns. From then on my life went back to stereotype. I was an actor working up, and working up isn't an interesting thing to anybody but the one who is working.

"I was with Miller in 'The Great Divide' when I got my first glimpse of pictures. It was in the summer, and a friend of mine told me to meet him at a certain time. I was there, but he wasn't. I went to his house, and his wife told me he was working

A CHARACTERISTIC LIKENESS OF HENRY B. WALTHALL

in the pictures. I cant tell you how I felt. An actor of the legitimate descending to the pictures was beyond me. I told my friend's wife as much. She smiled and said her husband was very enthusiastic. Wouldn't I wait for him? I waited, and when he came home, I saw a man aflush with a new idea in which he took delight. He bubbled about pictures, and I caught a glimpse of what he felt, altho I still felt sorry for him.

"The next day I went to the studio and watched. The director asked me to come into some scene, not because I was an actor, but because I was a type. I agreed and went into the picture. It was summer, but I didn't need money. I went in more for curiosity than anything else. I have been in ever since.

"The following winter I went with the company to England, still playing 'The Great Divide.' I had refused an offer from the director, an offer which carried the salary I was then getting and which eliminated traveling expenses. That winter the company went broke, not literally, but the play didn't go big. We disrupted and came back to America. I went to see the director and found the offer still holding. I went into the pictures then.

"Essanay offered me a berth, and I took it. I am working, working all the time, and I feel no sense of degradation that a legitimate actor is supposed to feel. I have found a new medium of expression with the same general lines as the drama has, but with something else that is its own.

"There is art, a great deal of art, in pictures. You have noticed it. So an actor has no call to worry about his medium. I have just finished Poe's 'The Raven,' and I greatly enjoyed the work, altho this part was a terrible strain. I cant think of anything else to tell you."

There was a call for "Walthall." And the man was transformed into a person with a purpose. He bowed absently to the interviewer and started on his make-up. There are times when an actor has no time for outside things.

John Chinaman to a Movie Maid

By OSCAR H. ROESNER

WHAT HE SAID

Me t'ink you velly nicee gal,
You dancee allee same San Toy;
And if you wishee nicee time,
Wha' fo' you no take Chinee boy?
Me give you plentee silkee dless
And heapee lichee flinga ling;
And when me washee shirtee clean,
You askee me, all lite, me sing.

Me feedee you chop suey fine
And muchee candee, velly nice;
Me catchee bow-wow, loastee lat,
And cookee you heap plentee lice.
Me chopee chow-chow evlee day,
And lovee you fo' allee life;
Me makee pie and Ilish stew—
Now how you likee be my wife?

WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE SAID

O beautiful, rose-tinted lotus-flower,
Fair as a free flitting butterfly
Blown in and out of a sun-flecked bower
On a golden wind's soft, summery sigh!
In plum-silk mantle as graceful you seem
As the waving tops of the bamboo tall,
And as far from me as that "silver stream"
Beneath which nightly the wild geese call.

O wonderful dancing movie maid,
Caught in the peach-tree's glad, red rain,
With pendants of sapphire, amber and jade
Kissing fair cheeks that are roses twain!
Let me touch my lute 'neath the mulberry-trees
In praise of the aster-scented wine
That shall bring to my heart a long-sought ease
When cherry lips murmur they will be mine.

Photoplay Classics

Reasons Why Certain Screen Productions Are Immortal While Others Quickly Die

By THE EDITORS

THE impressions of a great painting, novel, or photoplay, burn themselves into our memory and smoulder there long after the theme or plot is forgotten. The mind back of the brush or pen that it guided was a deep-seeing one, and its inspiration welled up from a "singing soul." That's one of the reasons why some screen productions live on, and others that are mindless and soulless quickly die.

During the past six months the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has invited its readers to state what they thought were the great "Photoplay Classics"—screen paintings that have made a lasting place for themselves in this new and wonderful art of Motion Pictures. We received thousands of opinions, and from time to time have published the bare results. Many of the letters accompanying the pleas for preferment were gems of bright criticism—a true appraisal of the values of screen production. Space does not prevent our giving these in full, but we have made a composite review of the opinions of our readers and have condensed them under the various Photoplay Classics that they deemed fit to live to a green old age. Many worthy productions are not even mentioned herein, but from time to time we will continue to publish further Photoplay Classics with the reasons that entitle them to live on:

"THE CHRISTIAN"—Big, human motives. Strong plot. Superb characterization. All-star cast. Beautiful photography and locations. Finely directed.

"JUDITH OF BETHULIA"—Absorbing story. Excellent acting. Convincing atmosphere. Fine photography and directing. A rare example of the treatment of a Biblical plot that leaves an impression of being neither stagey, pokey, nor spectacular.

"QUO VADIS?"—Strong and appealing story. Careful detail in costumes, properties, and settings. Strongly cast. Able handling of camera and ensembles. Beautiful spectacles in large scenes. Educational, historical and dramatic.

"CABIRIA"—Wonderful, spectacular scenes. Excellent detail, atmosphere, settings and locations. Well cast, impressive. A new epoch in the handling of large bodies of men and elaborate stage-settings. Contains an interesting plot and characters.

"AN ALIEN"—The acme of simplicity, appeal and beauty. Strong heart-interest story, fine characterization, plot a bit of real life. Well cast, ably directed and beautifully photographed and produced.

"A PRICE FOR FOLLY"—Exquisite atmosphere, compelling story and strongly cast. Remarkable versatility by Edith Storey in the adventuress' rôle.

"BIRTH OF A NATION"—Remarkable blending of history, drama, and

preachment into a compelling whole. Fine judgment in detail, costumes and ensemble effects. A Griffith "ride to the rescue" climax that thrills.

"C. O. D."—One of the best feature comedies. An elaborate plot of the French farce order. All-star cast and funny situations from start to finish.

"The Battle Cry of Peace"—The first great preachment on a subject of national importance: America's defenselessness. As a test between the power of the editorial and the film it is highly interesting, showing that "the photoplay is mightier than the pen." It is soul-stirring, an appeal to "thinking" patriotism, dramatically well conceived, and should be seen and taken to heart by every American citizen.

"Island of Regeneration"—A remarkable and intimate study of the mainsprings of life—the motives back of our moves. A most unusual "castaway" story, which has since had many imitators. Careful and brainy directing, showing Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno at their best.

"The Little Minister"—Clara Kimball Young in a charmingly fitting rôle as the luring, captious, wilful gypsy girl, Babbie. Fine attention to detail of Barrie's novel.

"Neptune's Daughter"—A good example of a slender plot being carried by the star, Annette Kellermann, who is not a great screen actress, but whose aquatic gracefulness and skill, in beautiful surroundings, hold and thrill her audiences.

"The Stoning"—A world-old subject. The fallen woman—the "Eternal Magdalene"—treated with newer and deeper sympathies. Viola Dana proves her right as an emotional star. Quaint, convincing and powerful.

"The Lily and the Rose"—A fine example of the "human touch." An old story rendered appealing by true-to-life handling. A happy contrast to the old school of screen production, with overdone realism, exaggerated sentiment and melodramatic action. Griffith's production is simple, human, strong—life itself, beautifully told.

"The Penitentes"—A recent release of the Griffith cycle of early American historical backgrounds. Deals with a fanatical religious sect of old New Mexico, who yearly crucified one of their number. Around this historically correct motive is woven an appealing and dramatic love-story.

"Tess of the Storm Country"—Probably the most sympathetic medium in which Mary Pickford has played. Runs the gamut of her emotions, from childish appeal and spritely comedy to fine pathos and rugged dramatics. An able supporting company, with strong characterizations, and big moments without big physical effects.

"The Eternal City"—A fine vehicle for the grace, artistry and beauty of Pauline Frederick. The photography and locations were handled and selected by master craftsmen, producing some superb effects.

"From the Manger to the Cross"—The greatest religious photoplay, dealing with the history of Christ. Was over a year in the creating, each scene being as nearly historically correct as possible and being photographed entirely in Egypt and the Holy Land. Does not lag, nor is it stilted like most religio-dramatics. A reverent, finely conceived, and dramatically strong photoplay that carries its appeal outside of religious persuasion.

"Hearts Adrift"—Mary Pickford's most popular photoplay, perhaps not deservedly so. A strong rival to the "Island of Regeneration" in appeal and theme. Novel castaway situations that forcibly bring out Little Mary's guilelessness, naïveté and innocence of heart.

"The Juggernaut"—One of the best examples of the big and gripping physical situation—a railroad wreck. Interest in the leads—

(*Continued on page* 181)

The Girl Who Reads Tennyson Between Scenes

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

BLANCHE SWEET

It all happened at the studios of the Lasky Company, just a short time ago. Since joining this company, Blanche Sweet has been unusually elusive to magazine people, for there doesn't seem to be anything she cares to say for publication, but despite this, I persisted, hoping that I might possibly persuade her to divulge some of her past life.

Mr. McGaffey, publicity director of the Lasky Company, was my guide thru the labyrinth of stages, props, directors, actors and scene-workers. We encountered Laura Hope Crews very hard at work in one set. In the next one, a scene from "The Explorer" was being rehearsed, and in the scene were Lou-Tellegen, Dorothy Davenport and Tom Forman, all hard at work. And then—marvelous sight—there was Geraldine Farrar, hard at work under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille, and playing opposite her was Wallace Reid.

It was all so very, very interesting and I should have liked immensely to have stopped and looked on for awhile. But Mr. McGaffey forged straight ahead and I, perforce, followed.

In a shady, cool corner we found the object of our search, curled up with a book, looking very cool and comfortable. Business of introductions. Business of scared interviewer asking for a "Chat." Business of Miss Sweet puckering her straight brows and looking pathetic.

"Oh, please let's dont bother about interviews. It's too hot," she pleaded. Mr. McGaffey seemed to think we might safely be left alone, so, with a serene look, he hurried back to the office, and Miss Sweet and I settled down and began getting acquainted.

"It must be a mighty interesting book to keep you reading it on a day like this," I suggested, with a meaning look towards her book.

For answer, she turned the title-page towards me, and I realized with a little surprise that it was a volume of Tennyson. Any girl who spends a warm, lazy morning reading Tennyson certainly has my sincerest respect.

"I am very fond of him," she confided, with a little, lazy smile. "I like Lord Byron, too. I adore Kipling," she added shamelessly; "and for fiction give me Phillips Oppenheim."

My respect was rising by leaps and bounds.

"Do you often spend your mornings this way?" I asked.

"Hardly," she laughed; "I seldom have a morning that I can spend this way. Today I was to have worked in 'The Secret Sin,' in which I am doing the double rôle of the twins. So I

BLANCHE SWEET IS NOT SUCH AN ADMIRER OF HERSELF AS THIS PICTURE INDICATES

came down to the studio all primed for work, only to find that I wouldn't be needed for an hour or so And the hour doesn't seem to be finished yet," she answered gaily.

"What companies have you been with, save Lasky, Miss Sweet?" I ventured.

"Biograph, then Reliance (Mutual, you know), and now Lasky. I've been in Motion Pictures for six years," she answered, a little wearily.

"Were you on the stage before entering Motion Pictures?" I persisted.

"Yes, as première danseuse with Gertrude Hoffman. But after my first work in pictures, I didn't care for the stage any more."

"And where were you born?"

She sat up, with a little bored gesture that was rather amusing because of the twinkle in her blue eyes. She pretended to straighten the disorder of her blonde hair, then she sighed and dropped her hands in her lap.

"So it's going to be an interview, after all," she sighed, with an air of utter hopelessness. "Very well. What is to be, will be, I suppose. And who am I that I should dare to attempt to stop the tide of destiny? Where was I born? Chicago, in 1896. I suppose the date of the month doesn't matter?"

"No," I muttered, so delighted at the other information that I wouldn't be greedy and insist on more.

"Do you care for photoplays, other than your own? Seeing them, I mean?" I stammered.

"Yes, indeed. I am an inveterate photoplay fan. I think every player who has any ambition at all, any desire to get ahead in his work, should spend as much or more time seeing other people's pictures as in his own. I think that only by comparison and good hard work can we hope to succeed. And it is my highest ambition to reach the zenith of a professional career." Her voice was very sweet and earnest as she made this little preachment.

"What pictures have you most enjoyed seeing, Miss Sweet?"

"'The Warrens of Virginia,'" she answered promptly, "and 'The Escape.'"

"And will you name some of the great photoplayers?" I persisted.

"Of course. I'll name some that I consider the greatest—Mary Fuller and Mary Pickford. I enjoy their work on the screen more than any others I have ever seen"

"I suppose you are interested in woman suffrage?" I asked.

"Decidedly I am interested in it," she said, with a bit of a flash in her blue eyes, "but I cant say that I approve of it. Men have managed things pretty well so far—let them continue. I dont think a woman has any business in politics, except in so far as any woman can influence her husband's vote," she returned.

For the rest, before she was called to work, I managed to discover that she lives with her grandmother, since she was unfortunate enough to lose both parents when she was quite young. She is a very sane, level-headed young girl, who has her eye on a certain goal and who means to get there some day.

She designs all her own frocks and hats and oftens constructs them as well, when her duties at the studio will permit. She is fond of motoring, swimming, hunting and dancing—chiefly dancing, for it's her greatest pleasure—outside of the letters she receives from her admirers and friends.

She is also in favor of censorship of films, and she is single, heart-whole and fancy-free.

In appearance, Blanche Sweet is about five feet four inches in height and weighs about one hundred and thirty. Perhaps her hair has contributed more than any other physical characteristic to make her famous—it is thick, fine-spun and of a wonderful pale gold color. She hasn't a nickname, tho in her Biograph days she was known as "The Biograph Blonde."

As a parting word, see Blanche Sweet as the twins in "The Secret Sin." I am sure you'll like seeing it quite as much as I enjoyed interviewing the dainty star.

WHY IS IT THAT—

SOMEBODY ALWAYS GETS UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A PICTURE—?
I DON'T LIKE PHOTOPLAYS AS A RULE, THEY GIVE ME A PAIN. BUT I INVEST A DIME ONCE IN AWHILE BECAUSE THE SEATS ARE COMFORTABLE, AND BESIDES I LIKE TO SEE HOW MANY FOOLISH PEOPLE THERE ARE, ETC, ETC.
THIS MAN IS A REGULAR PATRON?
WHY, THAT'S WRONG! SHE DIED IN HIS ARMS IN THE BOOK
YES M' LOVE
SOMEBODY USUALLY DIFFERS WITH THE PICTURE?
INVARIABLY, SOME WOMAN MUST BE TOLD TO REMOVE HER HAT?
DID YOU SEE THAT FELLOW CRAWL UP THE SIDE OF THAT HOUSE? WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THAT'S DONE DON'T YOU? THEY TAKE A STRIP OF CANVAS PAINTED LIKE THE SIDE OF A HOUSE AND LAY IT ON THE FLOOR, AND HE JUST CRAWLS ALONG THAT CANVAS, SEE?
YOU GENERALLY MEET SOME KNOW-IT-ALL WHO GIVES YOU "INSIDE INFORMATION"?

The persons herein pictured might well be called "Movie Nuisances." This cartoon also suggests a code of etiquette for movie patrons. The Editor therefore takes pleasure in announcing that in the May number will appear an unusually interesting article, written in humorous vein, illustrated, by W. A. Scranton, entitled "Etiquette: Or the Proper Way for Women to Spend an Evening in a Moving Picture Theater." You will be sure to like this excellent satire.

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

EVERYBODY.—Leave all care behind, ye who enter here. Come, we will have a talk together. Check your coat of prejudice at the door, also your troubles, and come with me for a pleasant hour; tho it be grave or gay, serious or frivolous—a pleasant hour, and I will fill you full of information.

HELENE C., BRIDGEPORT.—No, Anita Stewart and Earle Williams did not play in "Graustark." Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman did.

GLENN E. H.—Harry Booker, Charles Murray, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda in "A Game Old Knight" (Keystone). I enjoyed "Jeanne Doré" very much, and have an intense admiration for Sarah Bernhardt, just as you have, but to me the play was pitiful. The poor, dear old lady could not only not walk, but she could hardly stand without support. But her facial expression was wonderful, and she's still a great artist.

VERTIE F.—You look up April 1915 issue and you will see a picture of Francis Ford. Another soon, I'm told.

MIKE.—Robert Vaughn opposite Marguerite Clark in "Still Waters." Well, it is much easier to talk like a philosopher than to live like one, just as it is easier to preach what you dont practice and to practice what you dont preach.

JESSIE D.—Good-morning, Jessie. Glad to see you out so early. Edward Brennan was the judge, John Tansey was Billy and Paul Everton was Mr. Ely in "The Black Fear."

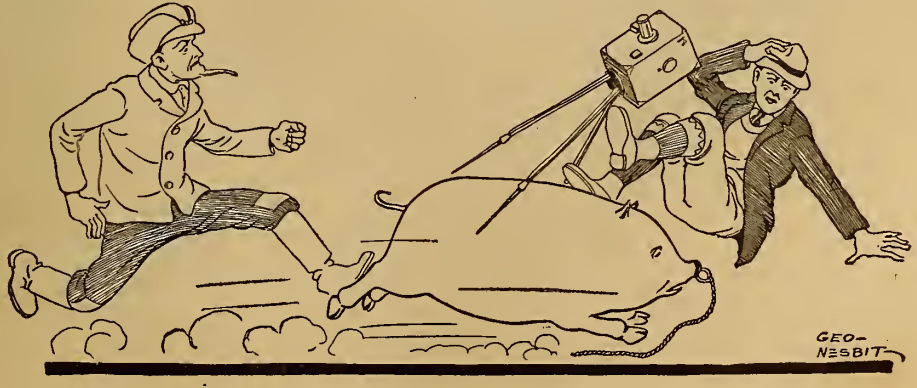
ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Lubin produced "Sporting Duchess." Anita Stewart is that charming young lady's correct name. Her lovely sister's name is Mrs. Ralph Ince, née Lucille Lee, and now Lucille Lee Stewart.

E. B. R.—"Wood Violet" was one of the first plays Anita Stewart starred in, and a charming little thing it was. Very true, clothes dont make the man, but they make the impression.

BOB C.—That's right, walk right in and see the show. Admission free. I think that all of the players read their mail personally, but I know that some of them have to hire secretaries to answer it. Send your present right along, and I am sure that she will get it and acknowledge it. Earle Williams' birthday was February 28th, so you will have to wait another year unless he should get married.

ESTHER S.—Excuse me, but you did not enclose a stamped envelope. You only enclosed the stamp. I cannot lick so many stamps. I believe there is a studio in St. Louis. Others strictly forbidden.

CHARLOTTE T.—I did not see the play you mention, and therefore cannot answer your first question. To answer your second I would have to go thru hundreds of casts of different plays, and I do not think you want me to do that—come, now, do you? Of every noble work the silent part is the best; of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed. Josephine Ditt was the Grecian teacher in "The House of Scandals" (American).



MORMON BOY, ZION.—Howard Hickman was opposite Julia Dean in "Matrimony." Louis Morrison was Capt. Wells in "Chinatown Mystery" (Mutual). Harry Spingler was the younger brother in "The Idler" (Fox).

G. G. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Louise Vale is with Universal. You might address her at Hollywood, Cal. You are right, I am now 74.

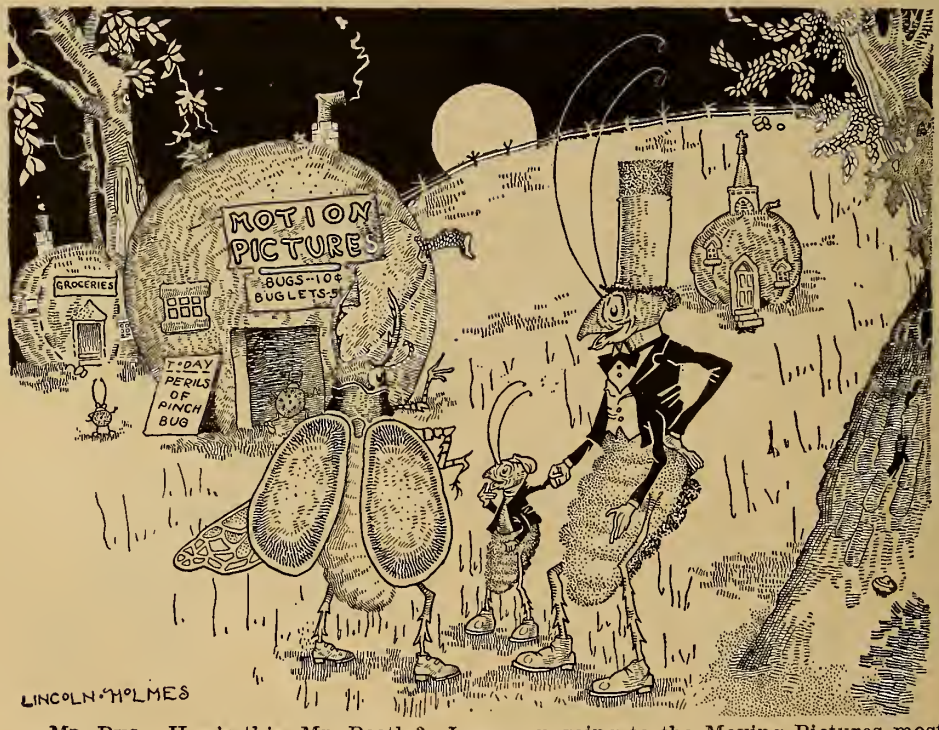
OLGA, 17.—Yes, I saw Paul Panzer at the Motion Picture Board of Trade dinner in January, also President Wilson and his bride. I am going to stop talking war, but I think that there will be a great deal of good come from this war. Tearing down the work of ages and building up anew cannot be accomplished without tremendous shock. Robespierre, Danton and Marat tore down, and Napoleon built up. That shock, which split Europe wide open and shook the world, was the greater because that was accomplished in two or three decades which would ordinarily require centuries. Progress is always preceded by calamity. That which appears to be calamity is often a blessing in disguise.

F. E. M., BAYONNE.—The director has charge of every scene. Usually the day before, he tells the property man or other person what he wants, and that person is supposed to set the scene accordingly. When the set is complete, the director orders things to be changed around to suit him, and there are generally two or three men around for this purpose. I hardly think a woman could fill such a position. Yes, the Drews have left the Vitagraph without notice.

ANNTONYO.—Robert Vaughn was the doctor in "Still Waters" (Famous Players). Teddy Sampson was Flavia in "Cross Currents." Long "e" in Moreno. Abe, 99, is one of my constant entertainers. So you do not like Antonio Moreno's mustache in "A Price for Folly." Dear me, isn't that too bad! I suppose he thought it fitted the part of a young French swell, and I thought so, too. How did you like him with that huge feather-duster beard in "The Island of Regeneration"? He is smooth-faced.

JEAN PARKHURST.—Thomas Holding was Nigel in "Bella Donna" opposite Pauline Fredericks (Paramount). Marguerite Snow and James Cruze in "The Woman in White" (Thanhouser). Arline Pretty was Louise in "The Surprises of an Empty Hotel." We printed a picture of James Cruze in May, 1912, and April, 1913. Another soon. Thanks.

CORINE R.—You have Pearl White correctly, but not Grace Cunard.



MR. BUG.—How's this, Mr. Beetle? I see you going to the Moving Pictures most every night!

MR. BEETLE—Well, you see, I've got thirty-one children, and I let each go once a month, and some one has to take them, and so *I* take them!

HOPE FAIR.—Yes, indeed, you may lift up the latch and peep in. So I have caught a new fish, have I? You think I am good-natured, do you? You flatter me. Zounds, I am the crossest old groucho that ever inhabited this little ant-hill of ours. So you want to hold a lance for Francis Bushman. I wish he could see the eight pages of laudatory eloquence that you favored me with. That Miss Hilton who criticized Mr. Bushman has caused me a lot of trouble. I have decided the case in your favor. Since I have nothing to do with publishing letters in the magazine, I am sending your letter to Mr. Bushman as requested, but I cannot do this again for anybody. It takes too much time.

GENEVA.—So you have changed my name from Daddylonglegs to the Cinderella Man. I cant just see how either of those names applies, but since I admired both of those characters in those two plays, I am quite tickled. You refer to H. Cooper Cliffe, who played the title part in "A Parisian Romance," and I agree with you, for I think that was one of the finest pieces of character acting since George Beban in "An Alien."

GERTRUDE G., NIAGARA FALLS.—Dick Smith was the father in "From Beanery to Billions" (L-Ko). Robert Myles was Wilbert in "A Life at Stake" (Victor). Sorry, but I cant get the name of the wife in "The Artist Wife" (Reliance).

VYRGYNYA.—Well, listen to this: Jack Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1889. He is 6 ft. and 1 inch in height, and weighs 195 lbs. Fond of reading, swimming, walking, boating and auto riding. Ethel Phillips opposite.

MARGARETTE K. T.—No; Theda Bara of course. I cannot see that you have any more than your share. The course of life was never intended to be free from cares and troubles. As the physical frame depends upon exercise, so do the mental and moral faculties. No; I didn't see "Temptation."

IRENE A. B.—Tom Mix and Wheeler Oakman had the leads in "Chip."

KIM, TIBBY.—Harold Lockwood and May Allison are with Lasky now. Thanks. *Bon soir.* I'm tired out, and shall now hit the feathers.

P. R. M., NEWARK.—Good-morning! Much obliged for your verses and kind thoughts so excellently expressed. I think that Leo Ditrichstein is the proper successor to Richard Mansfield.

CHERRY.—So you want Charles Chaplin and Henry Walthall to join Triangle. You must have it in for Essanay. Or do you think Triangle needs more stars?

DORIS I. B.—Clara Williams had the lead in "Italian." Pauline Fredericks was Bella Donna in the play of that name. Why, that's easy; multiply the number of feet by .00019, and you have the number of miles.

ELSIE G., CHICAGO.—Guy Coombs is with Metro. Mona Darkfeather is Indian. Why, a German mark is worth about 23½ cents in our money.

Said Cupid to the Movie Maids, "Now do you think it fair
To keep me busy night and day, and drive me to despair?
Each hour a thousand hearts I pierce, with arrows swift and keen,
The hearts of your admirers who see you on the screen.
Oh, Movie Maids, please listen and hark to my request:
Please give me a vacation, for I sadly need a rest."

MARY ALDEN MABEL NORMAND MAE MARSH LILLIAN GISH

A GROUP OF FEMALE GRIFFITH STARS

MARGARET K. M.—No; I am not the Answer Lady's husband. I have no wife, and do not want any, altho I admit that Miss Tapley would make a charming wife for any man. I see that her department is growing. Well, what do I care? I do not know what lady you refer to, unless it was Florence Lawrence, or Marion Leonard, altho neither of these ladies is very tall. Miss Leonard frequently played with him in the old Biograph, and so did Mary Pickford. Sorry, but we couldn't publish your letter.

BETSY.—Tom Mix was Chip. You must put at the top of your letter, "Answer in the Classic," if you want the answers to appear there.

G. G. K., HARTFORD.—First let me thank you for your generous fee. If you knew what a good time I had on it you would send me another some day, but dont do it until I have earned this one. Yes; I saw Holbrook Blinn in "Life's Whirlpool," and thought that he created a fine piece of character work in that play, and I also admired Favia Farinoff very much. Her miser scene on the bed with her gold was delicious. While the play was very well done it was too gruesome, too melodramatic, and leaves a bad flavor in the mouth. I do not approve of censorship, particularly of official censorship. I fear that Canon Chase will do more harm than good. I find no card for "Linked Lives," and I think that Kalem must have changed the title. This is often done, particularly when a company discovers that there has already been done a play with a similar title. Will tell the Editor that you want a chat with Franklyn Ritchie and Louise Vale. I, too, admire Vivian Martin and Genevieve Hamper. I agree with you that the picture theaters should be open on Sundays, but at the same time I hate to see them compete with the churches and Sunday-schools. I want all three to succeed.

JUST ESTHER.—So this is your first—I hope to see you often. We didn't get much real snow here until the first of February. And now—oh! the beautiful slush!

BETTY BELL.—A picture of Darwin Karr next. I will tell the Editor. The screen has driven the old-school actor out of business. His rounded gestures, his "fat" lines, his stagey mannerisms, his "asides," his appeals to the gallery, and his curtain calls, have made their final exit.

AILENE.—Thanks for your charming letter and still more charming picture. It looks just like you. You ask for a sign. The sign is that you are perfectly safe. No, m'dear, I am not an Irishman, but a plain, ordinary, everyday Brooklynite. You write very entertainingly.

BEULAH S.—Francis Bushman is playing with Metro opposite Beverly Bayne. Your others are out of the question, and hence out of the answers.

THE IMPRESSION THAT MOST GIRLS THINK THEY WOULD MAKE IF THEY COULD ONLY VISIT A STUDIO

MYSTIC RUCH.—You say that pictures of Henry Walthall, Richard Travers, Ella Hall and Ollie Kirkby appeared in the gallery of our last magazine, and that other pictures of these players recently appeared in our magazine, and you want to know why we do not give the others a chance? I have put this question up to the Editor, and his opinion is the same as mine. If pictures of the popular players did not appear often, there would be a terrible howl from our readers. If they appear too often, there would be another howl. If the newer players are allowed to crowd out the old favorites, there would be all kinds of howls. Besides this, there are about ten other things to be considered when making up each gallery, and we try to please the greatest number and at the same time keep the gallery beautiful. The Editor says he has not received a good picture of Mae Marsh for years, and the same is true of many other players. What are we to do if the players wont sit and are indifferent? Owen Moore is now with Triangle. Florence Lawrence with Universal.

ESTHER, RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—So I have offended you, have I, honey? You certainly have *not* got my number. Never yet have I spoken disrespectfully of the Germans, but on the contrary, I have shown my admiration for them to such an extent as to arouse the ill-will of many of my readers. That is what you get for saying what you think. I warned you all to keep me out of this war, and now you have me with a musket on my shoulder, fighting the Germans. Dont you understand that when we speak of hyphenated Americans we mean those who are German at heart and American at pocketbook, and who openly admit that if war came between us they would support the fatherland? I dont care anything about where a man was born so long as he is American now.

F. H. R.—Alice Joyce stands five feet six inches, and weighed 140 pounds at our last weighing. Her hazel eyes seem to penetrate you with their beauty. Miss Joyce hails from Kansas City, and as might be expected, she is a very fine horsewoman and an expert swimmer. She is now thinking of returning to the screen. Gaumont are Mutual.

JEAN B.—We have no interview with Lillian Lorraine as yet. You might write Mr. Garwood.

CATHERINE B.—Charles Chaplin is still with Essanay, working in and around Los Angeles, but I am informed that he is getting uneasy and wants to move. I am quite sure he will remain with Essanay, but dont be surprised if you next find him in Mexico or South America or France or anywhere. We had a picture of Yale Boss in October, 1913.

CAMERA MAN—Now, if he'll just sit still a minute, it'll soon be all over.

GRACE A.—I will tell the Editor you want a chat with Wallace Reid. I am glad you came, and hope to see you again.

HAMLET.—You must excuse me if you did not see an answer to your question. Please remember that I get many thousands of letters every month, and some of them are so long that it takes half an hour to read one. And after reading some of these I find that not a single question is asked. Then, sometimes, I get interested in a letter, and when I have finished, I overlook the fact that somewhere in the letter was a question, and if I do not go thru the letter again the question remains unanswered. Besides, I cannot answer all letters, particularly when they ask questions that have already been answered. I try to keep this department interesting, and you can see what it would be if every answer was simply a player's name or the name of a play. Hence, I have to pick out the best letters for lengthy answers, and fill in with the less important ones. When you write again, write the questions that you want answered at the top of the page, and then follow with your letter.

RUFFLES.—Glad to see you. Justus D. Barnes was the actor in "Mr. Meeson's Will" (Thanhouser). Marjorie Daw was Diane's friend in "The Secret Orchard." That was an excellent puzzle you gave me, and I would never have guessed the answer. It reminded me of the one that puzzled Aristotle and Philetis: "If you say, of yourself, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth." Got it?

CECELIA MCG.—I advise you to stay home, and not get into the pictures. Read the Answer Lady's Department, and you will learn why. Gee whiz!

BEVERLY.—See answer given above. Nicholas Dunaew was Gorgike in "The Broken Law." The fastest run between New York and Chicago was made on the New York Central in March, 1909. The distance was 965 miles, the time 15 hours, 43 minutes, or 62.54 miles an hour. The fastest time on any road was made by the Great Western, England, in 1904, with a record of 84.6 miles an hour.

LITTLE STRANGER.—Sorry, but I have no cast for "The Fashion Shop" (Kleine). The first Sidney Drew comedy will be "The Swooners" (Metro).

TEXAS.—Warda Howard was Virginia in "The Raven." Come now, dont ask such questions.

W. L., BROOKLYN.—Lillian Gish was the daughter in "The Birth of a Nation." You want to know if Betty Anderson, Mary Anderson, Mignon Anderson, G. M. Anderson are sisters. I dont know about the others, but am quite sure that G. M. is not a sister.

MURIEL.—Walter Miller was the husband in "The Fatal Wedding." Hobart Bosworth was Edmund in "Count of Monte Cristo." Some day you will see; be patient.

JOHN BULL, HALIFAX.—So it is cold up your way. So it is here. You perhaps feel the "draft" from England. Lillian Walker made her greatest hit in "Green Stockings," but she became very popular in "The Little Doll's Dressmaker."

JOHN S., WINNIPEG.—Yes, to your first. Cleo Madison was born in Ermington, Ill. She is very devoted to her invalid sister. Get in touch with our Circulation Department about magazines. Hope to hear from you again. Yes, Mr. Bryan is for peace—but not in the Democratic party. It now looks like a three-cornered fight—Wilson, Roosevelt and Bryan. But what do you care? Yes; Dorothy Kelly.

PUNKEYDOODLE.—No record of Mina Phillips. Lillian Gish had a biography in January and November, 1915. So you liked Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey in "A Price for Folly."

JAMES C. P.—Thanks for all you sent me. So you are going to apply to the Prevention of Cruelty to Answer Men. Yes, I will be glad to see you when you are in Brooklyn. Drop in any time for a three-minute chat. But prepare to be disappointed. The other day a man walked in and asked to be introduced to the Answer Man. The Editor yanked me out of my cage, and performed the ceremony. The visitors' countenance dropped several inches with disappointment, because he expected to see a funny man. He seemed to think that I did not have even a funny bone. Harlequin without his mask presents quite a sober appearance. Anita Stewart is now in Brooklyn, not at the Bayshore studio. Edith Storey also.

ABE, 99.—I enjoyed your letter. Edwin August and Lillian Tucker in "Evidence." Florence Hackett is with World.

MARION F.—We have never printed the story of "Anselo Lee." Thanks for your postals. Your letter reminded me of school days.

TILLYEE.—Thanks for yours. I was glad to hear from you. So you have seen Theda Bara, really. That's great. You say you are in difficulties, and do not know what steps to take. Why not consult Vernon Castle?

SWASTIKA.—*Sotto voce* means under the voice, or in an undertone. Victor Potel is with Universal.

MARGARETTE K. T.—How do do! Where have you been keeping yourself? William Duncan was Clem in "The Wanderers."

PINKY, 17.—I cant see such a great resemblance between Pearl White and Hazel Dawn. George Le Guere was the nephew in "One Million Dollars." Glad to hear from you.

GILBERT J.—"The Island of Regeneration" was mostly taken on the Long Island shore, at Oyster Bay.

GRACE DARMOND, OF THE SELIG COMPANY, TAKES A LESSON IN MILKING

A. D. D., MONTREAL.—We did have a chat with Francis Ford in June, 1915, but perhaps we will have another some day. You might write Universal Company, Hollywood, Cal. Ray Gallagher with Nestor.

J. F. S., BROOKLYN.—So you like Miss Tapley's department, and now you want to see an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column conducted by Earle Williams. Shoo fly! Yes, to your first. That Pavlowa picture has not been released yet.

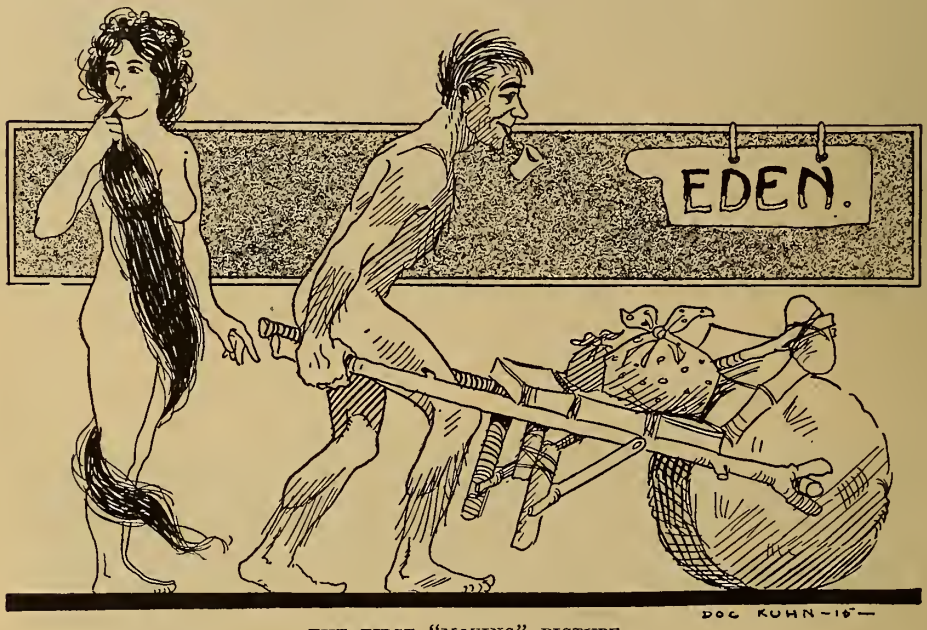
SQUIBS.—The English pronounce Cowper, "*coo'per.*" No, that was not Anita Stewart, but Leah Baird, and Dorothy Kelly played in "My Lady of Idleness." Thanks for the limerick, but you should send these to the Limerick Editor.

MARION J. O.—Conway Tearle was Jack in "Rev. Schmaltz" (Famous Players). He is now supporting Grace George in a stage play, and he created quite a wonderful ruffian in it. I shall, of course, consider you as my friend.

SWASTIKA.—Yes, war may be all that you and General Sherman said that it was, but the stockholders of the Du Pont Powder Company who recently received an extra dividend of 28%, dont think so. Kindly keep me out of this war.

HAPPY JACK.—Short "a" in Bara.

CHARLES H., LARCHMONT. — Florence Turner is playing for Vim pictures. Of course she is not married. Marguerite Clayton's next Essanay will be "Vultures of Society," in five acts.



THE FIRST "MOVING" PICTURE

HELEN, 18.—Dont you think I am very patient with you? You have written lots of unkind things to me and to others, but I have always taken particular pains to say nice things about you. I might now quote that famous epigram:

With industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world believes nor me, nor you.

HELEN C.—I quite agree with you. Ford may not be able to make peace, but he can certainly make flivvers. Just stop in.

FEMALE GROUCH.—I thank you for your splendid letter. I thank you again. I hope you have recovered from the grippe.

X. Y. Z.—We do not sell photographs of players here. Richard Buhler is still with Lubin. William Clifford was Sir Jasper in "Rosemary."

G. E. W.—You ask me to name the three greatest generals. They are General Electric, General Motor, and General Prosperity. Leah Baird and King Baggot had the leads in "Absinthe" (Universal). Cleo Madison and Joe King in "The Dancer." Geraldine Farrar married Lou-Tellegen early in February. Between the two of them they can probably make a fairly good living.

NICHOLAS ROMAINELLO. — Of course Edith Storey played the part of the dancer in "A Price for Folly." She can dance anything and do anything. May Allison was Alice in "The Buzzard's Shadow" (American). Charles Murray was the Game Old Knight in the play of that name. Mabel Normand in "My Valet," with Raymond Hitchcock. And Charles Conklin in "Saved by Wireless."

Resinol Soap

for a clear skin and good hair

Almost any soap will *cleanse* the skin and hair and many toilet soaps are pure enough to do it without *injuring* these delicate textures. But those who want a soap which not only cleanses but actually *improves* the complexion and hair naturally turn to Resinol Soap.

In every way an exceptionally pleasing toilet soap, the soothing, healing properties which it derives from Resinol Ointment help it to keep the complexion clear, and the hair rich and lustrous, as soaps which are merely pure and cleansing cannot be *expected* to do. This same gentle medication makes Resinol Soap excellent for baby's bath.

All druggists and dealers in toilet goods sell Resinol Soap.

DR. P. T., CHICAGO.—In one sense, you are right. There is no such thing as *Moving Pictures.* We do not see the pictures move. The illusion of motion is produced by showing a series of pictures of an object, in a systematic manner, each one showing some slight change of position, and each change being in the same direction, and shown to us in regular order. We do not see the changing, for when one picture is removed and another put in its place the light is shut off by a shutter. Hence, the pictures that we see are all stationary and are not in motion. The eye retains the impression of each preceding picture, by what is called the *persistence of vision.* Each picture is kept stationary before our eyes for about 4-80ths of a second, and the time between pictures (when hidden from view) is about 1-80th. The picture is kept on just long enough to stimulate the vision, then it is shut off and removed, then another is put on, etc. This all happens so fast that we cannot see it, and gives the impression of one continuous picture.

LUCILLE HAMILL'S ADMIRER. — Helen Lindroth was La Reine, and Robert Walker was Milton in "The Bondwoman." Edith Roberts was Rose in "When the Call Came." Victoria Forde is with Selig. Lorraine Huling was the girl in "Out of the Sea." Yes, I answer by mail if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

VYRGYNYA.—That was a clever letter of yours, and you deserve a niche in the hall of fame, as the great Motion Picture prophet. You have all the ancient writers beaten to a standstill. Chaucer describes men and things as they are; Shakespeare, as they would be under the circumstances supposed; Spenser, as he would wish them to be; Milton, as they ought to be; Byron, as they ought not to be; Shelley, as they never can be; but *you* describe them as they *will* be. Hail, poet lariat!

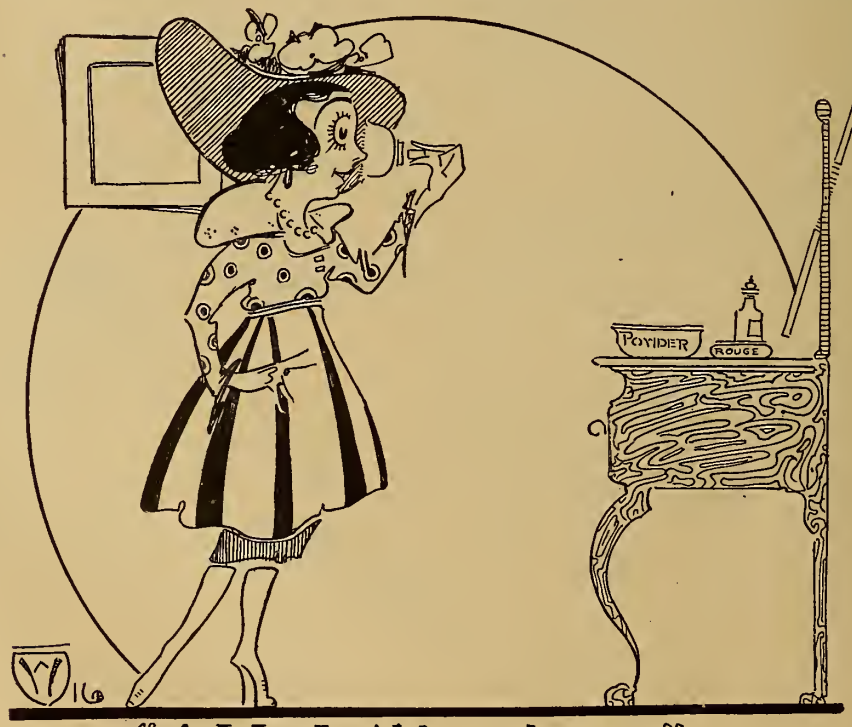
PRUNELLA.—You have the idea, all right, all right: "And so I'll tell you what let's do—Let's not get introduced at all: Just you like me, and I'll like you." Carolyn Birch was Jane in "The Flower of the Hills" (Vitagraph). Yours was quite long, but I enjoyed every word of it.

JANET MCM.—Romaine Fielding is still Secretary of the Correspondence Club, and you must write to him.

AUDREY J., SUFFOLK.—Thanks for yours.

BERTRUCE L.—So you have discovered a defect in me. Thanks! I hope it is a real big defect. It belongs only to great men to possess great defects. Marshall Neilan in "Madame Butterfly." Florence LaBadie is with Thanhouser still.

ROSA J. A.—Along comes a petition of about thirty names from the T. F. P. Club, asking for a chat with Tom Forman. Motion is granted without costs and disbursements, as the judge says.



"Added Attractions"

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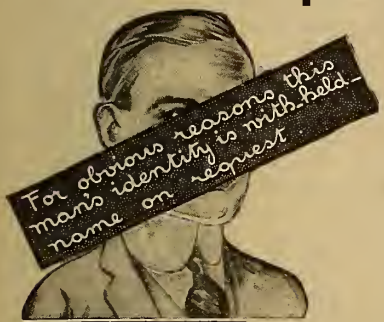

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These are the exact words of an owner of "Power of Will." His name is not published for obvious reasons, but will be gladly given in confidence on request.

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How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
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How to test your Will.
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"I hand you $3 in payment; from what I have already seen I believe I can get $300 to $30,000 worth of good out of it."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent, No. West Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

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"Enclosed find check; send 15 copies to our New York Office."—W. M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert the Overland Auto Co., Toledo.

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What is "Will Power"?

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of obtaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without Will Power to "put them over." Yet the Will, hitherto entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method, by intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our wills—because we continually bow to circumstance, we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

"Power of Will"

by FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK, Ph. D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce, is the first thorough course in Will Power ever conceived. It is the result of over 20 years of research and study. Yet you will find every page in the 28 lessons written so simply that anyone can understand them and put the principles, methods and rules into practice at once with noticeable results right from the very start.

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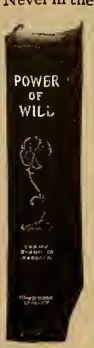

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J. Gordon B.—The new Helen is Helen Gibson of the Kalem, and the old Helen was Helen Holmes. Harry Northrup was the villain in "The Plague Spot." .If America is a melting-pot, as you say, it's time we melted off all the hyphens, distilled out the foreign matter, neutralized the acids, and poured the alloy into a mold of strictly American pattern.

Gladys A. T. H.—You can write to Gladys Hall by addressing her at this magazine. She is a mighty smart little gal. Alma Hanlon is with Fox.

Nellie L., St. John's.—Arnold Daly is a stage star. Nell Craig is still with Essanay, and The Answer Man does like candy. Just try me and see!

Olga and Gertie.—Just listen to this. Mildred Gregory is with Gaumont; Robert Vignola is with Famous Players; Billie Rhodes and Ray Gallagher playing opposite each other; Alfred Paget with Fine Arts.

Togo.—Crane Wilbur is with Horsley, and Henry King with Equitable. You say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Not so. It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliating calamity to be loved no more.

Desperate Desmond.—You are quite a speaker. Arnold Daly was Ashton in "The House of Fear" (Pathé). Harry Carter was Richard Sears in "The Frame-Up" (Universal). Edward Brennan was Murdock in "The Woman Pays." Charles Richman in "Heights of Hazard." Ruth Roland in "The Red Circle."

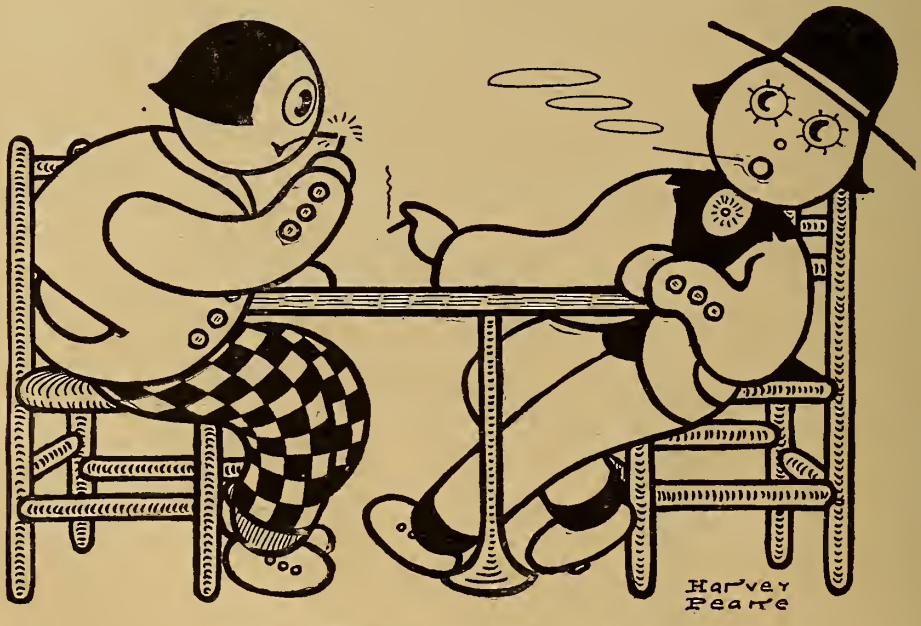
Constance Talmadge Admirer. — Gertrude McCoy is with the Plimpton Company. Lonella Maxam opposite Tom Mix in "An Arizona Wooing." I like you because you seem to be one of those delicious few who tell my faults to my face, and my virtues behind my back.

Dorothy J. H.—Chester Barnett was Bud in "The Gentleman from Mississippi." Anna Nilsson was Marie, and John McMann was Owen in "The Regeneration" (Fox). Anna Hehr was Mary in "Colorado" (Universal). Seena Owen was opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Lamb." Yes, that was Frances Nelson in "The Sins of Society" (World).

Melva.—I never heard that about King Baggot. Mr. Baggot is a straight, refined, upright man, and would not utter such remarks. I dont want to hear such gossip. Rumors circulate about everybody.

Marjorie I. D.—William Dunn was Phillip Harden in "The Juggernaut" (Vitagraph). Margarita Fischer is with Equitable. Everything, everywhere is beautiful—if it does not appear so, there is dust on your specks.

Nettie A. S.—Charles Hutchinson was Eugene Manson in "Divorced" (Equitable). Elizabeth Tender was the girl in "The River of Romance" (Essanay).



Said a rounder, "Now let us both go
To a musical comedy show."
But the other one said:
"To the Movies instead—
They're so much less noisy, you know!"

FATE CAST THEM UP OUT OF THE SEA—

Copyright, The American Sunday Magazine

HOW THEY MET—HOW THEY MATED—IS TOLD IN YOUR FREE COPY OF MORGAN ROBERTSON

MORGAN ROBERTSON'S genius leaped beyond the conventional love story. In this idyll of young love he pictures man and woman in conditions as primitive as when Adam found Eve.

The story—"The Three Laws and the Golden Rule"—is found in the new McClure-Metropolitan edition of Robertson. It continues the narrative told in "PRIMORDIAL"—of the boy and girl shipwrecked on a desert island. It shows how each life responded to the instincts of the race. The reader sees vividly unfolded in these two young lives the whole drama of human existence. The world's first wooing was like this.

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Morgan Robertson never got any real reward for his work. He grew old—and poor. In March, 1915, he died. Before his death, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the McClure Publications and Metropolitan Magazine undertake to gain him his rightful place in literature—the place he deserved in the hearts of his countrymen, and the money necessary to enable his wife and him to spend their last days without hearing the howl of the Wolf at the door. HIS DESIRE, WHEN DYING, WAS THAT THE SALE OF HIS BOOKS WOULD PERMIT HIS DEVOTED WIFE TO LIVE WITHOUT WANT. WILL THE AMERICAN PUBLIC GRANT HIM HIS LAST WISH? THAT'S WHAT WE PROPOSE TO FIND OUT. YOU answer YES when you send in your order for this new four-volume edition of Morgan Robertson's Works, together with a year's subscription to McClure's Magazine, Metropolitan and Ladies' World. WE will pay for the books. WE will pay the carriage charges on them. WE will pay Mrs. Robertson a generous royalty—if you will pay for the magazines just what they would cost you at the newsstands, and you may pay for your subscriptions in easy monthly payments.

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M.P.
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"I hold a high opinion of Morgan Robertson's work. Please enter my subscription for your new edition."
—Robert W. Chambers.

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LITTLE PAL.—I believe that pins were first made in this country in 1832. Lottie Pickford remains with American. James Young has gone with Lasky. House Peters was the lead in "Salomy Jane." Vera Sisson is still with Biograph. Violet Mersereau with Imp. That was not a Rex. Harold Lockwood in "David."

MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.—That's not fair. It's bad enough for *me* to be mysterious, but *you* must sign your name. Just take this advice from Riley: "Whatever the weather may be, says he, whatever the weather may be, 'tis the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear, that's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

REEL CRAZY.—There is no such person in that Universal. Estelle Mardo is with Mirror. Eleanor Woodruff is playing opposite Robert Edeson for Fox. Adele Farrington was the other girl in "Her Three Mothers." Olga Petrova in "Heart of a Painted Woman."

ADELAIDE.—It is impossible for me to answer you here.

GERTRUDE G.—So you think that Lillian Walker does not get enough publicity. Wait, she will get it all right. Rome was not built in a day. Vitagraph have a new rule, as I said before, and they wont allow any one to visit the studio.

SUNNY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—Alec B. Francis was the father in "Lola." Chester Barnett in "The Wishing Ring."

DYAL FROM DIXIE.—Fritz de Lint was Harvey in "What Will People Say?" (Metro). Tom Forman with Lasky, and Carlyle Blackwell with World. Mahlen Hamilton was Murray Campbell in "The Final Judgment" (Metro). Dorothy Fairchild was the sister and Frances Nelson was Genen in "The Sins of Society."

GRACE VAN LOON.—I fear you have cobwebs on the brain. Why, House Peters is with Lubin. No, I'm not the husband you refer to. And you needn't worry because of this being leap year.

JULIS T., ST. LOUIS.—I know of no cure for gray hair. There are several remedies that will restore color, so long as you keep using the preparation, but nothing will turn it permanently. When you get up in the morning and discover that gray hair No. 19 has made its appearance, dont get the glooms, but smile sweetly and say, "Ah, wisdom and good sense are coming." For every hair that fades or fades away, figure that you are the gainer by about one ounce of brains. Florence Lawrence's first old Universal was "The Elusive Isabel."

MARGOT.—No, my child, I will enlighten you. "The Jabberwochy" is a verse written by Lewis Carroll, and Mr. Collier submitted a moving picture, "Jabberwochy." So it didn't interest you. I am the same as you are.

JONK KEENA.—Yes; I am sorry for Clara K. Young, but we all have our troubles, the richest and the poorest of us alike. Bennett Southland was Jack in "Cowardly Way" and Elmar Linden was Don José in "Carmen" (Fox). Elliot Dexter was David, the astronomer, in "The Masqueraders" (Famous Players). Robert Vaughn in "Still Waters."

ARTHUR R. G.—Very well, have it your way. Phillip Tonge was Jed. That is not his correct name—Robert Bien instead of Robert Warwick. He was born in California. He changed his name when he became an opera singer.

SHERRY.—Darwin Karr was Victor and Lillian Walker opposite him in "The Gutter Snipe" (Vitagraph).

MOTORMAN.—Surely, I answer questions for motormen, icemen, and all kinds of men. George Fischer was Jack in "The Darkening Trail" (N. Y. M. P.). Sackville Street is the main one in Dublin.

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Pay Nothing for a Month

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Iron Bed is striking in design, with 1 1-16 inch corner posts and top rails. All filling rods are 5-16 of an inch thick. Bed is made of best quality Bessemer steel; stands 57½ inches at head end and 38½ inches at foot end. Comes in 4 ft. 6 in. size only

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PUNKYDOODLE.—William Cohill was Pemberton in "Voices from the Past" (Lubin). Gerda Holmes with Equitable. That may be true in your case, but men usually marry to make an end; women, to make a beginning.

J. ELLWOOD H.—Alan Hale is with Lasky. Harry Beaumont is now with Essanay. Gladys Brockwell was Daisy in "Double Trouble."

J. R. S., TARRYTOWN.—I agree with you entirely about advertising. Cheap and vulgar ads. had better be omitted, but it is sometimes hard to tell where to draw the line. As for pen and ink drawings, the Editor says that he selects the best that he can from the large number that are submitted, and that he tries to select those which he thinks will interest the largest number of readers. We have already had drawings illustrating the points you mention, and I guess there are more to come. So you think that our recent Great Cast Contest was voted on according to the beauty or personal attractions rather than their talents, "as shown by Bayne, White, Joyce and Stewart beating Bernhardt, Farrar, Fiske, Fredericks and Cowl." Your suggestions for a new contest are very clever, and I have passed them over to the Editor. Thank you again, sir, for your liberal fee. The other information has gone to you by mail.

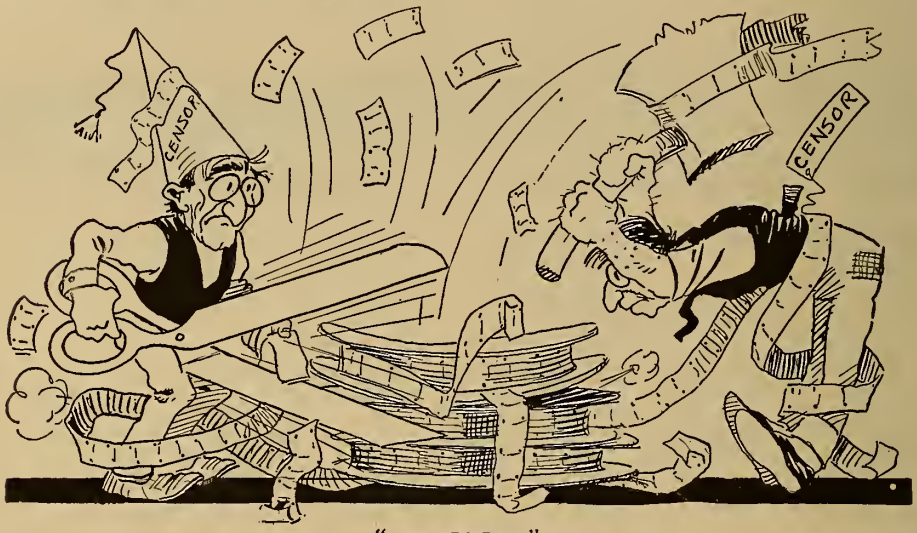
PAULINE R.—You were too late for February. You must write to the Editor direct, and not continue his letter on the bottom of mine.

E. R. G., ALBANY.—Lillian Walker and Darwin Karr in "The Gutter Snipe." Vitagraph produced it. Lillian Walker is just as sweet as she looks.

SHIRLEY.—Elsie Janis occasionally plays for Moving Pictures. I quite agree with you. I think that some of those official censors are nothing but prudes, who assume external sanctimoniousness as a cover for internal laxity.

DOROTHY D. H., BRIDGETON.—Chester Barnett was Harold in "Old Dutch." Earle Williams is not a Jew. What of it if he is?

EMMA AND HELEN.—Look above for that Famous Players. Blanche Sweet played in "Ragamuffin." No, my dear, Sidney Drew and Rankin Drew are not the same; there is just as much difference between them as there is between the son of a gun and the pop of a pistol—they are pop and son.



"THE SPOILERS"

MARY B. W.—Eleanor Woodruff was Katrina in "Last Volunteer," opposite Irving Cummings. We had a picture of Leo Delaney in December, 1912. Maurice Costello, Charles Kent and Anita Stewart played in "Battle Hymn of the Republic." We have no record of "Valley of Lost Hope" at this writing.

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Thanks for the little cupids, which I promptly adopted. Herbert Standing with Minnette Barrett was the sister in "Ragamuffin." Glad to hear you are out of the hospital.

THE VAMP.—You are a young woman, and there is plenty of time yet. Forget the past and start all over again. I would much rather be applauded by the few that are wise than laughed at by the many that are foolish. The approbation of the judicious few always outweighs the censure of the ignorant. May Buckley, who used to play opposite Jack Halliday in the Lubin Company, is now leading woman in the Shubert Theater, St. Paul, Minn.

Stop Eating Poisonous Food Combinations!

Noted Scientist Shows How Certain Combinations of Good Foods Are Responsible for Over 90% of All Sickness, While Others Produce Sparkling Health and Greatly Increased Efficiency

Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door. For years he had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble. His doctors—among them the most noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. He was educated for a doctor but got no relief from his brother physicians, so as a last resort he commenced to study the food question in its relation to the human system, and as a result of what he learned he succeeded in *literally eating his way back to perfect health* without drugs or medicines of any kind—and in a remarkably short space of time.

Today Eugene Christian is a man 55 years young. He has more stamina, vitality and physical endurance than most youngsters in their 'teens. He literally radiates mental energy and physical power.

23,000 People Benefited

So remarkable was his recovery that Christian knew he had discovered a great truth which, fully developed, would result in a new science—the Science of Correct Eating.

Without special foods, drugs or medicines, he has up to this time *successfully* treated over 23,000 people for almost every kind of non-organic ailment known and has greatly increased the physical energy and mental power of as many more who were not suffering from specific troubles.

After his twenty years of study and practice Eugene Christian has come to the definite conclusion that 90% of all sickness is due to wrong eating. He says we are poisoning ourselves through our ignorance of food values. Many good foods when eaten in combination with other good foods form a chemical reaction in the digestive tract and are converted into the most dangerous poisons, from whence come most ills. Many scientists have long recognized this, but until now all their efforts have been directed toward removing the poisons *after* they had formed, while Christian removes the *cause* by *preventing* the poisons from forming.

Do You Know?

How poor foods rob you of mental efficiency?
What foods cause nervousness?
What causes constipation and how to avoid it?
What produces acid stomach?
What is one great cause of rheumatism, gout, lumbago?
What makes your liver complain?
How much starch does your system require?
What happens when you overeat?
What should be eaten together for digestive harmony?
How to keep warm in winter and cool in summer?
How foods establish health by removing causes of disease?
What to eat and omit for all stomach and intestinal disorders?
How many different things should you eat at each meal?
What combinations of food are not foods but *poisons?*
How should vegetables be eaten?
What causes fermentation?
Why the appetite cannot be trusted as a guide to what to eat?
Why some foods actually explode in your stomach?
What foods build fat?
When is water beneficial, when is it injurious?

Little Lessons in Correct Eating

24 Pocket-Size Booklets in Leatherette Container

Send No Money—Only $3 if You Keep Them

Christian's Course of 24 lessons is written expressly for the layman in easy-to-understand language. It does not, however, merely tell you *why* you should practice correct eating and what the results will be. It gives actual menus curative as well as corrective covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, and covering all occupations, climates and seasons. To follow these menus you do not have to upset your table—nor eat things you don't enjoy—in fact you will enjoy your meals as you never have before.

Vigorous Health—Increased Efficiency

It has been the almost invariable experience of those who follow Christian's simple suggestions that they enjoy a new type of health—a health so perfect that it can only be described as a kind of super-health. Christian's ideal of health is to be literally champing at the bit with vital physical energy and mental power—not once in a while—but every moment of the day and every day of the year from youth to deferred old age—and that is what he gives you through these little lessons. There can be no doubt of the increased personal efficiency that this will develop. The better you feel, the better work you can do. And greater material prosperity naturally follows.

No Money in Advance

The price of the Christian Course of 24 lessons—containing rules, methods and actual menus which are literally priceless—is only $3.00. We will gladly send you the course without deposit for five days' free inspection. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be mailed you at once, all charges prepaid. Then if you decide to keep the course, you can send the money. If not, mail the books back to us; no obligation will have been incurred. If the more than 300 pages contained in Christian's Course yield but one single suggestion that will bring you greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write us that they find vital help on every page. Tear out and mail the coupon *now*, before you forget, as this announcement may not appear here again.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
284 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

These are only a few of the many Health Building Questions answered.

Send me the "Christian Course in Scientific Eating." I will either remail it within five days or send you $3.00.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Mail to Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
284 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

NONEEN.—We have very few pictures of Pauline Bush. I have told many before you that Robert Vaughn was the doctor in "Still Waters," and this is positively his last appearance in that play in these columns. So you want to see more of Pauline Bush.

BRUNETTA, 17.—I cant see where William Russell and Edward Coxen resemble each other. Florence Turner was MinA.

WILLIAM H. T.—There is hope for you yet, because Edison says in his biography that he was always a careless boy, and was never able to get along at school, always being at the foot of his class. Hence, my advice to all young boys is to strive to keep at the foot of the class. Helen Marten is with Gaumont.

COUNTRY LOVERS.—So you want an interview with Mabel Normand. Frances Nelson is with World.

GENEVIEVE G.—Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of film manufacturers. Write Pearl White, care of Pathé, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J.

MARY D. C.—You refer to Boundurg Bonnell in "Still Waters." Now you want an interview with Tom Forman. As to those others you mention, I guess they only *appear* to be friends. Friendship between two leading ladies in the same company is only a suspension of hostilities.

NELL.—Mae Marsh is with Griffith. Grace Darmond was leading woman in "The Millionaire Baby."

HELEN B.—So you want to see more of Margaret Shelby. Your letter was dark blue. We worry for something we cannot get, but usually it is not a want, but merely a desire.

HAROLD K.—I am sorry your letter was delayed. You say that a string of new potatoes worn around the waist when retiring will prevent rheumatism. Lawsie sakes! I'd rather have my rheumatics. You should be locked up for cruelty to vegetables.

KATHERINE.—Dustin Farnum in "The Iron Strain." I think your fault is that you brood too much over the past, and do not look hopefully into the future. While the mill never grinds again with the water that is passed, dont forget that there is plenty more water, so dont whimper, but get busy.

NELLIE GREY.—I am sorry, but I cant explain the game of solitaire here. Get a book at the library. I hope your husband will be successful, and that you will continue reading the Magazine.

HENRY C. M.—You will hear from us if you win the contest. You ask who is my favorite character in Shakespeare. That is hard to answer, but if you should ask who is the most charming, I would say that she is found in the following eight words, "Pretty, and witty; wild, and yet too gentle."

WALLACE G. H.—Lulu Warrenton in "The Queen of the Jungle."

MEGS, 17.—Joseph Singleton, Edward Abeles, Sidney Dean in "Brewster's Millions." No relation to our Editor.

MATTIE T. C.—Yes, indeed, I get many fool letters as well as good ones like yours. As I have said before, God bless the phools, and dont let them run out—I need them in my business. You are quite *au fait.* You are not the *great* Matty, are you?

GLENNA E. H.—Yours was interesting. Come along any time with another.

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THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE
WHY DONT YOU TELL US HOW MUCH SALARY THEY GET, HOW OLD THEY ARE AND IF THEY ARE MARRIED.? EH!
GEO. NESBIT

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DOROTHY W.—Rockcliffe Fellows is still with FOX.

MELVA.—I enjoyed your bit of philosophy on war. You are quite a scholar and philosopher. That amendment to the U. S. Constitution providing for election of U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people was declared in force May 31, 1913.

JANET E. T.—Pearl White is still with Pathé. See above.

ALINE, ATLANTA.—You can get in touch with Henry Walthall, care of Essanay, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Ill.

ILDA TIBBITS.—Your letter is a young book. Marguerite and Ethel Clayton are not sisters.

MOTHER—Come, Harold, say your prayers and thank the Lord for giving you such a good time at the movies this afternoon.

HAROLD—I dont wanna say no prayers.

MOTHER—Just think, Harold, of all the little boys and girls who never get the chance to go to the movies.

HAROLD—Gosh, them's th' ones wot ort to do th' prayin', then.

JESSIE J. W.—We used a picture of Darwin Karr in January 1915 issue. The Pantheon in Paris is pronounced *Pong tay ong.*

MAVES V.—You will see Anita Stewart soon; and watch out for Earle Williams and his new leading woman.

ROANOKE.—There is no short-cut to success. Sometimes those gifted with unusual brains, beauty or talent, attain it quickly, but if they ride too rapidly they usually have a bad spill. The higher you rise, the greater will be the fall—and the quicker.

CHYTIE L., CANADA.—I am sure I dont know why you dont hear more of Dustin Farnum. You will see a chat with him soon. Well, they have always said that money is the root of all evil, but I say give us plenty of the root. I announce with pride that mine is now $8 a week.

CHEESE.—That dog has rhinestone eyes, but I have a real dog, who is one of the best friends I ever had. I haven't heard from Gwendolyn Pates for some time. I fear she has quit the pictures for married life. So you think Will T. Henderson is your old chemistry teacher. Speak up, William, be it true?

MILDRED B.—Metro at 1493 Broadway. So you are dieting? Which should I say, "What do you eat?" or "What dont you eat?" Seems to me everybody I meet is dieting. My appetite is my diet doctor.

FORD-CUNARD.—I appreciate all you say about Grace Cunard. You can get in touch with her by addressing Universal Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

RAYMOND S., ST. PAUL.—Glad to see you. You have the wrong impression. And you think I am married, with several kiddies? Alas, no. Would that it were true! Too late!! Too late!!!

OHNUA M., ST. LOUIS.—Henry King is with Equitable. E. Brady was Hernandez in "Neal of the Navy." The largest plant in the world is a species of seaweed which sometimes grows to be 300 feet long. The South Sea Islanders use it for rope.

RUTH L.—Chester Barnett in "Marrying Money."

SAL SHOESTRINGS.—Marcellina Bianco was Cabiria in that play. Ernesto Pagani was the slave. I am indeed sorry to hear of your bereavement.

GLADYS P.—A chat with Tom Moore? Very well. The "walking gentleman" rôle is one which requires simply presence upon the stage, and few if any lines, yet is essential to the play. That's the kind I would like.

ZELMA T. Z.—So you are in love. Well, with young boys and girls love is usually only a passing fancy. They catch the disease quickly, but are quickly cured. Young hearts dont break; they bend. But say—this is not the "Advice to the Lovelorn" department.

BUSHMAN-BAYNE ADMIRER.—You speak all about Mr. Bushman, and dont ask questions. Alas, what is to become of my department?

D. E. R.—Of course Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. *Fang* in Chinese is a hamlet.

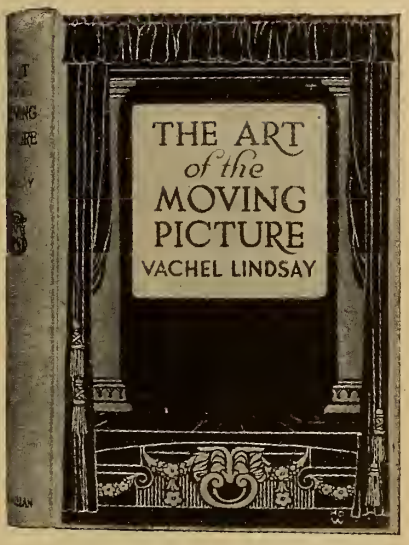
TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS JUST OUT

The Art of the Moving Picture

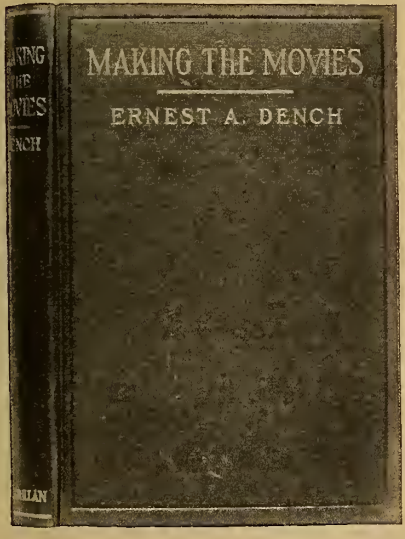
By VACHEL LINDSAY
Author of "The Congo and Other Poems," etc.

Cloth, 289 pages, 12mo, $1.25. By mail, $1.35

Mr. Lindsay's book is one of the first to be written in appreciation of the moving picture. His purpose is to show how to classify and judge the better films. He describes the types of photoplays, discusses the likeness of the motion picture to the old Egyptian picture writing, summarizes the one hundred main points of difference between the legitimate drama and the film drama, indicates that the best censorship is a public sense of beauty and takes up the value of scientific films, news films, educational and political films. The volume closes with some sociological observations on the conquest of the motion picture, which he regards as a force as revolutionary as was the invention of printing.



These two books fill a long-felt want. Mr. Lindsay is the first writer to take up this great subject and discuss the pictures in respect to their pictorial, sculptural and architectural effect. Every person interested in Motion Pictures should read this book. It will give him a new viewpoint, and it is extremely interesting. Mr. Dench's book is a book of facts and information. There are other similar books on the market, published years ago, and some of them are a trifle antiquated; here we have it brought right down to the minute by a writer who is well known to the readers of the Motion Picture Magazine and Classic.



Making the Movies

By ERNEST A. DENCH

Cloth, 177 pages, 12mo, $1.25.
By mail, $1.35

An informing little book is this, describing the way in which moving pictures are made. There are chapters on Putting On a Photoplay, Movie Stars Who Risk Their Lives for Realistic Films, How Railroad Photoplays are Made, How Fire Films are Taken, Making Cartoons for the Movies, Taking Films Under the Sea, The Work in a Film Factory, Aviation and the Movies, The Production of the Trick Photoplays and many other equally interesting topics. Mr. Dench knows the moving picture business from the inside and has written most entertainingly on his subject.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

M. M. F., New Jersey.—There is no reason that I know of why your exhibitor cannot get plenty of good, new, one-reel pictures if he wants to. If he gives you old, worn-out reels it is because he pays a very small price for them and does not patronize a good exchange. Edwin Carewe was opposite Emily Stevens in "Cora."

Vivian T.—Get in touch with our Circulation Manager about back numbers. Anna Nilsson with Fox. No; Flossie C. P. doesn't write any more. Olga does occasionally. The picture was of Tom Moore.

Nicholas R., Stamford.—He was married twice. Yes, all four played in that play. If you ask the characters rather than the lead, it would save time. I dont always know the leads when I have not seen the play and have to depend on the cast. You are right on the last paragraph.

K. O. H.—Wallace Reid is a son of Hal Reid, a noted melodrama writer. He was born in St. Louis, April 15, 1891. Wallace was educated in the New York schools, later going to the New Jersey Military Academy, at Freehold, N. J. He stands six feet two inches, weighs 190 pounds, and is of the clean-cut, fair-complexioned, Saxon type. There! a regular biography for you.

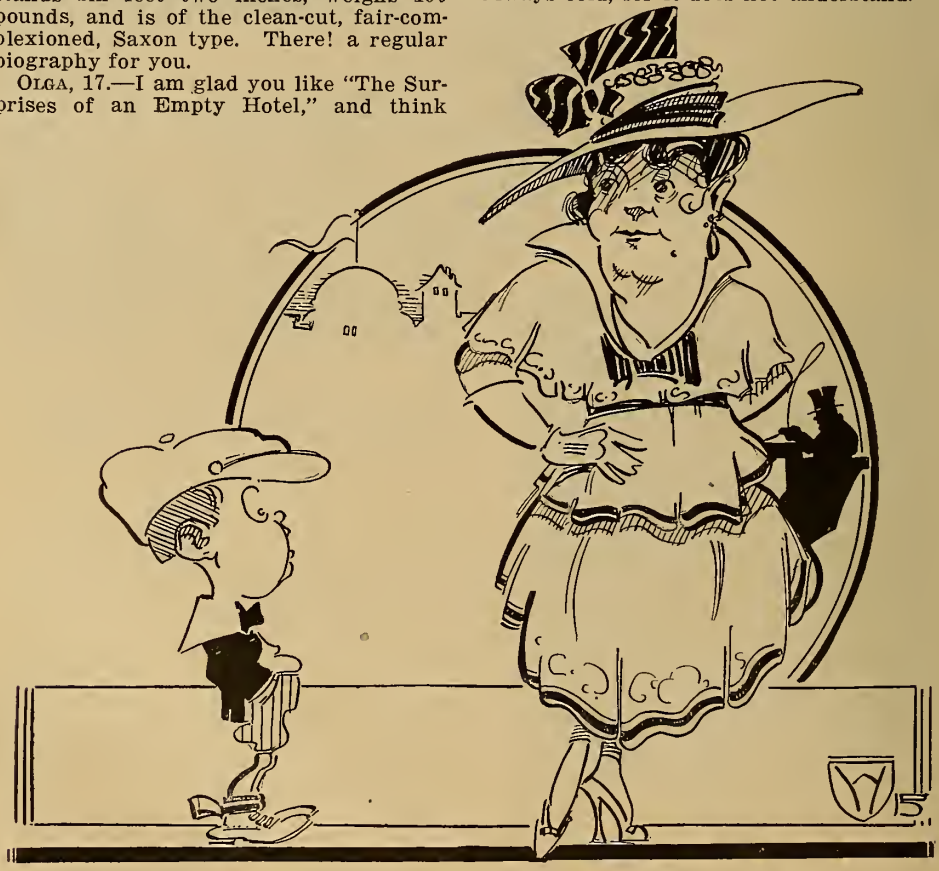
Olga, 17.—I am glad you like "The Surprises of an Empty Hotel," and think that all of our short stories are away above the average. That is one of the things that has made our Magazine so famous. You have a perfect right to your opinion—provided it agrees with mine.

Elizabeth B. S.—William Duncan was the husband in "Cal Marvin's Wife." He has played for Selig. The Erie Canal is 387 miles long, and extends from Buffalo to Albany, which is on the Hudson River.

Margaret B.—Yes; Antonio Moreno dances. You might write to Mr. Moreno for his picture. Always enclose return postage when asking favors. Too bad you are feminine so you cant be a soldier after seeing "The Battle Cry of Peace." You might better prepare, just the same, because if we are ever attacked we will need the women as well as the men.

Nightingale.—Did you see "Vengeance Is Mine" with Crane Wilbur? The player who does not own an automobile is a rare exception. See article in this issue.

Dadedeer's Girl.—You here again? Yes; I have dined at Drake's. You have my sympathy, and I have been there. The pity that is not born of experience is always cold, for it does not understand.



"Say, ma, if you get pa to give me a nickel for the movies, I'll use my influence with him to get you that new hat you want."

Speaking of Covers

HOW are you going to beat the one that appears on the March CLASSIC —that beautiful skating scene of colonial days painted by Percy Moran? We know of only one that does—the cover on the April CLASSIC, from the wonderfully life-like painting by Earle. This handsome picture is alone worth much more than the price asked for the whole magazine, and the magazine in other respects is quite the handsomest that you will see on the stands. Look for the April MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

It is full of interesting articles and stories, news of the plays and players, and is illustrated with nearly 100 half-tone engravings, some of them a full page in size —and the size of the page is about twice the size of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

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WELL, I FEEL AS BADLY ABOUT IT AS YOU DO !!
-AND IF YOU DONT BRING IT TOMORROW YOU'D BETTER WEAR ARMOR!!
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NARROW-MINDED CRITIC
MOTION PICTURES
THE MASS of CHEAP MOVIE PUBLICATIONS WHICH FLOOD THE MARKET. THEY ALL WANT TO IMITATE THIS MAGAZINE! (IN POPULARITY, NOT IN VALUE!)
Silly Joy
The Movie Foozle
BUY THIS NUMBER! IT MAY BE OUR LAST!
IT'S MY LAST CHANCE, AND I'M DESPERATE!
The GREAT DIFFICULTY WE HAVE IN SECURING A COPY of THIS MAGAZINE
THE HOSTS of CHAPLIN IMITATORS
GOODBYE! OLD FELLOW! BE BRAVE!
I CAN SEE WHERE HIS OWN FAMILY WON'T RECOGNIZE HIM!
GUESS THIS'LL REVISE HIM ALRIGHT!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA I'D LIKE TO TRY OUT ON THIS ONE!
THEY MIGHT AT LEAST GIVE ME CHLOROFORM
LOCAL CENSOR
STATE CENSOR
NATIONAL BOARD of CENSORS
FILM MANUFACTURER
A REEL of FILM LEFT TO THE TENDER (?) MERCIES of the VARIOUS CENSORS
HOLMES

ROSE TAPLEY

THE ANSWER LADY

In Which a Prominent Motion Picture Leading Woman Answers Questions of General Interest from "the Inside"

My Dear Boys and Girls—How the weeks fly by! I can scarcely realize it is nearly spring again, and before we know it we shall begin to take out-of-door pictures. Have any of you ever seen an outside picture taken? We, or rather our director has selected a spot suitable for the especial scene, and the actors, camera man and director arrive at a seemingly deserted spot. The scene is a tricky one, perhaps, demanding that the actors should apparently unexpectedly collide at a given signal. We rehearse and rehearse before a large audience of interested spectators who have sprung seemingly from out of the ground. The assistant has requested that they keep back from the lines so that they will not get into the picture and spoil the "business" of it. The scene is progressing nicely when suddenly some thoughtless boy, eager to get his picture in the movies, runs into the scene and the director has to stop the camera, squelch the urchin, and begin all over again.

Rehearsing is trying business for both director and actors when it has to be done before a crowd of strangers who know nothing of the mass of detail and the patience required by all concerned before a scene is ready to be taken, and not one of you can imagine how hard it is sometimes when we are trying to get the right idea and "business" to have some one ask questions or else run into the scene. We actors are pretty hard-working people sometimes, and I assure you the position of director is no sinecure, either, for he has all the responsibility of the picture on his shoulders, while the actor has only his individual business to worry about, so sometimes the nicest of them get a little peeved at times and might call one of us "idiots" or "stupid," when annoyed by something, when in reality they have a very high opinion of the artist's work as a rule.

Now for my answers. Do you know that the majority of you ask the same question every month—"How can I become a movie actor?" Last month I told you that I couldn't possibly place you with a Motion Picture company, but this month I am going to tell you a few very important things which will stand you in good stead if you are really determined to go into this work when you are older: First and foremost, a good education; secondly, accustom yourself to grasp quickly the ideas of your teacher; and thirdly, application, patience, perseverance and talent, both natural and acquired.

Another very important factor is the constant study of the habits and customs of all nationalities, and the costumes of them, in every walk of life from the crowned heads of Europe to the peas-

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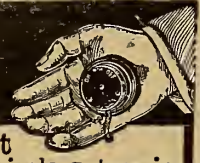

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antry. Another thing, a girl should learn general deportment and duties of a maid, for, as a rule, a beginner starts in "bits" like that of a maid or a clerk or something of the kind, and I can assure you it is just as important to do that little well as it is to play a leading part. It may happen that some director will remember that well-played "bit," and when he is unable to get the actor he wishes for a good part, will remember the person who played that little "bit" so carefully and so well.

But there! I will try to answer a few of these letters of yours.

SIBIL G.—I do want to thank you for those good wishes; it is very nice to think that we are loved a little by our unknown friends. A little word of appreciation means a lot to us all. Again I thank you, dear. Norma is a dear. I have known her for a number of years, and she is just as sweet as you think her.

VIOLA MAE.—Keep right on in high school and graduate if possible, then stick to your first idea of being a trained nurse, and try it out, anyway, for there is surely no nobler profession. The movies can be a great source of help to you in your work, for when you have a little leisure run into some show, and when you return to your patient you'll be so brimful of the story you have seen that you will have gained a change of thought for yourself and for your patient as well. You just try this out and see if I'm not pretty nearly right.

MRS. W. V. T.—My dear, you are a brave, fine little woman, and I am proud of the noble struggle you have made to support yourself since your husband's death, but I think I should congratulate you upon the sensible and practical way you have gone about taking care of yourself, for a good home, even if it is not one's own, is a great protection, and if you are the splendid woman I believe you to be, you are going to start in and take a double interest in the work you are doing, and realize that it is the most difficult and precarious thing in the world nowadays to get a chance in the movies.

MISS ARLINE O'N.—I'll pass your letter on to the Answer Man, for I am unacquainted with addresses of the actresses in the other companies. Do you know I have never seen Miss Bara's work, but I understand that she is indeed very clever and talented.

MR. G. W. F., ALABAMA.—Your letter was much appreciated by me. Thank you and your friends for your kind opinion of my work on the screen. A word from unknown friends always gives a very warm glow in the heart of the actor or actress who is trying to give you, their public, the best which they have to give. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has promised to give me all the space I want to

answer your letters in, so you may have several pages to read of the "Answer Lady" if you dont watch out.

SISTER JANE.—Remember this always: Mothers are more interested in the good and welfare of their daughters than any other human being, and it is usually a pretty sure thing that if we follow their judgment we cannot go far wrong. You are too young yet to think of beginning a stage or Moving Picture career, and one of your most valuable assets in the future will be that high-school training which you so much dislike at present. Just you peg away at your studies, determined to conquer them rather than to let them conquer you, and you will be far better fitted to select your life work than you are today. Big Sister isn't lecturing; just telling you some very practical home truths. You'll thank me some day if you follow them.

DIXIE JACK.—Your letter was very nice, but if you want my picture, you've got to cut it out of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, or write to Mr. Luther Chocklett in Roanoke, Va., or to the Vitagraph Company for it, and I'll promise to sign it for you, but were I to grant all the requests I receive for pictures I'd be accepting a straight, one-way trip ticket to the poorhouse, for you'd be surprised to know how quickly pictures for admirers count up at the end of a month. I believe that Miss Bara pronounces her names in two syllables, as The-da Ba-ra. Who are my favorites? Goodness! I love them all in the Vitagraph Company, for I can tell you this, there is no organization in the world which can boast of as many charming, lovable and well-bred girls and boys and men and women.

MR. H. P., WAKEFIELD.—You can get the names of all the Moving Picture companies by writing to the Answer Man. I wish you all sorts of luck, but, my dear boy, I fear you are doomed to disappointment, for the field is very overcrowded.

BETTY M.—Thank you for your appreciation of my work. It is very sweet of you to write me about it, and I am very sorry about not being able to send you a photograph. Perhaps later on we can arrange some way to get around that fixed rule of mine. Anyway, if you get a photo of me somewhere, I'll autograph it if you'll enclose stamps to remail it.

ROSALYN D., BRIDGEPORT.—Your letter was very well written, and I like your spirit of wanting to work for a thing. I cant encourage you very much, but I want to tell you this: If we really desire to do anything very much, and are willing to work for its accomplishment, we usually attain the object desired. If you have talent New York is the place where you can get a chance to show it, especially as you have a home near-by.

WINNIE W., AUSTIN.—Write to the dif-

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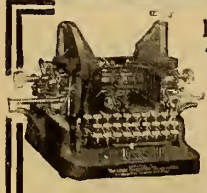

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ferent firms that the actors and actresses are connected with, enclosing a stamped envelope for a reply, and ask their charge for a photo of your favorite, then send them the amount, plus the postage, and request them to autograph the picture. Photographs are a source of great expense and inconvenience, sometimes, to the actors, who are very busy, and it is no intentional discourtesy to you if they do not answer your request for photos unless you pursue this course.

MARGUERITE P., LA CROSSE.—You are a dear, and I like your letter very much.

OGDEN H., OF GARDEN CITY.—You just read my reply to Betty M. and Dixie Jack in this issue. Thanks for the letter, however, and I'll remember that I owe you a two-cent stamp.

ANNA K. T.—Dear girl, you must indeed be lonely with no parents or sisters, but I believe that you are such a sunshiny little body that you must have crowds of friends, and they are very precious possessions.

M. B., OGDEN, UTAH.—If any Moving Picture company happens near, try to obtain a personal interview with one of the directors, and ask him candidly his opinion of your chances of success, and see if he wont try you out in a small part.

WM. T. S., LOS ANGELES.—Am very sorry that I cannot, at present, comply with your request. I appreciate same, however.

ANNIE L. E. V., MOBILE, ALA.—A synopsis of a play or picture is a brief summary of the important incidents, etc., coincident to the plot; in fact, the whole play condensed and told in as brief a way as possible. A scenario is the complete play, description of characters, plot, locations and action carefully and fully written out and divided into scenes according to their sequence. Write the manuscript department of the Vitagraph Company, and they will send you a form which you can follow.

VIOLET J. B., N. Y. CITY.—Persuade your father to permit you to see some really good ballet-dancing mistress, like Madame Bonfanti, for instance, and see what she thinks. Many noble women have followed that vocation. Your life is what you make it yourself, good or bad. Thanks for good wishes.

MR. J. G., CENTRAL VILLAGE, VT.—I'm glad you like the idea of adopting me as a big sister, but haven't a photo to my name at this time. Sorry, and this letter must be brief, too. Write again.

H., PRESTON, ONT.—Do not advise wasting time and money on such a course. Actual experience is always best.

BOBBIE, PALO ALTO, CAL.—I have never heard that Wm. Courtleigh and Miss Fleming were married, but think not. I really cannot tell of the private affairs of

the actors, for that would make this a "gossip page," and that isn't my idea.

SADIE D., CAMDEN, N. J.—I shall hand your letter to the Editor, and perhaps he will look up little Patsy DeForest and give her an interview if that would make you and your schoolmates happy. Will also pass your letter on to the Answer Man, and perhaps he can give you more information.

ANTOINETTE DEAR.—I cant break a rule, so must answer you through the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. There is a company in your city. Apply for extra work. The pay for inexperienced beginners is from one dollar and a half to five dollars a day, according to what you may have to do or the number of people used in the scene. Most companies, unless they have a large stock company, require you to supply your own costumes, if modern ones are required, but will rent them for you if the play is of another period. The Vitagraph has a very large and well equipped wardrobe department, and most of the gowns worn by our stock members are made and designed by Mrs. Lewis and her able corps of assistants. We have also a men's department, presided over by Mr. Pete La Grasse and Mrs. Clinton, but I believe that our firm is an exception rather than the rule.

M. C. B., FLAT FALLS, MONT.—I'd love to send on that prayer, but just remember how many others have sent me the same prayer and also how many letters I have to write besides my work at the studio. I'll say it, however, often.

LENORE L., DES MOINES.—Read my reply to Louise and forgive me for not complying with your request. I am glad you like my work. I want my public to know that I am always very grateful for their approbation.

MY DEAR LITTLE MONTANA GIRL.—Your letter was exceptionally well written, and personally I feel that if you really feel as you say you do about Moving Picture acting and have any ability at all you should succeed, but how are you going to get a chance to let others see what you can do? Telephonic photography is not yet perfected, and it is really very necessary for you to be at the studio or before a Moving Picture camera somewhere in order that your acting can be seen and registered. There are studios in the West, but unless you can afford to spend perhaps several months in their neighborhood in order to wait for a chance to make good I should not advise you to think of leaving home. You write well—why not devote your thoughts to writing up some of the romances and tragedies of the early frontier days which occurred right in your vicinity? It would be very interesting for you, after you were started, I can tell you, even if you were not successful at first.

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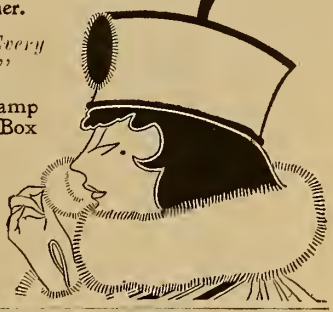

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Characters:

City fellow, dark and mean;
Pretty Clara, village queen;
Honest Dick, the man she loves;
Mossback villagers in droves.

Plot:

Pretty Clara's lured away
By the city chap, one day;
Spurns the villain, so he tries
Tying her to railroad ties!

Climax:

Dick appears all out of breath,
Jerks her from the jaws of death;
Villain gets a punch or two,
Leaving him all black and blue.

Summary:

To the village they return,
Minister a fee doth earn;
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Screen Masterpieces

THIS month will be your last in which to vote for your favorite masterpiece of acting. No votes will be counted if received at this office later than March 18. No coupon is necessary. Just write the names of five best players and the names of five plays in which they played, and mail to this magazine. It has been a most interesting and exciting race, and we are just as anxious to know the final results as you readers are. The leaders to date are:

Earle Williams, "The Christian"	11,440
Marguerite Clark, "Wildflower"	10,530
Henry Walthall, "Birth of a Nation"	10,270
Francis Bushman, "Graustark"	10,210
Mary Pickford, "Tess of the Storm Country"	10,160
Theda Bara, "A Fool There Was"	9,470
Pearl White, "Elaine"	8,970
Mary Pickford, "Rags"	8,800
Anita Stewart, "The Goddess"	8,700
Edith Storey, "The Christian"	8,610
Henry Walthall, "Avenging Conscience"	8,480
Anita Stewart, "Million Bid"	8,470
Anita Stewart, "Sins of the Mothers"	8,360
Mae Marsh, "Birth of a Nation"	8,330
Francis Bushman, "The Silent Voice"	8,330
Antonio Moreno, "Island of Regeneration"	8,240
J. Warren Kerrigan, "Samson"	8,230
William Farnum, "The Spoilers"	8,180
Beverly Bayne, "Graustark"	8,160
Earle Williams, "Juggernaut"	6,940
Mary Pickford, "Esmeralda"	6,880
Edith Storey, "Island of Regeneration"	6,820
Geraldine Farrar, "Carmen"	6,810
George Beban, "An Alien"	6,440
Mary Pickford, "Hearts Adrift"	6,420
Harold Lockwood, "Wildflower"	6,390
Henry Walthall, "Ghosts"	6,100
Cleo Madison, "Trey o' Hearts"	6,060
Marguerite Clark, "Helene of the North"	4,950
Grace Cunard, "Broken Coin"	4,810
Robert Warwick, "Jimmie Valentine"	4,790
Marguerite Clark, "Seven Sisters"	4,770
Blanche Sweet, "Judith of Bethulia"	4,710
Theda Bara, "Carmen"	4,690
Clara K. Young, "My Official Wife"	4,690
Anita Stewart, "The Juggernaut"	4,670
Arnold Daly, "Exploits of Elaine"	4,630

Bryant Washburn, "Blindness of Virtue"	4,550
William Farnum, "The Nigger"	4,540
Francis Ford, "The Broken Coin"	4,510
Ella Hall, "Jewell"	4,430
Kathlyn Williams, "The Spoilers"	4,410
Viola Dana, "The Stoning"	4,400
Pauline Frederick, "The Eternal City"	4,400
Earle Williams, "Love's Sunset"	4,390
Lillian Gish, "Birth of a Nation"	4,320
Earle Williams, "Sins of the Mothers"	4,290
Marguerite Clark, "The Crucible"	4,240
Earle Williams, "The Goddess"	4,240
Harold Lockwood, "Tess of the Storm Country"	4,230
Betty Nansen, "Should a Mother Tell?"	4,130
William Farnum, "The Plunderer"	4,130
Marguerite Clark, "The Goose Girl"	4,110
Florence LaBadie, "Million Dollar Mystery"	4,110
Marguerite Clark, "Gretna Green"	4,050
Crane Wilbur, "Perils of Pauline"	2,640
Mary Pickford, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow"	2,630
Clara K. Young, "Trilby"	2,590
Bessie Barriscale, "The Cup of Life"	2,550
Norma Talmadge, "A Daughter's Strange Inheritance"	2,470
James Cruze, "Million Dollar Mystery"	2,460
Mary Pickford, "Madame Butterfly"	2,440
Romaine Fielding, "Eagle's Nest"	2,350
Blanche Sweet, "The Case of Becky"	2.350
Blanche Sweet, "Secret Orchard"	2,290
Lottie Pickford, "Diamond from the Sky"	2,280
Francis Bushman, "Dear Old Girl"	2,260
Norma Talmadge, "Battle Cry of Peace"	2,220
Irving Cummings, "Diamond from the Sky"	2,210
Francis Bushman, "Pennington's Choice"	2,200
Marguerite Snow, "Million Dollar Mystery"	2,180
William Farnum, "Wonderful Adventure"	2,160
Dustin Farnum, "Captain Courtesy"	2,150
Mary Pickford, "Fanchon the Cricket"	2,110
Henry Walthall, "The Raven"	2,100
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Theda Bara, "Devil's Daughter"	1,310

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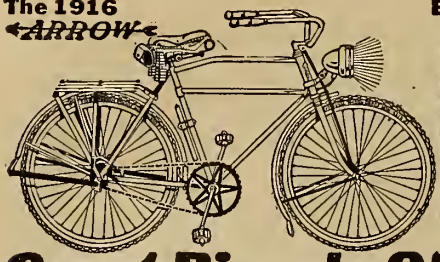

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NOTICE

TO satisfy a growing demand, the Photoplay Clearing House department of this magazine has opened a ***Technical Department*** dedicated to the service of our readers.

All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should be addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

We particularly invite the queries of churches, clubs and amateur dramatic societies. NO FEES ARE REQUIRED.

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PROF. H. W. TITUS

56-58 Cooper Sq. Dept. 249 New York City

HIS WHITE LIE

(*Continued from page* 112)

that God wanted—those are the things that did it. I picked up the poker, aimed, and struck. Then I fled.

"That night the sheriff told me he had been murdered, and John Barton had confessed. I was too numb to care—too tired. Only that night I tore their pictures up—Peter Rawlings' and the baby's—and before I tore Rawlings' up, I cried over it. I loved him—God pity me! I guess—I do—now. Women dont get over—their mates. Anyway, not women like me. And there was—little Pete——"

She coughed convulsively. The district attorney offered her water. His eyes were moist, and his hand shook.

"All right," she said, "only—I—had—to speak. They're up at his house now. Go tell them I did it. My heart—it keeps bleeding yet—awfully. Peter—oh, Peter——"

The district attorney bent over her, swiftly. "She's dead," he called, and two unashamed tears glistened on the ravaged face. "Poor, suffering thing," he whispered, "I hope God lays the baby on your breast."

Then he spoke to his secretary, who had come from behind a screen. "Did you get the entire confession?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then come exonerate and congratulate—our future mayor."

ASPIRATION

By MARJORIE WILDY SPENCER

Say, if I could, I wouldn't be
A King, with jewels and slaves and gold;
I wouldn't be a Captain Kidd,
With whiskers fierce and manners bold;
Nor would I be an Injun chief,
To paint my face and scalp my foe;
But just Bud Smith, the boy next door,
Who ushers at a Picture Show.

HER FORTE

MOVING PICTURE DIRECTOR—So you want a job in one of our companies. What can you do?

FAIR APPLICANT—I heard that you use several supes every day. Well, I won first prize at domestic-science school for preparing them.

PHOTOPLAY CLASSICS

(*Continued from page* 142)

Earle Williams and Anita Stewart —is always secondary to "the impending disaster." The climax is one of the biggest spectacles ever set for the camera.

"LOVE'S SUNSET"—One of the last photoplays in which Earle Williams and Clara Young played opposite each other. The acting of the principals is finished to a degree and always in accordance. The sentiment of the story is exalted, clear, and as true as a mother's heart.

"THE SPOILERS"—One of the first features to break loose from the screen traditions of the Northwest: the overdone, impossible two-gun man; the dime-novel Indian; the get-rich-quick miner with crêpe beard, etc. The types of "The Spoilers" are taken bodily from life —neither exaggerated nor idealized. The epic of the gold-rush days in Alaska. William Farnum is finely cast as Glenister, and his fight is one of the great Homeric struggles of the screen.

"GRAUSTARK"—An ideal romantic production of a school that is fast giving ground to truer-to-life conceptions. The present war in the Balkans has opened up a more general knowledge of these brave peoples, and shows us the absurdities of such a plot as Graustark. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are finely cast, and their teamwork does much to lift the story out of its unnaturalness.

"A FOOL THERE WAS"—An excellent photoplay featuring Theda Bara as a vampire woman, without whose alluring acting it could hardly have a place in this list of "Classics."

"GHOSTS"—Hardly the Ibsen "Ghosts," but an excellent medium for the talents of Henry Walthall.

"A MILLION BID"—A powerful photodrama containing an unusual appeal, and furnishing Anita Stewart a fine opportunity to make a reputation for herself, which she did. This play has two "big moments" that have seldom been equaled.

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Every reader of the "Motion Picture Magazine" owes it to herself to send for this new Catalog. It describes and illustrates the Products and Premiums and tells about the astounding money-saving offers.

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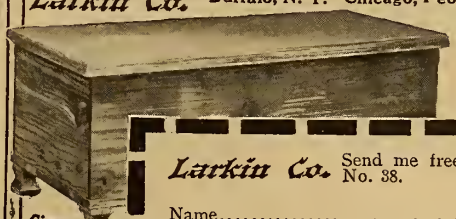

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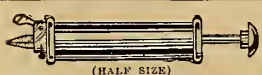

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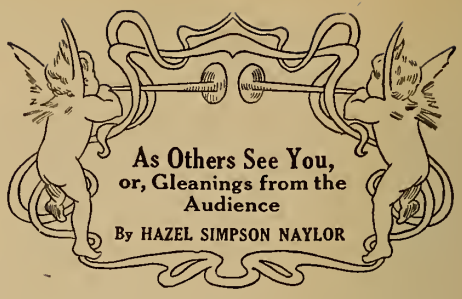

"Is Christmas a Bore?" one of the Drew comedies, turned out to be a real gem. In this comedy Mr. Drew raised a small glass to his lips, whereupon my talkative neighbor said, "Hasn't Sidney Drew a long nose? I thought he would never be able to drink that."

While admiring J. Warren Kerrigan in "Landon's Legacy," we frankly had to admit that he was handsome, but every smile and each lift of his eyebrows showed how well he knew it. It was very noticeable that Mr. Kerrigan was supposed to be sleepy, for a mere child remarked, "He's a great fellow to yawn, that Kerrigan, ain't he?"

"If he was looking for excitement, he got it," said one movie fan.

"Yes," said the second, "he got a wife."

"What's his name? What's her name?" questioned the people watching the very capable actors in "Hartney Merwin's Adventure," and these same splendid actors can receive none of the praise that is due them because Selig did not give the characters on the screen.

Metro's release, "The House of Tears," is a strong photoplay which mirrors many of the weaknesses of human nature. Emily Stevens takes a dual rôle remarkably well, and the whole drama was so intensely absorbing that I felt with the woman who sighed as she shook herself, "My, that was good! I feel as tho I'd been thru a perfect orgy."

I should like to sing some of the plaudits I hear Walter Hitchcock receiving. He has developed into a first-class photoplayer and was especially convincing in "The House of Tears."

Somehow or other "The Edge of the Abyss," a Triangle release, missed fire. Mary Boland was very lovely

one moment; the next, one was in doubt as to what emotion she was trying to portray. Certainly we had to stretch our imaginations to believe that she could be brought to see the virtuous path by a rough burglar, and after we had finally formed a fondness for the aforementioned burglar the film flickered to its end, leaving us all with the query on our lips, "What became of the burglar?"

Sid Chaplin, you surely struck it rich in "A Submarine Pirate." Some one tersely chuckled, "He's great, simply great—why, that Sid Chaplin is funnier than Charlie." Need *I* say more?

It's a shame to waste the versatile talents of Bryant Washburn on such a weak scenario as "The Danger of Being Lonesome." The characters appeared, stood, gazed into space, and *did* nothing.

On the other hand, Louise Vale was given a splendid opportunity in Biograph's "A Woman of Mystery," and she seized it.

Somehow it seems so useless to dig up a play like "Camille" for the movies, and yet Clara Kimball Young touched our hearts once more, in the famous death scene.

And then, we saw Mary Pickford in "The Foundling," and after all is said and done, is not this simple, sweet story of the little orphan, with her dreams of a happy home, more worth while than all the tales of blood-and-thunder and pictured stories of unfaithful wives or husbands?

In "The Ragamuffin," Blanche Sweet succeeds in giving us a characterization that is decidedly different. Miss Sweet's "Ragamuffin" is very lovable, and, above all, we appreciate the becoming neatness of her hair.

"What Will People Say?" was the case of a splendid book hashed into a mediocre photoplay. The incident which struck me as the most careless 'faux pas' of all, however, was Olga Petrova's wearing a hat in the ballroom scene. I could scarcely blame the girl sitting beside me, who said severely, "It's very evident she doesn't know how to dress." But perhaps Olga didn't know that three captions labeled it a ballroom scene.

And have you seen "My Lady's

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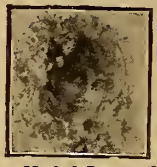

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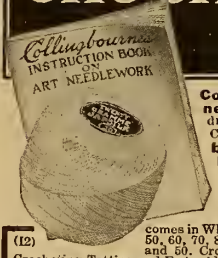

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Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

Why not take advantage of this opportunity to make a collection of the portraits of these great stars, even if you do not want to use the cards to play with? (Please note that this set of cards has no connection with the set of Motion Picture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
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Slipper"? Faith! and it is a most exquisite thing—the stuff that dreams are made of, as it were. It carries one back to the realm of real romance. And there, one of the loveliest scenes is where Earle Williams, using vines as a ladder, bids a fond farewell to his lady-love leaning out of her boudoir window. As he lingeringly kist Anita Stewart for the third time, a masculine spectator, very evidently on edge for fear this delay would cause the gallant Earle's enemies to catch him, exploded aloud, "Oh, forget that, and hurry on."

Relegated to rest from over-use: The feminine lead that sneaks up behind father, mother, or lover, and demurely places her hands over his or her eyes.

Guy Coombs came gloriously into his own as Captain Trumbull in "Barbara Frietchie." That's the way we like him—God bless him!

Donald MacBride was a scream in "By Might of His Right." Here is a lad who is fast coming to the front as a champion comedian.

The Fine Arts production, "Cross Currents," might be classified as a photoplay singularly lacking in feminine beauty, and—"Teddy Sampson made us simply sick with her silly, simpering, schoolgirl acting."

"Beauty—feminine beauty—let us woo thee for our picture-dreams!" is the cry of the movie fan. There are enough ordinary-looking people in life. At least, let us have real dream heroines in our land of romance—the movies.

SPLIT REEL

By K. A. BISBEE

Two Irishmen were enjoying the antics of an intoxicated couple on the screen. The two actors staggered from a club and went reeling up the street arm in arm. Suddenly they parted, both falling in different directions. One Irishman, turning to the other, remarked: "Phaix! thot must be wan of thim split reels we hear about."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Are the old stage stars passé? B. F. J., of Que., Canada, champions them, and also hurls scorching brands at Francis Bushman and Warren Kerrigan. Will the admirers of the latter two unite as against a common enemy?

I am a constant reader of your magazine, which I admire very much; in addition, let me say that I am a man—forty years of age—is that old for a "fan"?—and have always been deeply interested in the drama, both American and English, and have found each one as interesting and inspiring as the other. I dont imagine "Indians parade Broadway" or that Americans invariably chew gum and say "dern," after which may I plead for a little of your valuable space wherein to say a small word for one or two who are, in my humble opinion, the cleverest artists on the screen, but who seem to be overlooked altogether.

First, I wonder if I would be "raising a hornets' nest" if I were to say that the two most unconvincing, inane, vapid persons before the public today are Messrs. Bushman and Kerrigan. (Please keep back the bricks and hammers, you know this is a free country and every man is entitled to an opinion.) I am willing to admit that they are both very beautiful, but beyond that—well!

One of your correspondents refers to "passé stage star," and I'm going to name one whom, perhaps, your caustic scribe would so designate—this is Robert Edeson—yes, mayhap, he might be termed "passé," but ye shades of Thespia, to what advantage an actor of his caliber shows against a perfumed soap advertisement like the aforementioned team of "beauties"; when you see a man like Edeson or Walthall you know you are witnessing the work of an artist in the strictest sense of the word. There are men and women of genius playing on the screen today whose work will go down in the annals of Time as the work of true geniuses. I wont say Edeson is one of these, but say, for instance, such artists as Forbes Robertson, John Drew, the Barrymores, the Divine Sarah, Rufane Faversham, Farrar, etc., *ad lib.*, and they are by a certain number as they are called passé stage stars. Heavens! so genius has become passé.

Charlie Chaplin enthusiasts, here's a letter from L. M. Campion that you'll all enjoy:

I just found out what a great factor Motion Pictures were in our civilization this summer. That means that I just woke up to the fact that there was such a good magazine as yours. Pretty slow, wasn't I?

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You can—*I know* it, because I have *reduced* 32,000 women and have *built up* as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you to breathe, to stand, to walk and to correct such ailments as nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.

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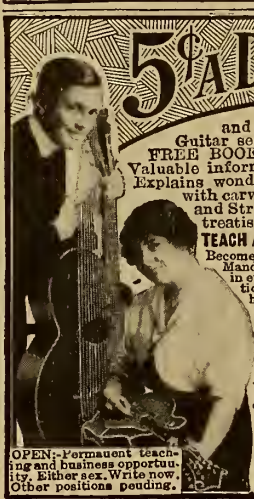

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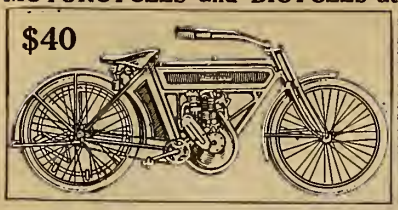

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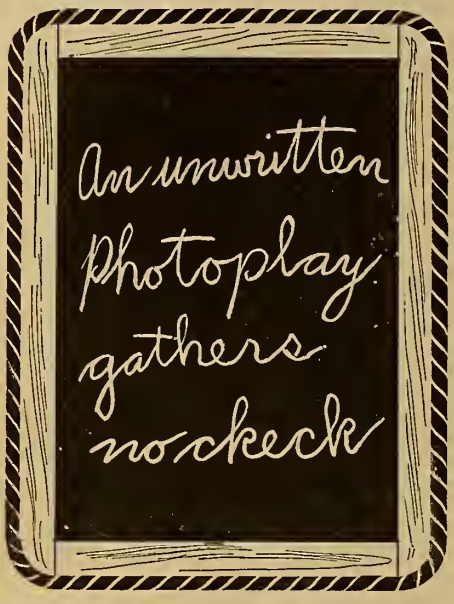

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Oh, well, I'll enjoy life from now on. I am particularly peeved to see the people run down the best and only comedian the world of movies has——

Now hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for Charlie Chaplin!—and some more hurrahs, enough to fill a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. He's as much of a comedy genius as Napoleon was a military genius. Now, "them's my sentiments." To put it vulgarly, I certainly feel "sore" every time I see somebody mention Chaplin lightly or decorate his name with question marks, as tho they doubted him as genuine or not. I've felt many a time like fighting it out when I've heard my superiors remark with a holier-than-thou expression and eyebrows elevated, "That's such common-place stuff—simply horse-play—I cant see anything funny in him at all—very vulgar, too!" Pity me, my friends, when you think that I have had to listen to such silly gossip and not be able to say anything in favor of the only comedian that makes you feel assured that before you come out of the movie house you will have laughed—because you cant help it. You will always find some very dignified, reserved, quiet, business-like people that take pleasure in being very sensible and afraid that they or someone else will be so vulgar as to relish a little nonsense now and then, and they take great pleasure in "being different," and saying that Chaplin is so "vulgar," "don't you know," and there is nothing funny about him. In most cases they dont know anything about him, dont know anything about the brainy work he has done. They think he is a simple, childish mass of foolishness, and are peeved because a man so full of originality, so full of carefree fun, and so far below their elevated and dignified ideals, should come to the front and get some of the salary they ought to be getting. Ah, well, poor dears, they dont like to see a little clever foolishness that makes you forget your troubles, and are unconsciously innocent that they are attempting to criticize a genius. He's a "genius" I tell you—I've heard as much about him as the war, and that's going some. And there's only one man that could do it, and that's the little wiggling comedian they call Charlie Chaplin. Probably the Drew aggregation will camp on my trail for that remark, but I still "reiterate" that Chaplin can be funny in any and every picture that the good natured fellow would take a notion to. The turned-up nosers that attempt to lay down a law that he is not funny, imagine that we should have some dignified dolls that get peeved over a comical mix-up, and then finally break into a cultured laugh. Bah! what's the use of wasting four or five perfectly good strips of celluloid to explain a funny situation when it can just as well start out with a slap and a bang that makes you forget your troubles and

sit up and feel bright again. On those long refined comedies I almost go to sleep, and get sick of movies the first two reels. Of course, when the situation is worked up it is funny, very funny, I will admit that, but our dramas give us all that as, for instance, "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Boss," which had good refined comedy, and at the same time had a gripping drama to interest one. I have sat all thru a slapstick comedy without cracking a smile—it was because it lacked personality, lacked expression, and acting, and situations, that Chaplin always interprets so cleverly. That Chaplin has situations in his comedies you've got to admit, and the old chap doesn't waste any time working them up. To see Charlie kick his feet in the air like a playful lamb and walk off in his happy-go-lucky fashion is funny, and there is no getting around that—it's funny.

Charlie has set the pace, the image and style for them all. They are all trying to copy him—only trying. He is the originator of it all, and in order to be funny we steal his work and get to thinking we are cute. It is true it is sometimes rough and tumble, but that makes him all the smarter, for who but Charlie could get away with slapstick comedy? Who but Charlie could think of so many new stunts to put into every comedy? That's what's hard. I am a writer of movie plays, and I find it twice as hard to develop a comic inspiration. But his supply of funny "business" seems never failing. He says nothing and saws wood while the other comedians fight it out.

So here's to Charlie Chaplin:—stay with them old man. You're all right. You're not too rough. You're not overdoing the walking on your heels. You're not overdoing the swinging of your cane. You're not overdoing the sniffing specialty. You've struck the right note, and we're just jealous because we haven't.

Miss Marie Murphy, Dorchester, Mass., has a few things to say to one who criticized our American actresses:

In reply to Willie Gordon Macfarlane's letter in your December issue, I would like very much to know what he meant by his unjust criticism of our best and most beloved motion picture actress. Imagine criticizing Beverly Bayne, and saying "Ella Hall was an easy first"! Miss Hall is a good little actress, and is coming along rapidly, but how about Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge, Edith Story, and all the other favorites? I wonder, Willie, what our pretty little American girls did to you while you were in the States? Oh, yes, by the way, dont you think, Willie (oh, horrors, call yourself Bill), that beautiful sounds just a little out of place when applied to the male of the species? Dont you think that handsome would apply just as well to Francis X, and beautiful to Miss

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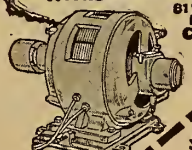

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Bayne? I wonder where you visited when you saw "plays that would make good advertisements." No doubt, if you saw Geraldine Farrar, our American prima donna, in Carmen you would say she was advertising a new brand of cigaret. Really, Bill, your letter was funny (?). I hope you are not offended, but you must not say unjust things about our actresses; or the European war will be a miniature sham-battle compared to what you will be up against (American slangdom it), if you dont write a nicer letter next time. And last, but not least, Miss Lottie Briscoe is one of our clever actresses and writers, and there are many others.

Tho her anger was aroused, Miss Gene Clarke, Leamington Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., has only sympathy for those who have criticized her favorites:

I rise to protest. I think I never read anything quite so unfair as the letter of Faustina Hall. Instead of "shaking Blanche Sweet," as Miss Hall seems so anxious to do, I should say "shake Miss Hall." My anger was aroused at her outburst against Mr. Bushman. Let me say, Mr. Bushman is not "fat," but a physically perfect man, possessing not a beauty that lies in his "curls" and "dimples," but a beautiful physique, a strong manly form, and his "seraphic smile" is a smile of good fellowship, and shows his love of life and of all humanity. If Miss Hall prefers "a long, lean, lanky individual" to a good healthy example of a man I wouldn't dispute with her for worlds; but, oh, how sorry I am for her. As for people "falling in love" with Mr. Bushman because he is single—many, many times have I heard he was married—and doesn't Miss Hall know that good sensible people who go to good sensible theaters dont go because they are especially in love with the actor, but because they are in love with his acting and his especial type.

In defense of Blanche Sweet—she is a charming little figure of simplicity, and a very good little actress for one so young.

Regarding Miss Cunard, I can see absolutely no charm in her; in my opinion she is stiff and awkward, but I am glad she has an admirer in Miss Hall.

Mr. Ford is no argument for Mr. Bushman. They simply cant be spoken of in the same breath. But, in my opinion, all movie people are wonderful, and tho I cant like them all equally, I am sure I have no real distaste for any one, and no ill-feelings for Miss Hall, only a deep sympathy.

Words of wisdom from Miss R. A. Sanden, Chanute, Kan.:

Let us ask the girls of the Four Leaf Clover Club to disband or else get a

doctor; something is radically wrong. I may not write love letters and songs to the actors, but when any one starts on The Answer Man, I'm ready to fight.

For shame, you girls. Who taught you manners? You'd better go back a little in your education and learn to respect old age and gray hairs. But right now let me tell you The Answer Man is the smartest man on earth, or, as I sometimes believe, the smartest men (two heads are better than one, you know).

You spoke of him showing his true character. I dont blame him. I would, too, if I had as smart a one to show. You girls have never dealt with the public or you would realize what idiotic things a man in the position of The Answer Man has to contend with. You say, he insults some of his readers. Now, girls, to repeat an old, old saying, "Believe nothing that you hear and only half that you see." Did you ever listen to a one-sided conversation over the phone? Maybe if you had the question, you would understand the answer. Perhaps you have been the goat. I have at times, but it's best not to put your hand on a red-hot stove, unless you expect blisters. So dont trifle with "Our Answer Man."

Age brings wisdom and youth cant compete.

Miss Faustina Hall wishes some one would convince her that Blanche Sweet can act. Well, Miss Hall, I will do my best. In the first place she is one of Director Griffith's girls, and if you know anything at all about pictures you know what that means, and if you need further convincing go see her in "Oil and Water," "The House of Discord" and "Judith of Bethulia." As to saying Francis Ford is handsome, we'll have to say "handsome is as handsome does." I think it is positively foolish to declare any certain actor the handsomest man on the screen. He may be to you, but there is no certain type of beauty, thank goodness, and whom you consider worthy of the place I may not, and surely my opinion is as good as the next. I'll not say whom I consider worthy of the title, but I will say I consider Warren Kerrigan, Francis Ford, Francis Bushman, Mark McDermott and Harry Meyers, as sterling actors, but were I to name my favorite actresses you would never forgive me for taking up so much of your time.

After reading the stories in this magazine, ask your exhibitor to show the films on the screen. You will find that the Photoplay is doubly interesting after having read the story, and it will be delightful to see the characters you have read about MOVE!

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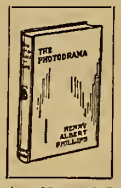

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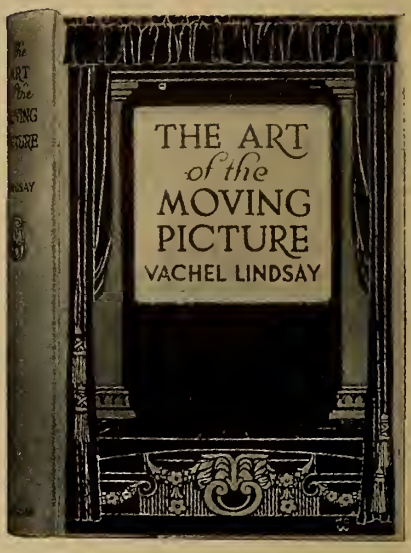

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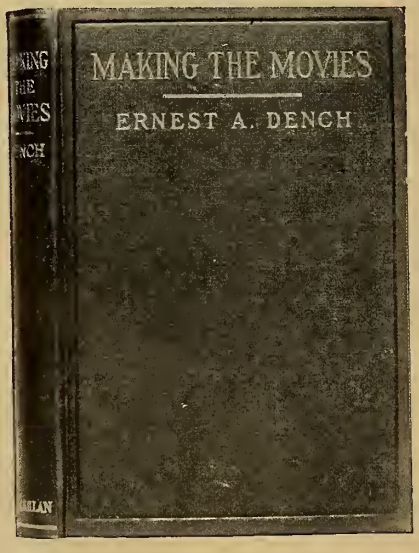

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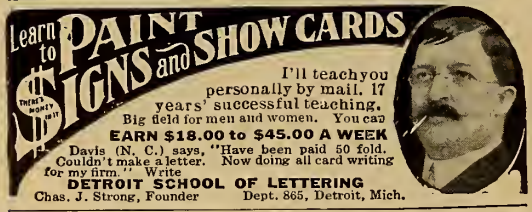

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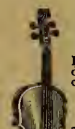

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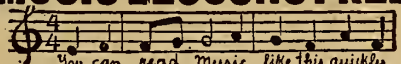

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Here's a Winner!

We take pleasure in announcing a pleasant surprise for readers of this magazine. You all know the great artist,

James Montgomery Flagg

Well, he has drawn two beautiful sketches from life of two famous players, and we have reproduced them so accurately that when you see them on our pages you can hardly tell whether they are the original pencil sketches or not. Each will be given a full page, without any lettering save the name of the player and artist, and you will surely want to cut them out, mount and frame them—particularly when you know who the players are, two who have given you so much pleasure, laughter and amusement in the past and who will continue to do so in the future. They are

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew

They will be accompanied by an interesting chat by Mrs. Myles Standish, entitled "Two Is a Company—The Sidney Drews' Profession Is Acting—Their Hobby Is Each Other." Dont miss this. It will appear in the June number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which will be out on

Saturday, April 29th

Another interesting article in the same issue will be "Why De Wolf Hopper Allowed Himself to be Shot," which is illustrated with no less than eleven large photographs, including the inimitable comedian in various make-ups and also one of Mrs. Hopper and one of Sir Herbert Tree. The article is a "Heart-to-Heart Talk with the Elongated Comedian Anent His Screen Début," and is very amusing. And——

Look Who's Here!

The famous **Lannigans and Brannigans** are back with us again. These interesting characters, created by James G. Gable, are funnier than ever, and you must hear what they have to say.

Of course, we cant mention all of the interesting features that will go toward making the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE "The Best Yet" (as usual), but we want to call your attention to a bright little satire on "Movie Censorship" by Freling Foster. It is really rich. And, above all, we must tell you that the cover will quite surpass anything we have yet given you. It is a wonderful picture of Ruth Roland, done in six colors by the same artist who designed our now famous Marguerite Snow cover and our Vera Sisson CLASSIC cover (out April 15), and this is certainly "'Nough said."

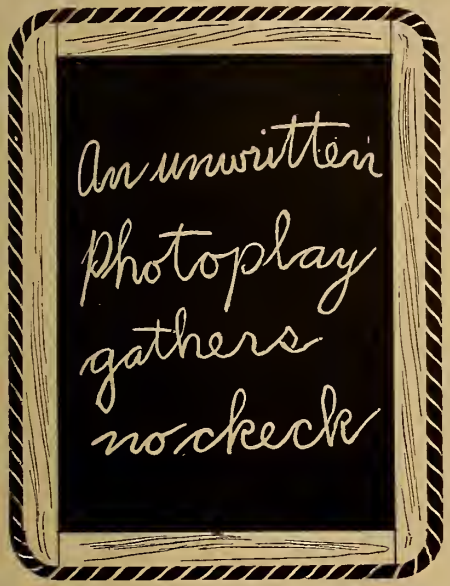
Whatever else you miss, dont miss the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The
Photoplaywright's Primer

By L. CASE RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HERE LIES"



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¶It is printed in large type, 64 pages, size 4¾x7½, with numerous illustrations.

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Have You a Movie Face?

If you have never been photographed by a Movie Camera, you have not the slightest conception of how you look to others. Sometimes the camera will intensify your charms and sometimes it will magnify your blemishes. In other words, some faces take well and some do not. Wouldn't you like to know what constitutes a good Movie Face? If so, read this splendid article in the May CLASSIC, by Ben Wilson. It is beautifully illustrated with fine Movie Faces.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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The Photoplay Hit of the Season
The Little Book of Honest Advice

"HERE LIES"

By L. CASE RUSSELL

WE have exhausted the first edition of "Here Lies," but not its demand. A second edition is now ready. This clever and timely booklet on **How Not To Write** photoplays is invaluable to bewildered and discouraged writers. The greatest obstacle in the road to success is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. At least 80 per cent of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified and buried in "Here Lies." Read what studio editors think of it:

Its subtle humor is delicious, while underlying it all there is so much truth that it is worth reading many times. It is of value to the trained and professional author, as well as to the amateur.

CALDER JOHNSTONE,
Universal Film Manufacturing Co., Pacific Coast Studios.

It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-ache if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont List.

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A SUGGESTION

IT doubles the interest in Motion Pictures to read the story of the photoplay as well as to see it on the screen. It appears that many persons prefer to read the story *after* they have seen the play. In all such cases it is advisable to save all copies of this magazine. Thus, all stories will be doubly interesting, and it will be found that a second or even a third reading, after having seen the play, will prove exceedingly enjoyable. Hence, *always save your old copies!*

Just the Portraits You Want For Your Room or Den

Really fine portraits of the players are much sought for and hard to find. For several years the *Motion Picture Magazine* has met this demand by offering colored, rotogravure and various other kinds of portraits as premiums to its subscribers.

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MAR 24 1916

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XI MAY No. 4

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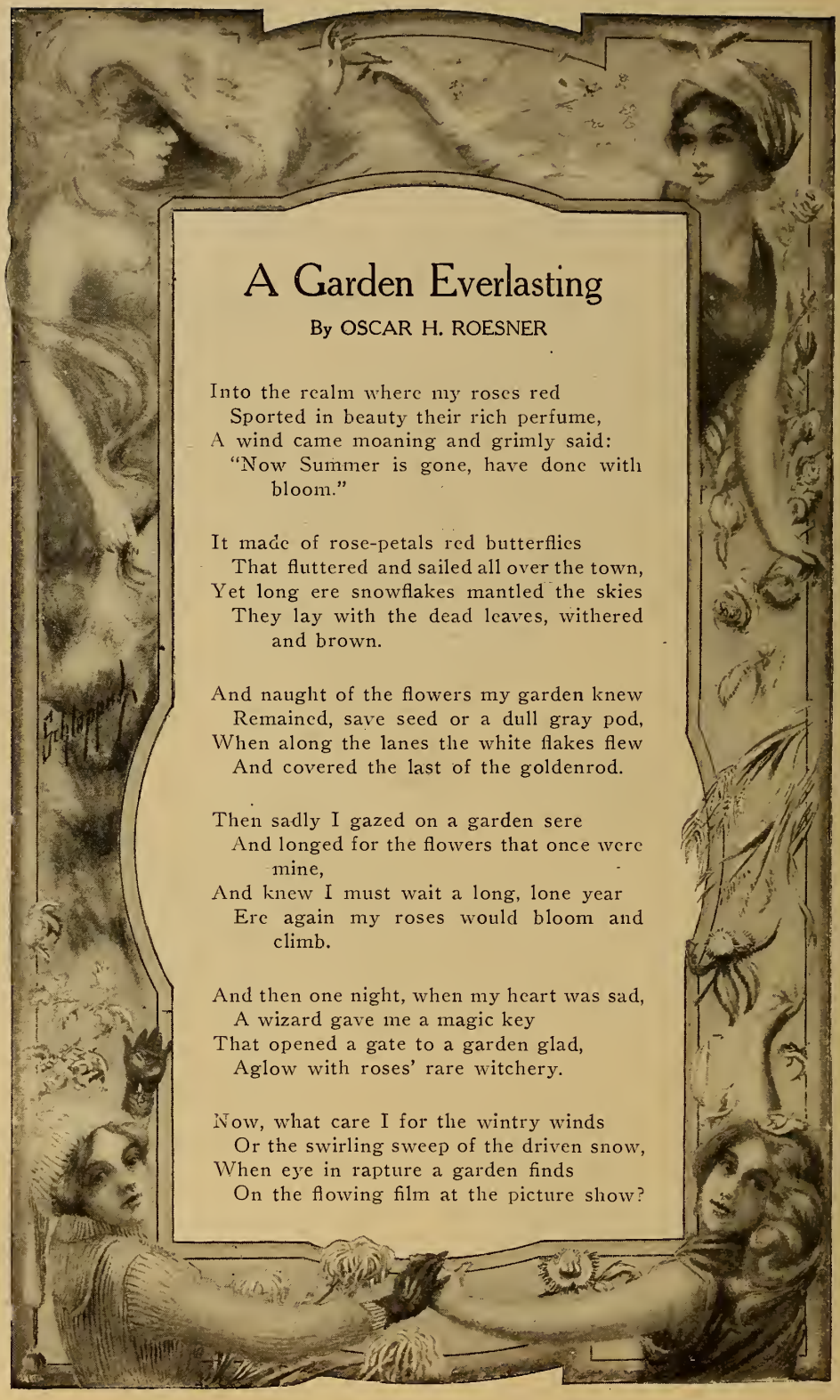


A Garden Everlasting

By OSCAR H. ROESNER

Into the realm where my roses red
Sported in beauty their rich perfume,
A wind came moaning and grimly said:
"Now Summer is gone, have done with bloom."

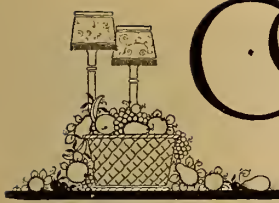
It made of rose-petals red butterflies
That fluttered and sailed all over the town,
Yet long ere snowflakes mantled the skies
They lay with the dead leaves, withered and brown.

And naught of the flowers my garden knew
Remained, save seed or a dull gray pod,
When along the lanes the white flakes flew
And covered the last of the goldenrod.

Then sadly I gazed on a garden sere
And longed for the flowers that once were mine,
And knew I must wait a long, lone year
Ere again my roses would bloom and climb.

And then one night, when my heart was sad,
A wizard gave me a magic key
That opened a gate to a garden glad,
Aglow with roses' rare witchery.

Now, what care I for the wintry winds
Or the swirling sweep of the driven snow,
When eye in rapture a garden finds
On the flowing film at the picture show?



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Something about everything, and everything about something in Picture Land

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE - 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Examine your skin closely! Find out just the condition it is in.

The greatest enemy of your skin

In the care of your skin have you reckoned with the most powerful, the most persistent enemy it has—the outside enemy?

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(Vitagraph)

Photo by Hartsook

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MABEL TRUNNELLE (Edison)

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(Keystone)

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Photo by Hartsook

BLANCHE SWEET (Lasky)

Photo by Floyd

ADELE DE GARDE (Vitagraph)

Photo by Hartsook

JOHN OAKER
(Horsley)

EDNA MAYO
(Essanay)

GEORGE PERIOLAT (American)

Photo by Moody

LENORE ULRICH (Pallas)

Photo by Floyd

BELLE BRUCE (Vitagraph.

NORMA TALMADGE (Griffith)

Photo by Matzene

HARRY DUNKINSON
(Essanay)

Two MEN of SANDY BAR

Redfeather

by

Norman Bruce

From the story by BRET HARTE. Photoplay by OLGA PRINTZLAU

THERE are two sets of books kept, recording the lives and characteristics of every human soul born into the world, and, strangely enough, they seldom tally. Thus, in one, the "Book of Evil," John Oakhurst's name appears under the heading: "Gambler, Frequenter of Dives, Associate of Lost Women and Criminals and Abandoned Men," while in the recording angel's archives the page is covered with blots pitifully erased and interlined and crossed and recrossed until at the bottom it balances somewhat differently.

You shall hear the story of John Oakhurst and the lost dog, Sandy, and the Duchess of the faded, painted

cheeks, and of the Other Girl, and shall judge for yourselves which record is the truer one.

"Aint he the reg'lar devil, tho?" the Duchess chuckled to herself. From her semi-official position at the gambler's elbow she watched the long, clever, white fingers slide the palmed card smoothly into position as nonchalantly as tho the slightest blunder would not have meant death, while the own more or less legally-wedded spouse having gone into retirement from the law on account of the regrettable outcome of a pistol altercation.

"Aint you the reg'lar devil, tho?" she repeated, as Oakhurst shoved back his chair, crammed his winnings carelessly into his pocket and glanced, coolly enough, in her direction. "How much this time, Jawn?"

"Count it," said the gambler, dryly;

THE DUCHESS COULD APPRECIATE FINE WORK OF THIS SORT

other hand swept the red and blue chips into his growing pile.

The Duchess could appreciate fine work of this sort. A ten-year residence in Sandy Bar teaches more than a university course about men and life and death, and leaves its sordid degree branded clearly on its graduate's brow. Once the Duchess may have been young and pretty, with the unsoiled lips of innocence. Now, in her tawdry finery, with the paint thick on her faded cheeks, reeking with strong perfume and stale tobacco smoke and beer fumes, she was, temporarily, "Oakhurst's woman," her then, as the woman's soiled fingers closed greedily over the money, he gave a look of distaste at the scrawny, powdered neck, down which wisps of hair straggled, to the cheap lace of the red cotton-satin gown, "and, for Heaven's sake, keep it and buy yourself a decent gown."

The Duchess' fingers halted in their pleasant task. She flung a swift look into the man's sullen face.

"What's the matter with this one—eh?" she demanded. She hunched one bare shoulder out of the loose sleeve, struck a bravado attitude that threw the much admired contour of her fig-

ure into bold relief, and smiled up at Oakhurst under blackened lids. "Gee! but you're ugly's a b'ar today, Jawn. You need a drink. Come 'long of me and get it. I'll stand treat—I'm flush, I am!"

She waved the roll of bills in his face gaily; but the grim lines of his jaw did not soften, tho he followed her noisy lead to a sloppy table beside the bar.

"Whisky neat," he ordered briefly, and shot down the raw liquor with an impassiveness that the Duchess watched, proudly, from her side of the table. It was not every man at Sandy Bar could drink four fingers of Jake's whisky without winking! There was a queer sort of adoration in the look she gave him, like that of a wife or of a mother, noting her mankind's superiority to the rest of the world. But Oakhurst did not see it. He sat absently drumming, with perfectly manicured finger-tips, on the stained table-top and looking fixedly before him as at some inner vision to which she was not admitted.

The Duchess was justly aggrieved. She flung a provocative glance about the room, pausing at a lone figure squatting miserably over a table near the door. It was that of a man young in years, with a weak, pleasant face in which were set two vague, wistful, blue eyes, friendly, anxious, like those of a lost dog. Alexander Morton, shortened for convenience to Sandy, had but recently drifted into town, no one knew whence or why; it was not etiquette to inquire too closely into such things at Sandy Bar.

The Duchess caught Sandy's wandering glance, and smiled at him with an unconscious gentling of her hard, red lips, as even the worst of women wear in the presence of children or animals.

"There's your prote*gee!*" she sneered to Oakhurst. "Look at him blushin', will you? Daresay *he* wouldn't find this dress so bad!"

Oakhurst did not reply, and the woman's anger flared. "Maybe you'd like to have me ask him!" she said—"you haven't had a decent word to throw at me f'r a week, but there's other men in the world, Jawn Oakhurst, if you're sick of me!"

The gambler turned his tired, inscrutable eyes upon her. "You're welcome to pull up your stakes and locate on a better claim, if you want to," he said, softly. "I reckon I wont stand in your way."

The Duchess quivered as tho she had been struck. Real blood blotted the false stain from her cheeks an instant, as she thrust her face close to his, bosom pressing the table-top.

"Gawd! so you're done with me, eh?" she snarled. "I thought so, and now I'm sure. You're like all the rest of 'em; there aint a man born c'n play square with a woman! Aw, Jawn, you're makin' fun o' me—you dont mean it. Looker me, Jawn, an' tell me you dont mean it, dear."

She was wheedling him with all the poor, sordid art she had, but he got to his feet and stood looking down at her with a mirthless smile. Tall, broad-shouldered, with chestnut hair and mustache, and a white, impassive face, Oakhurst looked oddly out of place in the squalid room. It was this difference about him that the Duchess loved and hated jealously—his immaculate linen and fine broadcloth and well-polished shoes; his white, clean hands and gentleman-air. Now looking up at him, she could have drawn her fingernails joyously across the white, scornful face, or have fallen on the floor and clutched his feet and begged him to stay. But she did neither. One pitiful stratagem was left her, tho she could not guess how futile it was.

With a furious gesture, she tossed the roll of money he had given her into a pool of stale beer at his feet and rustled across the room to Sandy's side. The lost dog looked up, as she touched his elbow, and smiled vaguely; then, as she said something to him, he rose and held out a chair for her with the simple unconsciousness of a man who has been born a gentleman.

Oakhurst watched the woman order drinks, and over them begin to

ply her well-worn arts of fascination; then, coolly, he stooped, recovered the crumpled bills, tossed one to the table, and walked, without a backward glance, out of the room.

"Poor Sandy!" he chuckled; "but the boy was born to be some woman's fool. I'll give him a friendly tip on the Duchess' pedigree tomorrow."

"Hullo, stranger!" he greeted him. "Come back and have a tall one with me. This is my day to howl!" He tapped his breast-pocket significantly. Sandy's weak, young face flushed, but he shook his head almost decisively.

"Cant do it, Oakhurst," he said, with apology in his dog-like eyes; "I'm cutting away down on the booze now."

THE DUCHESS APPLIES HER WELL-WORN ARTS OF FASCINATION TO THE LOST DOG

However, the arrival of several tenderfoots from the East, with inflated pocketbooks, delayed Oakhurst's intention for several days. At the end of this profitable interval, he strode into Jake's place, one morning, to meet Sandy himself coming out of the bar with a steady gait and a stiff set to his shoulders. The gambler clapped his friend on the shoulders.

The gambler stared at him curiously. If this was the result of the Duchess' influence it was a remarkable one.

"A lemonade, then," he suggested, dryly; "make it two, Jake."

Over the innocuous drinks he nodded at the lost dog, and Sandy, a hero-worshiper from his birth, nodded back gratefully.

"Here's how," said Oakhurst; "now loosen up and tell me about it, lad."

A painful red flooded the unbearded areas of Sandy's face. He fumbled with his glass, not meeting his friend's eyes; but there was no thought of evasion in his simple soul.

"It's the lady you call the Duchess," he explained quietly. "I—I married her the other night, you see."

Oakhurst's tumbler fell, splintering, to the floor. He leaned forward, staring at the other with the beginnings of a laugh on his lips, a laugh that died suddenly at the look in Sandy's wistful blue eyes.

"Married—the *Duchess!*" he said slowly. "How did you come to do that, boy—eh?"

"I'd been drinking, I guess," said Sandy. "When—when I came to myself enough to realize what had happened, why, of course, I offered to marry her. A gentleman couldn't do less, you know, so we went to the parson's, at the Gulch, and got hitched." He met Oakhurst's stare with a curious pride. "I'm not saying, John, I should have chosen quite—her sort if I'd been looking for a wife," he said gently; "but she's been kind to me, and I'm going to do my best for her. It isn't everybody that *is* so kind"—his voice faltered; "I never told you how I came to be like this"—the gesture took in his worn clothes and sodden, unkempt beard. "You see, my father wasn't a poor man, John. He'd have given me a good education and a chance to go into his firm, but he was a hard man. He didn't love me; he wasn't kind—so I ran away. I was just a little feller, then, and I says to myself, 'I'll find some one to love me somewhere,' and started out hunting. I've been hunting ever since——"

His voice cracked into sorry laughter. He sat slumped in his chair, gazing ahead of him with his vague, blue eyes, blurred now with childish tears. "But she was kind to me," he muttered drearily—"she was kind—she seemed to understand——"

Oakhurst slipped away, white rage burning in his look, to find the Duchess. At his step she sprang up, with a choking cry.

"You've come back, Jawn?" she gasped, and ran to him, clutching him around the neck. "I know'd you'd come back. I know'd it!"

The gambler flung her from him, with an oath.

"What's this d—d trick you've been playing on Sandy Morton?" he demanded, and broke into harsh laughter. "Marriage! You're a dainty morsel of a blushing bride, aren't you? I suppose you told him that your last husband was still alive, and all the rest of them, too, I've no doubt? What *was* your game, anyhow? He's so easy—I should have thought you'd have tried for better sport."

She picked herself up from the heap into which he had flung her, and crawled to him, humbly.

"I did it to make you jealous, Jawn," she whimpered. "'Course it was a joke. I thought you'd think it was funny! I——"

He jerked away from her clinging hands, and went to the door, turning as he flung it open. *"Funny!"* he echoed. "Do you know we aint either of us fitten to tie Sandy Morton's shoe-string. We're just scum, but he—he's a *gentleman.* You treat him white, that's all I got to say!"

The door slammed. It was the last the Duchess ever saw of Oakhurst—the last Sandy Bar ever saw of him; but there is more to the story.

Two years later the stage that bustled thru the streets of Carmel, the town on the edge of the latest boom, brought a tall stranger, with a white face and chestnut mustache showing above an immaculate frock-coat, and deposited him in the leading hotel for an indefinite stay. The last two years had added and subtracted nothing whatever from John Oakhurst. His long, white fingers had lost none of their cunning, his smile none of its bitterness. And, wherever he went, the eyes of womenkind still followed him.

The first day of the gambler's stay in Carmel was a lost one in his trade—Sunday. And on this day Oakhurst, watching the church-going procession

from the hotel veranda, conceived the amazing notion of attending church service himself. The glimpse of a lovely face in a passing carriage, bent devoutly over a prayer-book, as became the day, but stealing dark-eyed glances now and then from under the flower-brim of her hat, as became her age and sex, had possibly something to do with Oakhurst's resolve. And, as—tall, immaculate and grave as any judge—the gambler entered the church a few moments later, he chose a seat from which he could watch, without presumption, the rose-wreathed hat and its owner's face.

"Spanish," he thought, noting the olive tinge to the round cheek and throat and the finely curved black brows—"proud, too, and wealthy. I wonder who she is."

The strong, tapering fingers closed with sudden force on the cover of his hymn-book. Around him the rustle of silken skirts spoke of kneeling worshipers, and from the pulpit, high above, rolled the minister's voice in prayer. Oakhurst got to his knees. His lips moved in the first prayer they had spoken in long, bitter years. Or perhaps it was not really a prayer after all.

"A great sinner," he murmured, haltingly—"Thou knowest. I've always played square, anyhow, God—I've never asked any favors; but now I'm going to ask one. Thou seest the girl with the dark hair across the aisle. I want her—I want her bad. Let me win her, God, and I'll never cheat at cards again, nor take a penny off anybody that cant afford to lose. This is straight talk. Amen."

The service over, Oakhurst waited outside the church until the flowered hat appeared. As she passed him, a scrap of dainty white fluttered from her fingers to his feet. A certain childlike triumph swept over the gambler's soul, as he stooped to pick up the handkerchief.

"God is willing," he thought—"God is willing."

Doña Jovita, daughter of the wealthiest mine-owner in Carmel, looked up, with a shy smile, into the pale face.

"Thank you," she said, and, for some unknown reason, turned the color of her roses as she met the gambler's steady eyes. Then the pink roses flushed to crimson ones, for instead of giving her the handkerchief Oakhurst had folded it and put it deliberately into his own breast-pocket.

"Ma'am," he said, quietly, "wont you give me another chance to return your property to you? I wouldn't ask it if there was any other way in the world of meeting you, but I reckon your folks are not just—my style. I know this isn't the way gentlemen speak to ladies, but I'm not a gentleman. I'm a gambler, ma'am. Say the word, and I'll take the next train out of town; but, if I stay, I mean to see you again."

Never in all her sheltered life had Jovita met a man like this or listened to words like these. Training and convention urged her to turn a dainty shoulder upon him and walk away, but something stronger than either whispered to her that if she did she would be sorry to the end of her days.

She could not recognize herself as she heard her own voice reply, "Tomorrow, then, at Oak Crossing, when I take my morning ride. Be there at ten, and you may—may give me back the handkerchief, sir."

With a swift movement, she drew the veil across her burning face and ran down the steps to the waiting carriage. The coachman, who had watched the little encounter under the deep shadows of his tall hat, raised his whip and drove the spirited team skillfully down the crowded street, a look of incredulous amazement in his blue, lost-dog eyes.

"John Oakhurst!" murmured Sandy Morton, tramp and prodigal, wanderer and, for the moment, coachman in the employ of Señor Castro, Jovita's father—"I'd know him anywhere. Well, it's none of my business. He was kind to me once, and she's been kind. I dont know as any one's appointed me a chaperon!"

In the days that followed, he clung to his resolution not to meddle in his friend's affairs, tho it was not always

OAKHURST AND JOVITA PLAN TO ELOPE

an easy matter to obliterate himself in his character of attendant groom on Jovita's rides. It soon became an accepted thing for Oakhurst to meet the girl every morning and jog at her side thru the leaf-mottled sunshine, the low murmurs of their voices trailing back to the discreet Sandy. The gambler never gave more than a casual glance at his lady's attendant, and, as he had heard a report of Sandy's death two years before—in the defense, so rumor tittered, of a dance-hall woman's good name!—he would not have recognized his seedy, unkempt protégé in this trim, richly uniformed groom.

One afternoon, coming unexpectedly around a bend in the road, Sandy saw Oakhurst rein in his horse close beside Jovita and bend over her, kissing her once upon her scarlet, smiling lips.

"That's all I shall kiss you, now, Girl o' Mine," he heard the gambler's deep voice say, slowly; "but after tonight——" The broad shoulders lifted, quivered; then, in sudden passion, Oakhurst turned and caught the girl to him. "I've tried—God knows I've tried to make you see what I am —what I've been!" he cried out, roughly, as tho in pain. "I've tried to be square and honest, but maybe I haven't been. It's hard—when I want you so much. Girl o' Mine, help me! Tell me we cant make it true—what we've dreamed; tell me to go away——"

"Hush!" Jovita laid a slender finger across her lover's fumbling lips. "Tonight, John, when I put the three candles in the window. Do you suppose, sweetheart, I'm afraid to go with *you*——"

Sandy waited to hear no more. A great lump rose in his throat, and the tears stood in his shallow, blue eyes, as he cantered back toward town. Just on the outskirts of Carmel stood a tiny, white school-house, and, as he passed, a slender, golden-haired figure was coming down the path between the lilac blows. He turned his face from her greeting with something very like a groan, and dug his spurs into his horse's sides to keep from drawing rein. Her name was Mary Morris, and her face held what it is not good for a penniless wanderer to look upon. Sandy Morton had never known the dear wonder of a home until he glimpsed it in the little schoolteacher's quiet, gentle eyes, and now, with the memory of the kiss he had just seen tearing at his heart-strings, it was almost beyond the bearing to pass her by.

"But I am a gentleman," said Sandy to his quivering soul, "and I am a tramp, and I will not be a scoundrel as well. A gentleman does not ask a woman to marry a tramp, but, dear God, to kiss her just once like those two back there——"

In the stable yard José Castro strode to meet his servant, with a sullen frown on his heavy brow.

"Look here!" he began, violently; "there's a story going around that my daughter has been seen lately riding with a d—d *Americano*. What do you know about it, hey? What have you seen?"

Sandy drew a long breath. In the instant before he answered he knew that he must start again on his lonely wanderings, but lost dogs are loyal to the hands that have been kind to them.

"I know nothing, sir," he said, coolly; "I've seen nothing; I shall say nothing."

Castro raised his whip, with an oath, and brought it down across Sandy's shoulders.

"Then you can get out of my service, you double-dealing scoundrel," he roared, "and you can get out *now!*"

An hour later Sandy Morton drifted from the gate that had sheltered him for nearly two years, into the star-pricked dusk of the summer evening. His heart was very heavy, and his patient, wistful, blue eyes were blurred, so that he stumbled slightly against two well-dressed strangers entering the Castro grounds. One of the men gave an impatient ejaculation, and Sandy drew away, humbly, like a dog expecting to be kicked. And so, after more than fifteen years, father and son met and passed each other by, unknowing.

Señor Castro and his daughter greeted the illustrious Americanos cordially. The name of Alexander Morton was one to conjure with in the West—a name that stood for a great fortune and a great power in the world of buying and selling. But the errand that brought the financier and his lawyer to Carmel was disappointingly uncommercial. Briefly, it was this: Alexander Morton, sixty and lonely, had repented the harshness and cruelty of that younger Alexander Morton, and was bent on finding and

reinstating his son. But here in Carmel, as elsewhere, his search seemed destined to bear no fruit. It was a disappointed, heartsick old man who stood late in the evening at the window of his bedroom and stared out, drearily, into a moonlit world that seemed suddenly very big and very empty to his harsh, old eyes.

As he looked, a triple light sprang out in the dimness from the room beside his, sending three slender, prying fingers into the garden below. A moment later he heard the latch lifted and the rustle of a woman's passage down the hall. The old are as curious as the very young. Alexander Morton, a chuckle distorting his mean, old features, stole to his own door, peered out, then followed the slim shadow on the stairs.

Oakhurst sprang from the shadows of the hedge to meet Jovita; his face in the clear moonlight was that of a boy, swept of evil memories, afire with an inner flame.

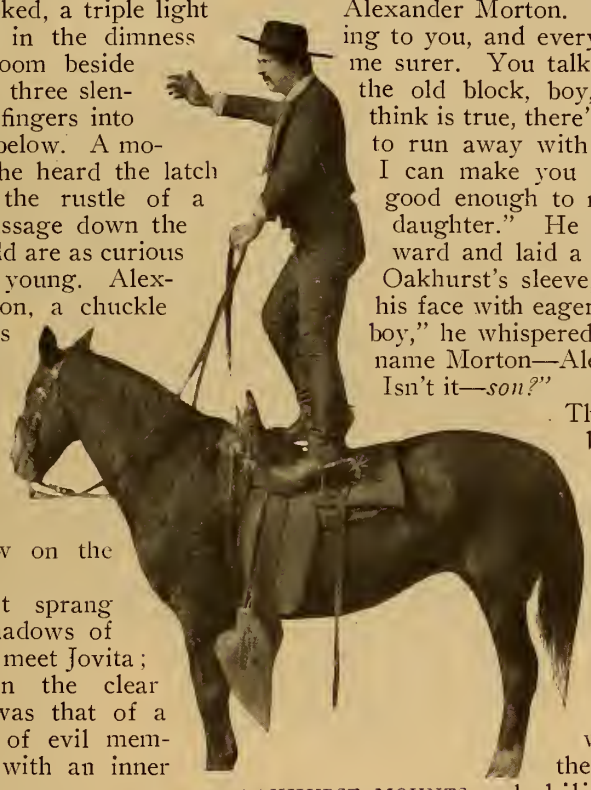
"Are you sure, dear—*sure?*" he asked, his big frame trembling with the nearness of her. "It isn't too late yet. I warn you against me. How can a man who has been a wanderer from boyhood make a woman like you happy? Oh, my dearest, you must be sure—very sure."

"I am sure, John," said the girl, clearly. She touched her breast. "There is an anchor for you—here," she whispered; "or if you must still wander, we will be wanderers together, hand-in-hand."

"Then, God," said John Oakhurst, very solemnly, lifting his face above the dark head to the white sky, "I'll keep my part of the bargain. I've never gone back on my word yet."

To the two in the garden came a big, bent, eager figure, hurrying with outstretched hands. John Oakhurst sprang forward, with an oath, to meet him, fingers on pistol-butt.

"No, no—wait a moment!" said old Alexander Morton. "I've been listening to you, and every word has made me surer. You talked like a chip of the old block, boy, but, if what I think is true, there's no need for you to run away with the young lady. I can make you rich enough and good enough to marry any man's daughter." He took a step forward and laid a shaking hand on Oakhurst's sleeve, peering up into his face with eager eyes. "Tell me, boy," he whispered, "isn't your real name Morton—Alexander Morton? Isn't it—*son?*"



OAKHURST MOUNTS THE WALL OF THE CASTRO GROUNDS

Thru the gambler's brain, accustomed to quick decisions, swept the consequences of this wonderful opportunity — the honored name; the life of ease and luxury he could give the woman he loved; the chance for rehabilitation in the world. And why not? The real Sandy was dead. His father's repentance had been too tardy for him.

There was hardly a perceptible hesitation between the quavering question and decisive answer. John Oakhurst bowed his handsome head.

"I am Alexander Morton—yes," he said.

And still this is not the end of the story of the two men of Sandy Bar. Perhaps it is not even the beginning. In some ways I rather fancy that the real beginning of life to Oakhurst and the lost dog, Sandy, came on that wild night, three months later, when Oak-

hurst, bound in his handsome chair in Alexander Morton's private office, faced his final temptation—and conquered it.

"*You!*" gasped Sandy, peering into the inscrutable face of his supplanter —"*you!*" He wiped his forehead with a hand that shook more than the strong, white ones of his prisoner. "If I'd known it was you who'd stole my name I wouldn't have come to get it back," he said, heavily; "but the papers didn't print any pictures." He looked around at the three hollow-cheeked young scarecrows who had come with him, and his lost-dog eyes were full of foolish tears. "Boys," he said, "we got to untie this man and beat it. Y'see, fellers, he's *my friend*, and a gentleman doesn't go back on his friends."

"Hold on! What is this all about?" snarled a new voice, and old Alexander Morton was in the room, standing by the side of the bound figure in the great leather chair. "Robbery—eh? What have they done to you? Speak up, son."

John Oakhurst looked at the bewildered, terrified faces of his three attackers; at the weak, faithful features of Sandy Morton; at the grim, unforgiving countenance of the old man at his side, and knew that it was in his power to choose the ugly, dangerous truth, or the easy, pleasant lie.

OAKHURST MEETS WITH SERIOUS OPPOSITION AS THE SON OF ALEXANDER MORTON

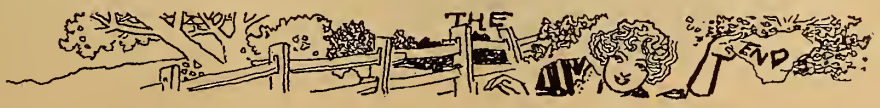
He raised himself in his bonds a trifle, and pointed at Sandy Morton with a steady, white finger.

"You are wrong," he said quietly. "I am an impostor, Mr. Morton. That man there is your son."

And this is almost the end of the story; but, of course, we cannot leave the two men of Sandy Bar in an office for the rest of their lives, even altho that office door bears, as this one does, the sign: "Alexander Morton and *Sons*." It is better to set the bells ringing for a double wedding, from which John Oakhurst and Sandy Mor-

ALEXANDER MORTON'S "SONS" PREPARE FOR A DOUBLE WEDDING

ton led a dark-haired bride and a golden-haired one down the aisle that leads to the dear sanctuary—Home. And then, behind its doors, we may leave them, at last, in better hands than ours.



Arthur Donaldson
Wizard of Make-Up

An Actor with the Painter's Talent Who Creates in Make-up the Queer Characters That He Meets in the Streets

By HUGH HOFFMAN

SOME men are born with several talents. Frequently we find a man in one profession who at the outset of his career was not sure whether he would be one thing or the other, having been given more than his share of the gifts of the gods. No matter which talent such a man follows, he is always reluctant to give up the other. Thus it is we have actors who paint and painters who act, physicians who write, lawyers who sing,

UPPER LEFT, MR. DONALDSON AS BARON DE GRIM (AGED 50); LOWER RIGHT, SAME (AGED 75); AS THE FANATICAL BLUE-GUM NEGRO PRIEST IN "THE GHOST OF TWISTED OAKS" (LUBIN)

AS PRINCE KHARCKAR

AS THE MOONSHINING JUDGE IN "TRICKING THE GOVERNMENT"

AS HANS RITTER IN "THE GREAT GENIUS"

and so on thru the list of successes and failures.

Arthur Donaldson, the World leading man, is one of those who have been singularly gifted, for he is a singer, an actor, and a painter. He found the two blessings of singing and acting were a stronger combination than the painter's talent alone, but he still clings tenaciously to his palette and brush. When it was clear that his future was on the stage, his art affairs had to take a back seat, but the old talent cropped out, so he turned it to his benefit by experimenting in make-up. The result is that he has become a master hand—one of the wizard workers of the picture stage.

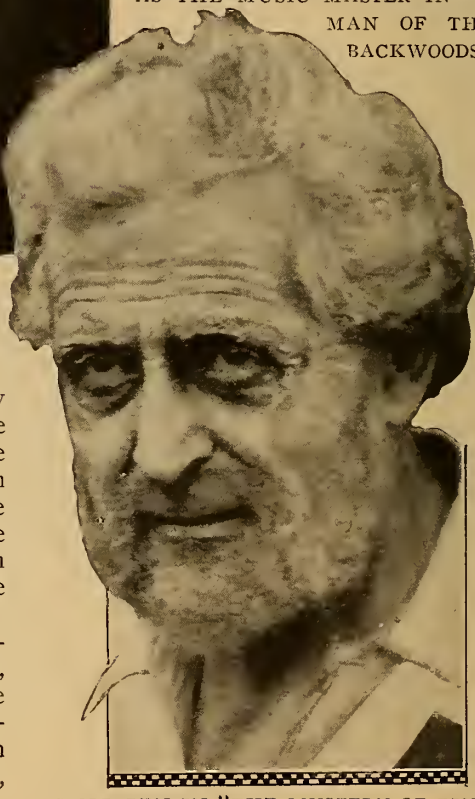
With his three great gifts focused on one subject, Arthur Donaldson has created many delightful characters on the stage and in Motion Pictures. He is perhaps most noted for his characterization of the Prince of Pilsen in Henry W. Savage's opera of that name. Mr. Donaldson played and sang the part from its opening night until it closed, five years later.

One of his greatest works of art as a master of make-up was the character of Baron de Grim in "Madeline, or The Magic Kiss." In this play he depicted the Baron at four periods of his life. First at the age of twenty-five, then at fifty, seventy-five and one hundred years of age. A glance at the photographs of these four make-ups will convince any one that Arthur Donaldson has a deep-rooted understanding of the art of making yourself look like some one else.

Other well-known characters he has created on the stage are Hans Ritter in "The Great Genius," and Frithiof, the lead part in "The Wanderer." Since going into the Motion Picture field, however, he has done more remarkable work in the make-up line than on the stage. In Moving Pictures it is possible to go to lengths that

AS THE MUSIC MASTER IN "A MAN OF THE BACKWOODS"

AS BARON DE GRIM (AGED 100), IN "MADELINE, OR THE MAGIC KISS"



AS OLD BEN IN "THE MYSTERY OF PINE TREE CREEK"

would be impracticable for everyday theatrical use. Hours of time can be spent over a screen make-up, because it is used for only a few days. Such an elaborate make-up would become more than irksome to any actor if he had to spend two or three hours in making up every day for a whole season.

Perhaps the most remarkable Motion Picture make-up he has done, and perhaps it is the most remarkable of any screen make-up, is his characterization of the fanatical blue-gum negro priest in Lubin's recent release, "The Ghost of Twisted Oaks." This characterization was so lifelike that

Mr. Donaldson did not get the proper credit for it. He looked so much like a native African that audiences and film producers simply took him for one and let it go at that. Therein lies one of the penalties of being a genius at anything—it's so natural that it's easy.

One of Mr. Donaldson's favorite Motion Picture characters is Old Ben in "The Mystery of Pine Tree Creek." This is a make-up that he spent not only many hours in putting on, but many days in working out in the beginning. As the old music master, in "A Man of the Backwoods," he is admirable both in appearance and in his acting. Another radically different characterization of his is that of the moonshining judge in Lubin's "Tricking the Government," representing an old mountaineer grocery-store keeper, who was also a judge and tried the moonshine cases while at the same time he was leading a double life by being a moonshiner himself.

Most of Mr. Donaldson's characters are taken from life. When he is cast for a part in a picture or a play he disappears for a few days and leaves no clue. If he were to be seriously traced, however, he would be found around the wharves, or railroad yards, or in some lodging house or park, studying or searching for a certain type. As a rule, he makes sketches of his subjects, and, if necessary, he comes back with the very clothing of the man he wants to typify, after having treated him to a new suit of clothes.

Mr. Donaldson's knowledge of make-up does not stop at grease-paint and wigs. He brings in a knowledge of dentistry and anatomy and the art of deceptive tailoring. The terrible teeth of the blue-gum negro priest, in "The Ghost of Twisted Oaks," are not his own. He made them himself in a dental laboratory. The high cheek bones of that character are also built up with cotton and spirit gum.

The more strange and outlandish a character the better he likes it; it sets his artist's spirit to work, and all that is necessary is to turn him loose with pad and pencil and give him access to his immense roomful of costumes, wigs, beards and other things. The rest is his occult imaginings and considerable fussing over an alcohol lamp.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WISE MAN.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He built a Motion Picture House
Of fair and goodly size.

And then he showed the better films
That were not seen elsewhere,
And very soon this wise young man
Was twice a millionaire!

Falling in Love with her Characters

by Ruth Roland

Popular Photoplayer Tells How She Works Up Interest In Her Parts

To be asked just what characters I have created that I like the most, is a question that I would have to answer in a great many ways, and each way would probably be a full description of different scenes I have played, for in all my work I can think of no one particular character which I can call my own best beloved one. But there are scenes and characters portrayed which do hold in my memory more favored niches than others.

Even when playing in comedy, which I enjoyed, I always felt that pathos and the mirth-provoking qualities were very nearly related. I felt too that the character who could make an appeal to the sympathies of the audience as well as provoke their laughter was the more successful one. All great comedians possess this quality of appeal for sympathy, and a part which gives no scope for this appeal lacks

the quality of comedy which is remembered and smiled over long after the play has been seen.

It was perhaps the opportunities offered by the part of the little country girl, who leaves her home and loved ones to visit an uncle in the city, which gave me this combination of wistfulness and comedy, which makes my part in "Wanted—An Heir" one that I remember as having enjoyed most. The eagerness and yet the sadness with which the little girl leaves her country home to visit her rich uncle, her arrival at the mansion with her unstylish little dog, and the snubbing she received from the other rich relations gathered there, all gave me scope for a character part with just the sort of comedy in its portrayal that surely appealed to me. The story ended happily with the uncle finding that this little country girl was the only one who could stand the test of love over and above his wealth, and her return to her home to find the "boy who liked her" dreaming of her return.

From the moment I read the script for this picture, I loved that little country girl. I just "felt" the kind of clothes she would wear and how she would feel in the great big lonely house, away from those who loved her, with only the little doggie to comfort her. I wanted just the right sort of a carpet-bag for her to carry, and it was not until the night before the commencing of the picture that I found it. I was driving along one of the downtown streets, really intent on the pawnshops, to see if I could perchance see my carpet-bag swinging outside at ninety-eight cents, or so, when a little woman with two children clinging to her skirts walked along, and in her hand was the very carpet-bag I wanted for my little country girl. I guess she is wondering yet why I was so anxious to buy the carpet-bag, and when I did, what I did with it; but as for me, I knew it "belonged" to the part.

In the "Who Pays?" series, in the episode "The Pursuit of Pleasure," I enjoyed the contrasted work in the dual parts of the minister's daughter, and later the wife who listened only to the call of pleasure. Leaving my father's home, I was a girl whose open nature had been buried under a cloak of religion—a religion that would stop the birds singing on Sunday that the Sabbath might be the more quiet. I leave to marry a man who brings to marriage all the ideals of a clean manhood—the lover of little children and a home. The release from the strict régime of my father's home, however, kills any awakening of my better nature that should respond to the love my husband shows me, and I choose the path of pleasure, ignoring a woman's work and the wonderful blessedness of motherhood. A little child brings home to me, however, the realization of what my home is to come to if I do not turn from my present mode of life and make it nobler, and I go to my husband and tell him of this. In these scenes a soul that has been blind to everything beautiful and truly sacred begins to see what life should be made —a wonderfully lovely thing. I leave the room of sweet confessions alone to my husband, with all the glory of renewed faith and love in my heart. I fall down a flight of stairs. An operation follows, and with my recovery comes the terrible truth that I will never know the joy of motherhood. The scene closes with me with my husband, and the awful knowledge that my awakened soul has come too late to a realization of the real worth of life. It was not a winsome part, but it was an appealing one to the one portraying it—drawing on the sympathies and calling for a depth of interpretation; first, for the girl bereft of the simple joys of life; then the wife seeking only the shallow pleasures of life, and at last the penitent woman, awakened to a world which must always be an empty one.

The slang phrase, "to meet yourself coming back," comes to my mind as I remember with pleasure the making of "The Message from Reno," for when I saw this film I did indeed meet myself face to face several times. It was a picture in which I played two parts: one an unsophisticated country girl,

possessing all the charm of an untroubled outlook on life, knowing little of its complexities; the other part a woman of the world—selfish, and caring for little else than to drain to the last drop life's pleasures. The two women look very much alike, and the country girl is persuaded to impersonate the older woman—Mrs. Stanley. Previous to Irma Desmond's impersonating the society woman, she has seen Stanley, the society woman's husband, and they have been mutually impressed. The impersonation follows; the country girl becomes the woman of society. During the filming of this story I had to play the two different rôles alternately many times, and the characterization of two women so entirely opposite in tastes and natures was fascinating and interesting. Thru double exposure of the film these two characters appeared very often on the screen together; and as I watched the simple country girl smiling up into the jaded and discontented face of the society woman, I realized perhaps more thoroly how vastly I had put forth two entirely different natures to portray the two parts.

As Mrs. Stanley in the picture I had a pet monkey, and during the filming of scenes in which the monkey took part I was spared any monotony, for the monkey was temperamental, to say the least for him. The animal seemed to possess a deep and lasting hatred for mankind in general, and it was with a considerable amount of timidity that I played my first scene with him. I was, however, to be an exception, and he and I, with only a few hitches, played together harmoniously. In one scene where he is in the room as I am breakfasting, he evinced a great dislike for butter, grabbing it from my tray and impishly decorating the mirror of the dressing-table with it. It required a great amount of coaxing to finally persuade him to go thru the scene without the butter, but I finally accomplished it. Later, in making "The Red Circle" series, the monkey was almost unmanageable, but, strange to say, obeyed my slightest wishes, and today we are the best of friends.

There are many other stories I could tell about that I have enjoyed; in fact my work is just a continuous round of enjoyment, each day unfolding its own interesting occurrences. One has to be strictly in accord with the character being portrayed, for the camera photographs moods, which neither settings nor costuming will disguise, and unless the actress submerges her own personality in that of the one to appear on the screen, she loses the strength and trueness of the part to be played. Just getting into another person's clothes wont do at all.

The Tie That Binds

By FRANCES MORRISSEY

Lands that were otherwise unseen, unknown,
You bring them, beautiful, before our eyes;
Strange, arid scenes, a distant city's sights,
No details false, O friend that never lies.

Lives that were otherwise alone and sad
You fill with friends that never could be known—
Brave friends and true, whom we have learnt to love,
Who cannot realize the seed they've sown.

The trades that busy those across the seas
You make familiar as our own day's toil;
We see them at their work and at their play,
Altho they live on such a distant soil.

You show their ways to us and ours to them,
So by acquaintance true our hearts you win;
Your reels of film are flung around the earth,
Your clicking camera makes the whole world kin.

"THE HANDS OF IVA SHEPARD ARE AS NEAR A PERFECT TYPE AS CAN BE FOUND"

The Science of the Hand

By CHIRA*

THE science of the hand dates its origin long before the birth of Christ. The most scientific minds in the world have recognized the hand as having a distinct individuality—individualizing each and every one's personality; the traits and characteristics; bringing out all mental and physical defects, also the prenatal and natal conditions. No two hands in the world are alike, nor no two dispositions identically the same. Even in the case of twins their palm patterns are widely different and their natures different in their individuality, or some important difference is shown, according to their temperaments—this is a scientific fact. There are in the world over a billion people, and the palm patterns of no two individuals in all the vast multitude are alike —this has been proved thru a scientific inquiry undertaken by the government; also, the United States Navy Department maintains a Division of Fingerprints for administrative purposes, every enlisted man in the Navy being represented in its records by impressions of his ten fingers taken on glass plates to serve as a means of identification.

The principal contacts with the material surroundings are thru the medium of the palm of the hand; every thought and vibration expressed by the mind is emphasized by a motion of the hand; the hand unconsciously executes every emotion of the brain. The hand is more intimately connected with the brain than any other portion of the entire system. There are thirty-four nerves connecting the brain with the Great Palmar Plexis, or center of the palm; there is no idea or emotion conceived in the brain which is not carried out by the hand, proving that there must be a direct connection between the brain and the hand, as the hand is the servant of the mind, obeying its many instructions and acting at command of the brain.

The hand has been found an infallible test in detecting criminals.

"The superiority of a man is known by his hands."

* To those of our readers who have not made a study of Palmistry, it is announced that Chira is its ablest and best-known exponent.—The Editor.

THE PALMS OF MARGUERITE COURTOT
(Gaumont)

The fingers of the hands of Miss Marguerite Courtot are square and smooth, and the phalanges of the fingers are regular and in keeping with her hands. A striking peculiarity of the hands lies in the fact that the fingers are very much shorter than the base of the hands, an indication that she has not matured as yet and is under twenty-one years of age. Within her next three years there will be great changes in her mental developments and physical organisms, and changes that will influence her career materially. Miss Courtot is unusually advanced in mind and ability for a girl her age, and has inherited qualities that make her capable of giving good advice and of making mature decisions in business matters. She is self-reliant, persevering, ambitious, has excellent will-power, courage and determination. These qualities are as yet only fairly developed in the girl, but upon reaching her maturity she will be characterized by them strongly. The lines running from the lower Mount of Mars to the line-of-life are indicative that Miss Courtot has had little business assistance or influence in attaining her present success. She has won thru her own efforts. The finger of Apollo, the long, sloping head-line, and the fate-line, commencing from the Mount of Mars, all designate her as a success in her present work more than she would be on the stage. The Sun-line, along with the developed Mount of Apollo,

THE FATE-LINE OF MARGUERITE COURTOT'S HAND INDICATES THAT SHE IS JUST "STARTING UPON A LONG AND SPLENDID CAREER"

indicate Miss Courtot's rapid advancement in her present work. According to the fate-line, she is starting upon a long and splendid career, provided she remains in her present vocation.

The Palms of Alexander Gaden
Leading Man (Gaumont)

The hands of Alexander Gaden are classified as entirely conic. They are supremely artistic. Among the thousands of hands of celebrities I have read, I have never seen a better developed thumb. Its regularity indicates physical intensity, severe generalization in opinions, a dominant commercial spirit, and variable emotions of the higher order—at times an exceeding generosity, and at other times a strict exactness and aggressiveness. Grace, flexibility, vital motive power, splendid ambition and will-power are shown in the contour. The straight head-line indicates that the degree of severity in his mentality requires modifying at times, and that he should look toward a higher, more spiritual range of thoughts. He possesses rare imaginative power. He would never have much patience with children. The head-line is closely attached to the life-line and is an indication that Mr. Gaden is extremely sensitive to anything coarse or vulgar. The Sun-line in his right hand denotes a splendid future. Mr. Gaden is an admirer of the opposite sex, has a moderate degree of constancy, but has strong domestic qualities and would make a thoughtful, kind husband. The fate-line, starting from the wrist near the rascettes on the right hand, indi-

"THE HANDS OF ALEXANDER GADEN ARE SUPREMELY ARTISTIC"

cates that Mr. Gaden is starting upon his most successful years. He will have splendid opportunities in 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919, with many professional journeys and changes. The islands on the life-line indicate that Mr. Gaden should exercise great care of his health at his 48th, 49th and 56th years during the months of February, August and October. Mr. Gaden will marry but once, and I regret to say that there will be no children.

THE HANDS OF LUCILE TAFT DENOTE "UNUSUAL VERSATILITY AND ADAPTABILITY"

The Palms of Lucile Taft
(Gaumont)

The hands of Lucile Taft blend in harmony with the fingers, altho the base of the hand is conic and the fingers are all different. The first finger is square, the second is spatulate, the third finger is partly philosophical and square, and the fourth, or little finger, is psychic. Her fingers represent four distinct types of hands —an unusual occurrence. There is only a moderate love of display in her nature; she possesses unusual versatility and adaptability, and is far more artistic than practical. The enjoyment of physical life possesses a great attraction for her. There is a danger of secretiveness in her nature, but very little destructiveness. From the long first finger, Miss Taft is a woman of intellect, somewhat critical and fairly analytical. The length of the first phalange indicates a very determined will-power that will carry to issue anything undertaken. Miss Taft is never actuated by malice or prejudice. The high Mount of Venus gives to her qualities of a wife and mother, a companion and friend. The line-of-life being regular, it is guaranteed that Miss Taft should live to an old age. Success in a professional career is shown in the straight line-of-fate. It is very likely that Miss Taft will marry more than once, as there are two distinct marriage-lines in her hands. It is more than likely that she will become engaged in this year of 1916, followed by a successful monetary marriage. Miss Taft is fond of order, harmony and morality. She loves music, art and dancing; in fact, shows an aptitude for all the refinements that would aid her career, and she is extremely popular with the opposite sex.

THE PALMS OF HELEN MARTEN
(Gaumont)

Judging from the position and slope of the hands of Miss Helen Marten, a striking feature is noted in that all the fingers lean toward the finger of Mercury, the little finger. The same is an indication of both the practical and artistic in the make-up of the owner. A fair amount of business acumen, together with a cautious nature, and at times a melancholy one, have combined to make the girl unhappy at times. But, at the passing of the twenty-first year, Miss Marten should overcome this condition. The head-line stops under the finger of Apollo, at the Sun-line, which indicates that she has cultivated her mind entirely in an artistic line, and has brought all her concentrative powers to bear upon her chosen calling. She thinks success—and will bring it to herself. Her large first finger denotes creative ability. The long-pointed little finger shows that Miss Marten's nature contains much of self-defense. Miss Marten's fate-line is hardly visible until it reaches the head-line, then it becomes stronger, indicating that tho the past has brought a fluctuating sort of monetary success to the young lady, she is now entering upon a substantial, lasting career. Miss Marten's life-line could be a great deal stronger. She must be careful of her health in January, 1917. There is a tendency toward marriage before the month of May in this year of 1916, that, if she decides to accept, will result in a happy union to a man in her own calling and a successful artist. He would outlive her, and she would be the mother of one child. Miss Marten is not demonstrative, only caring for affection from those she is fond of. Industry, perseverance and thrift are her characteristics.

"INDUSTRY, PERSEVERANCE AND THRIFT ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF HELEN MARTEN"

THE PALMS OF IVA SHEPARD
(Gaumont)

The hands of Miss Iva Shepard are distinguished from the ordinary type.

(*Continued on page* 186)

The ARTIE

This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE ADE, produced by the VITAGRAPH COMPANY

COLONEL PHILETUS HAMILTON, millionaire railroad magnate and all-around dignitary, sat erect, in amazement. In the outside office were the most unholy noises — noises that defied description; noises that offended the ear; noises that savored, so pondered Millionaire Philetus, of ribaldry. Not so, while the shimmering ducats rolled in, was the official quarter conducted. A sabbath stillness reigned at all times, broken only by the clickety-clack of a demure stenog's keys. Then, "Your son is here!" announced the office boy with the voice of one who says "The Day of Judgment is come!" And Philetus groaned until the drops of anguished sweat anointed his Midas brow. For ever since his son had squalled away the precious night-hours, some twenty-odd years ago, he had been a perennial sweat-raiser to Philetus. He had been born with an undiluted gall; an astounding nerve; a speech-taking impudence; an Ego that shrieked in one's face. He was, and always had been, a most harrowing young person. Wherefore, the father groaned and sweated.

However, he was here, even as the boy had said. His son was here, freshly graduated from Harvard, and it was most unparental not to give him the glad hand—not to extend a welcome. Philetus labored up from his desk and opened the door of his sanctum. Then he became riveted to the spot. The unholy noises were being perpetuated, and they consisted of a rollicking "Rah! Rah! Rah!" by his son, accompanied by a waving Harvard pennant, and a snappy, swaggery, jaunty walk that introduced most vividly Mr. George M. Cohan.

"Artie!" called the father, breathlessly, and cast an abashed glance at his outraged stenog and his pop-eyed office juvenile.

"With you, Guv!" and the irrepressible blew airily into the potentate's P. O.

Philetus made a commendable effort, swallowed hard, and beamed convincingly upon his heir. "So," he cried, heartily, "you have graduated—with honors, I suppose."

"It all depends," grinned Artie, extracting a cigar from his parent's

Millionaire Kid

by Gladys Hall

vest pocket, "on one's idea of —er—honors!"

"The idea," frowned Philetus, "is that I trust you have honorably attained a degree."

"Right-o! I have honorably and justifiably attained the degree of G.B.P.D.Q." Artie swelled his chest.

Philetus swelled his own chest. After all, the boy was clever—very clever.

"Er—just what is the full meaning of the degree?" he queried. "It sounds well."

"Doesn't it, tho?" agreed Artie, thru wreaths of smoke; "but all is not gold that glitters, pater. The meaning of my distinction is Grand Bounce, Pretty D—n Quick! They didn't appreciate your little Artie up at Harvard, dad. They thought I looked like I needed a mother's care. And here I am—back on the dear, old farm. Take muh to your chest!"

Philetus rose in wrath. He was hurt in a tender spot. He had endured the unendurable long enough.

"And *I* confer on you the degree of N.G.!" he bellowed, apoplectically. "Now, get out —and prove the contrary! Damme, I'm sick of your nonsense!"

Artie hurtled thru space into the outer office—into the aghast presences of the stenog and the juvenile; into a sudden chilly doubt as to his own invincible wisdom. Then Ego returned, tenfold, and gripped him by the hand. He arose, and smiled insouciantly at his irate parent. "I'm on, Guv," he announced; "and I'll be back within a year with ten thousand dollars—and your words done up au gratin for you to try your

molars on. Auf wiedersehen, mein vader—farewell, my Lady of the L. C.—ta, ta, Small Boy—I'm off! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Artie Hamilton stood on the outskirts of the hamlet of Byways, and gaped at a sign-post for inspiration. Greater than he had sought wisdom from a sign-post and not been disappointed—so he eagerly reflected. Armed with a supply of books bearing on "How to Be Beautiful," he had emerged from his gilt-edged cocoon into the butterfly of salesmanship. If, he argued, the gift o' gab was a requisite of salesmanship, he ought to put "How to Be Beautiful" ahead several editions. Not a very glowing start to the $10,000, perhaps, but from little acorns, etc., etc.

Suddenly his eyes brightened. The sign-post bore the inscription "Byways," and, beneath, the magic legend, "Byways Seminary for Young Ladies —One Mile." There, in that modern cloister, were, no doubt, a hundred acolytes to the shrine of Beauty—a hundred devotees to face lotions and freckle removers; a hundred thirsting souls at the knowledge fount of Beauty. There, in that hall of learning—and wall of yearning—lay the corner-stone of his fortune. Thither hastened Artie Hamilton, his young face aflame with the zeal of the despised American money-maker.

Men were not admitted, he read. But no such airy persiflage daunted Artie. A mere woman had issued that edict. And what was a woman when confronted with the gift of beauty?—an abject, spineless thing with yearning eyes and parched lips.

Artie surveyed the fortress keenly. It was securely walled and apparently impenetrable; but Artie was a climber from youth, and a negro, sleeping an unwakable sleep, offered a stepping-stone to the top of the wall. Artie stepped atop the ebony kinks and gazed down upon—— "By Jove!" he whistled, "some pippin! I'll marry that girl—so help me!"

The unsuspecting demoiselle, deep in Virgil, remained unconscious of the

THE UNHOLY NOISES CONSISTED MOSTLY OF A ROLLICKING "RAH! RAH! RAH!"

blatant admiration of A. Hamilton. Unconscious, too, of a curious thing; for the eyes of A. Hamilton suddenly softened and became very tender and curiously wistful, and the mouth of A. Hamilton looked like his little-boy mouth used to look when he wanted to be rocked to sleep and there was no mother to rock him. It lasted only for an instant, but it was the birth of love. And the death of that love came only when they laid A. Hamilton away for his last, long, quiet sleep.

At the juncture when the verve and nerve returned to Artie's cheery physiognomy, the girl looked up and started, and blushed, and waxed indignant. "'Lo!" called Artie, friendly-wise, and dropped onto the ground, to the subconscious relief of the negroid.

The girl rose. "Sir!" she cried, and Artie's eardrums thrilled to cadences in her voice.

"I'm selling books!" he reassured her, hastily. "I——"

"But men are not allowed in here! It's against our rules. The—the principal is a man-hater."

"Oh, that's all right," beamed Artie. "I'm not a man—I'm a salesman. There's quite a difference—quite a difference."

"W-what are you selling?" the girl inquired limply, not knowing what else to say to this astonishing person with the likable face.

"Something that *you* have not the slightest use for," he responded gallantly; "but I'd like to present you with a copy, anyway. Doubtless you can pass it on to one less fortunately endowed."

EVEN A NEWSPAPER WAS A RARE TREAT FOR THE SEMINARY GIRLS, BUT A BOOK ON "BEAUTY"——!

The girl took the proffered volume, timidly, read the title, and blushed adorably. "Thank you," she smiled. Then, "Oh, here come the girls!" she cried.

They descended upon them in a flurry, gasping with excitement. "Oh-h!" they were crying, "a m-a-n!"

Artie admitted to the accusation, and became the center of an admiring throng, to whom he presented his books at random and dispersed josh liberally. Annabelle, the Girl, meanwhile stood apart, watching him

questioningly, and in her eyes dawned a strange, gladsome light.

Artie was about to lose his head from popularity, when Annabelle grasped his arm. "The principal!" she gasped. "Girls—Miss Splinter!"

Miss Splinter came on at a run—a veritable pillar of withering scorn and outraged virtue. Artie squared his shoulders, smiled fetchingly, and stepped gracefully forward. "I have ze honor," he began, "to be ze Professor Artemus Hannibal—authority on beauty. Ah!" here he kist his finger-tips and wafted the caress heavenward, "zat I should find so fair a subject. Permit me ze honor to present you wiz my book, madame!"

Miss Splinter felt the corpse of hope revive and stir in her ingrowing chest. Some horrid mockery of a blush did queer things to her sallowness. She accepted his crooked arm grandly, and sailed away, followed by Annabelle and a convulsed bevy of beauty.

Ignoring the girls, Miss Splinter coyly entreated Artie to remain for tea, but Artie reluctantly declined, hoping for another word with Annabelle. As he came down the steps, Annabelle signaled to him and slipped him a note. Artie smiled and leaned toward her. "You're going to love me, young lady," he hissed, "and you're going to love me *hard*. I advise you to begin!" Then he strolled on, leaving Annabelle the center of a chattering group of girls. On the village street he read the note, which gave him to understand that Annabelle was christened Annabelle Louisa Willowby, that Byways was her hometown, and that school was out at four, when it was her custom to wend her homeward way. "Good to know," observed Artie, "but relatively unimportant."

Considering that the sale of fifty volumes and falling irrevocably in love was a man-sized day for any one, Artie decided to abandon toil and loiter until four o'clock brought Annabelle's release from the Splinter.

The main street of Byways seemed the only available stamping-ground, and thence Artie repaired to dream dreams of the impending $10,000. As if in sardonic refutation of such preposterousness, he came face on to the rear of his father's car. "Now what," he whistled to himself, "is dad doing in this rube-town?" Knowing well that dad never *did* without a colossal purpose, Artie played S. Holmes and slid successfully down by the car to overhear the conversation between his parent and his parent's side-partner, Burleigh.

"The land that we want," Hamilton was saying, "is all owned by a man named Updike. As soon as our plans are complete for the branch line of the road, we'll buy him up cheap. We must do it before he gets a hint of the rails coming out here and raises the price on us."

Burleigh nodded and began a ponderous reply, and Artie slipped away. "Come to me, oh, mazuma!" he caroled joyfully; "I think I see a second Philetus H. in little Artie!"

Four o'clock brought Annabelle, flushed, a bit abashed, and very fair. Artie offered her his arm with the air of a man to whom life can offer nothing further. She took it with much the same manner. And they strolled down the village street in a sort of unearthly absorption. "Gee! you're *some* kid!" would explode Artie, at intervals. "Oh, you go on now!" would titter Annabelle. And, "Honest, I mean it!" would affirm Artie.

Finally, Artie came to and roused himself. "Any other fellow on the string?" he asked. Annabelle blushed.

"I haven't much time for fellows," she replied, "and there aren't many in Byways, anyway; but Uriah Updike wants to—marry me—and my parents want me to marry him."

Artie glowered. Here were complications. But his middle name was Complications. They were a hobby-horse for him to ride—on to glory.

"What's he like?" he demanded.

Annabelle sighed dejectedly. "Oh, he's *old*, and silly, and smirky, and conceited, and shriveled, and—and *clammy*."

"Great cats!" swore Artie, "what's the big idea? Why do ma and pa favor this Adonis?"

"Oh, yes," remembered Annabelle; "he's the richest man in Byways—in the county, I guess—and the most important. And he's promised to give daddy half his fortune—for me."

Artie scowled. "*Some* exchange!" he commented; then he thought swiftly: "Updike's the man dad's patting him upon his bony back, as who should say, "The exchange is made—the girl for the gold."

"Dont you think you'd better—not?" she quavered.

"I think I better *had!*" maintained Artie, fiercely; "what's in a parent?"

There was considerable in Annabelle's parents. They made the young salesman acutely aware of his undesirability. "We are of the oldest

URIAH UPDIKE HAD HIS HEART SET ON CAPTURING ANNABELLE

after. 'Spose I get after them both and squeeze my little ten thousand from their hides? Oh, dad—oh, Uriah—oh, Artie, my son—oh, Annabelle!"

It was with fear and trembling that Annabelle consented to present this effervescent stranger to her Updikish parents. She labored under the understandable impression that they would not regard his comeliness with favor, and her fears were not lessened by the vision of Updike himself awaiting her on the porch with her parents. Her father was in the act of family of Virginia, sir," froze Mama Willowby; "can you expect us to give our blue-blooded darling to a—a—salesman?"

Artie affirmed his expectancy. Papa Willowby bellowed a dismissal. Updike danced and fidgeted like a marionette. Annabelle looked pale and frightened. Artie stood his belligerent ground, to the undisguised astonishment of the three, to whom such impudence was a new thing under the sun. And, when he finally and truculently departed, it was to keep tryst with Annabelle at the back door and

receive from her her very best photograph as an ad for his beauty book.

Arthur Hamilton spent the next three days in the toil of his lifetime, and on the end of the third day he had sold his books, rented a real estate office, sent a telegram, and bought out the town paper. Then he sat down to await the further maturity of his plans. That night the town paper came out under the new editorship, and it bore two items of news that were sensationalisms in Byways. One was that the wealthy society queen, Mrs. Winifred Joyce, was coming to Byways on some important business transaction; and the other was that the new railway would be out that way ere long, but that the Updike property did not stand in the right-of-way. Wherefore, Updike's avaricious soul dropped in despondency.

THE WIDOW MAKES AN IMPRESSION ON UPDIKE, MUCH TO THE DISGUST OF MR. WILLOWBY

Updike was of that pitiable type who fawn upon woman with amorous insistence. A miserable thing himself, he, nevertheless, coveted the young, the fair, and the flower of femininity. Instability being among his many virtues, he immediately fell for the dashing widow when curiosity impelled him to Artie's office to gaze upon her. She immediately took advantage of his infatuation to tip him off regarding the railroad. "Your property is worthless, my friend," she assured him. "I happen to know, for a certainty, that you do not stand in the right-of-way; there is a property that does, of course. But I am not at liberty to disclose the name just yet. However, if you want my advice, it is that you let Mr. Hannibal sell your property for you and get something out of it while the market is fair."

Updike wasn't at all sure that he liked the idea, but he was very sure that he liked the charming widow, and so he gave his property into Artie's willing hands. When he had reluctantly departed, Artie turned to the widow. "Frank, old pal!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "you're *some* skirt, all right. Julian Eltinge has nothing on you. You little bright-eyes, you! You little cutie!"

Frank laughed and bobbed his

wigged head. "Good I rehearsed the blamed part so thoroly for Commencement," he said, "else you'd have had to have a regular girl for this little game!"

Annabelle was the only one in Byways who didn't take to the fascinating widow. And how could she, when she had given her poor little heart into the hands of Artemus Hannibal, only to see him embracing the widow at odd moments, and ever enthusiastic in her presence! Moreover, he was most neglectful of late, sending flowers to condole her for his mysterious absences. And the entire town was railing at Artemus Hannibal. Updike called to see her now, for the express purpose of slandering the impudent pup. Her father was speechless when it came to discussing his gall. He had been among those to buy Updike's land from Hannibal, and the latest was that it was Brown's land, and not Updike's, that stood in the right-of-way of the coming rails.

In a body the outraged Bywayers descended upon Artie and demanded that he make restitution. With a truly magnanimous spirit, Artie consented to buy back Updike's land at the figure at which he had sold it. The people were appeased, and Artie, who had that afternoon sold Brown's land to Updike, transferred the cash again and re-bought Updike's property, refusing only to buy back that which he had sold Willowby.

Willowby went home in a rage, followed by Updike and the widow. "The puppy!" he declaimed to them. "He refuses to re-purchase from me, out of vengeance. He ruins me because I withhold Annabelle. Oh, the puppy—the insolent puppy!"

Updike, happy in the belief that he held Brown's land, and that Brown's land was the real gold-mine, said nothing.

And the next day Philetus Hamilton descended upon Byways and sent for Uriah Updike. "I want to see your property, Mr. Updike," he said.

Updike grinned, showing his yellow fangs in anticipation. Here was the railroad king; there was Brown's land, pregnant with wealth; there was the widow, ripe to his touch. He drove them blithely to Brown's property. Hamilton looked at it blankly, then at Burleigh, then at Updike. "This is not the property in the right-of-way, Mr. Updike," he said; "I meant your other—your original land."

Uriah Updike stared—his mean, little, miserly, puny soul stared thru his eyes. And all at once he understood. Artemus Hannibal had conned him. He was lost! And the ones who held the priceless land were no others than Willowby and Artemus himself. There wasn't much to say, but what there was he said. And he said it so virulently, and so profanely, that Philetus Hamilton turned pale and Burleigh covered his ears. Then Uriah Updike leaped from the car and vanished.

"Who did he say owned this property now?" asked Hamilton, after their amazement had subsided.

"Aretemus Hannibal was the name," responded Burleigh.

Artemus Hannibal had heard of the paternal descent, and was awaiting their arrival. He had waited long, it seemed, and schemed mightily for this moment. There were big things at stake, and the fruits thereof were ripe. The widow was with him, as ever, and her he bade retire into the anteroom. "I'd best face the guv'nor alone," he said.

Philetus Hamilton hadn't risen from stoker to magnate without some jolts and jars, but the greatest of these was his son's imperturbable face, as he greeted him under the appellation of Artemus Hannibal. "So!" he said, after a silent instant, "it's you, eh? Well——"

"Well, dad," responded Artie, sunnily, "you've come to buy?"

"I've come to buy the old Updike property," the father said briskly. "I understand that you own it."

"I do—with a bit of assistance from a Mr. Willowby. The price is one million dollars."

Philetus gasped. Then he rallied. "Where are you going to get three thousand to cover your option?"

THE CHARMING WIDOW TURNS OUT TO BE A MAN

Artie had not the most remote idea, but like father like son. He rallied. "That doesn't floor me, dad," he smiled; "my price sticks."

Philetus leaned forward, craftily. "Here's a tip, my boy," he said confidentially; "sell out C.O.D. and buy S.O.S. You'll make your three thousand dollars."

Artie met his father's eye squarely. "I'm on," he chirped. "Come back tomorrow."

They met in the hotel the following afternoon. Mr. Willowby was there, and Annabelle, looking balefully at the widow, and Uriah Updike, looking worse than that at nonchalant Artie.

"Well, my boy?" queried Philetus, stepping forward pleasantly to greet his son.

"Well, pater," answered Artie, "I took your tip—n-o-t, *not!* I just reversed your kindly little tidbit, and, consequently, here's the three thousand dollars! Now for my price, dad. It sticks. To be, or not to be——"

Philetus gave the Impossible a despairing and a defeated glance; then he looked at the appreciatively grinning countenance of Burleigh, and his own relaxed. After all, the boy was clever—he had in him the stuff of the Hamiltons; he was the making of a second Philetus after the original was gone. That was something. He whipped out his check-book. "You win!" he came up, sportingly. "I eat my words—au gratin."

Artie gave an undignified whoop and turned to clasp the widow in a whirlwind embrace. His father, who had been eyeing the lady approvingly, looked stunned. Annabelle turned a sickly green, Uriah pranced, and, at the moment of high pressure, the widow flipped off her hirsute adornment and stood revealed in all the unallure of her masculinity. Philetus bellowed with amusement; Uriah took to his heels; but Artie, waving the check, turned to the abashed Annabelle and the grinning Willowby. He took Annabelle in his arms, and the unaccustomed light came into his laughing eyes. "Now," he whispered, "it's the honeymoon trail for you and me—the lotus lands, honey-babe—the big time; then, when this is gone—some more."

Annabelle clung to him. "This is enough," she whispered back—"I'd just as soon make this do."

Artie hugged her close, but his bright eyes traveled past her to the check for seven figures that he still held aloft, and the soul of Philetus Hamilton, millionaire, glowed in his son's eyes.

ETIQUETTE ...

On the proper way for two women to spend an evening in a Moving Picture Theatre

By
W. A. SCRANTON

FIRST, approach the ticket-office via the waiting-line. Dont stand one behind the other as the rest are doing; be original and walk abreast—it preserves a straight line and enables you to plan together what to wear at the church social next week. If the small boy in front of you is in your way, step on him, over him, or around him. He has no business there, and ought to be in bed, anyway. Be sure to tell the whole line what you would do if you were his mother—they are interested. If you have an umbrella or parasol with you be sure and carry it in a horizontal position, one end in front and one behind. This prevents crowding in the line, and gives you more opportunity to display your new suit. If the man now in front of you objects, give him an icy stare and be sure to "whisper" to your friend and the people behind you what you think of a brute who is rude enough to make such remarks to a perfect lady.

When you finally reach the box-office be sure to inquire the price of all the seats in the house. Of course you only expect to get in the five-cent section, but it costs nothing to ask. After arguing between yourselves for a little while whether the boxes at twenty-five cents or the twenty-cent section is the best, whisper to the ticket-seller to hand over two five-cent admissions.

Now begins the hardest part of the performance. Remember that you are both ladies, and that politeness is the main object of this article. Both of you should hesitate a second after the tickets are passed out and then say, "I'll pay for them." The one who "gets there" first has a slight advantage at this point, as the other one will necessarily have to answer back, "No, I'll pay for them."

Each of you insist on paying. To explain how this should be carried out I will cite a conversation between two women who are old veterans at it:

BOTH TOGETHER—I'll pay for these.

SECOND—No, I'll pay for them.

FIRST—Oh, no, I insist.

SECOND—Well, I insist too.

FIRST—But John told me I was to pay for you.

SECOND—Yes, but Will said that I simply had to take you this time.

FIRST—(with fervor)—But I am going to pay.

SECOND—(also with fervor)—No, you're not; I am.

Here they have reached the climax. Note how tactics should be changed.

FIRST—But I really want to.

SECOND—So do I.

FIRST—And I think I ought to. You know you bought me a soda the last time we were downtown.

SECOND—Yes, but you bought that bag of caramels.

FIRST—I know it, but dont you think it's up to me?

SECOND—Well, I think I ought to; dont you?

BOTH TOGETHER—(with a show of reluctance)—Well, if you insist.

Look at each other for a minute, then look at the ticket-seller and the waiting-line. By this time it is necessary to reach for your purse. Do it slowly. If you dont, your friend may outwait you and then you will have to pay. At this point, if the ticket-seller or the men behind make any comments, just freeze them with another icy stare. They had no business to say anything, and this diversion gives you an advantage in time, provided that your friend doesn't also use the same tactics.

Now open up your hand-bag slowly. Search for your purse and dont find it. Take out all the other articles, one by one, until there is nothing left but your purse. Take that out slowly and open every compartment but the right one. Of course it will be necessary eventually to pay, unless your friend is not so adept as you are, and in that case she will have to pay.

The above requires great skill and foresight to be done properly, but with constant practice excellent results can be obtained.

I once knew a woman who had become so proficient in this art that she seldom carried any money with her. She boasted that she had not paid for admission to a movie in six months. She used the general mode of action described above, but had added many refinements, such as seven purses, one inside the other; a torn lining inside her hand-bag, and in which the purse was hid; a number of bulky but light objects which she carefully packed in her hand-bag, etc., etc.

USE A FOX TROT, HOBBLE OR WOBBLE, AS THE FASHION OF THE TIME DICTATES

Of course these refinements come with constant practice and can be adapted to meet any local or personal conditions.

After the ticket has been paid for it is necessary to use haste in order not to miss the first film. Use a fox trot, hobble or wobble, as the fashion of the time dictates. You now arrive

at the entrance gate. This is generally two to three feet wide, but it is necessary, in order to get all of the enjoyment out of it, for both of you to try to get thru the gate at once. The stouter the both of you are, the more you will conform to the proper rules.

No, do not drop your tickets in the box. Wait until you are inside the foyer, and when the doorman calls after you, throw the tickets at him. A good, tart remark about his insolence in calling you back will come in handy here, but if you are breathless from previous exertion it is not necessary.

Walk over to the furthest aisle. The more people you can push out of the way the better. Shove in thru the crowd until you reach the usher and ask him to show you two seats in the twenty-cent section. If he asks for your coupons, tell him indignantly that you have none—that the doorkeeper would not give them back to you. Also remark in a loud voice that you intend to report the doorman and usher for insolence. The usher likes it—so do the people in the rear aisle seats. It diverts their attention from the poor films.

Follow the usher down the aisle toward the five-cent section in the front. It is possible often to spot two vacant seats in some other section, and, if so, dont hesitate to take them. The farther they are from the aisle the better it is. Let the usher walk down to the five-cent section alone. Exercise is good for him.

Do not wait for the man on the aisle seat to stand up. It is much easier to shove past his knees while he is sitting down. Every four feet on your journey thru the row turn around and make some comment to your friend, such as "Oh, there is —— (name some prominent society girl) over on the other side," or "It's too bad the better seats were all sold," or "Never again for mine. I'll get a box seat next time or I wont come." The chances for variety in conversation here are unlimited. The people beneath you enjoy it, too.

You will eventually reach your seats, but before you do so make good use of your parasol. For hitting the hats of the women in the row in front of you, or for stabbing the feet of the men you pass, the parasol is second only to Charlie Chaplin's cane.

When you reach your seats, do not sit down immediately. Stand up and look around for your friends. It is dark, I know, but if you wait long enough your eyes become accustomed to the darkness, and you may then recognize the backs of some acquaintances. The people in back of you have x-ray eyes and can move to some other seat if they dont like it.

THEY CAN SEE THRU THE CROOK IN YOUR ELBOW

When you do sit down, be sure and do not remove your hat. That is only necessary in legitimate theaters and is not expected here. It is a good plan to raise both hands to the head, with elbows held high, and utilize the next five minutes in rearranging your hair under your hat. The person in back of you can see the screen very well thru the space left in the crook of your elbow. It will break the monotony for him, if it doesn't break his neck.

Finally, after you have adjusted things to your own satisfaction, you notice that the reel has started. Mention this fact loudly to your friend. Of course it is not necessary to look at that picture, as there is another show and you can see it then, so use up the time in berating the ticket-

seller, doorman, usher, etc., for delaying you. If this topic runs out before the reel does, use the remaining time in planning what every member shall take to the next club picnic. The mentioning of food is pleasant to those about you, especially if you lay stress on the fact that Carrie will bring the young onions, or that Joe works near a cheese factory and can get all the limburger necessary. This is a strong point to be remembered.

All the time that the picture is running place your forearm firmly on the arm-rest at the side. The party next to you doesn't need any of it, and you

ALWAYS TAKE YOUR TIME AND WALK LEISURELY

never can tell what contamination will come from sharing your arm-rest with a strange person.

If possible, run your feet up the crack at the back of the seat in front of you. It gives extreme pleasure to the person sitting there. I once knew a woman who became so adept at this that by just a slight movement of her foot she could tell the make of the corset the woman in front of her was wearing.

The second picture starts now. Read the title and cast of characters out aloud. The woman beside you looks like a foreigner and probably cant read. At any rate, she will appreciate it, as it will save her the exertion of reading it.

As soon as the different characters appear, name over all the different plays in which you have seen them act and be sure to state the weak points in the acting of each one. This will help others in deciphering their faults and will be appreciated.

Take turns in reading the subtitles in a loud, resonant voice. It is sometimes hard to drown out the piano, but this is necessary if you desire to become a regular movie "fan." And this reminds me—when other topics fail, "pan" the piano player; that is what she is hired for.

There are any number of other points that can be brought out during a five-reel performance, such as debating with yourself whether or not you have seen this picture before; explaining how the plot of the story could be improved; claiming that the picture must be old, for the styles shown are those of season before last, etc., etc.

It may not be advisable to use all of these topics the first time—you might wish to go with the same friend at some future date. This, however, tho possible, is not likely to happen if you follow these instructions carefully.

Of course wait until you have seen the entire show. If you care to and have the time, sit thru two or three performances; there might be some gowns you overlooked the first time. Also, the theater does not need the seats—there is plenty of standing room in the lobby, and other people enjoy seeing the show from there. It's good exercise to stand up.

After you decide to leave, spend at least ten minutes with your arms in a perpendicular position, arranging your hair, your hat, etc. The exact position of the elbows, and its accompanying results and advantages, are described minutely in a previous paragraph.

Do not arise to leave in the interval between films—this is necessary to remember—wait until the most interesting incident in a picture is being portrayed, then arise and squeeze thru the row to the aisle, as described above. Make good use of your parasol and

THE LONGER THE FEATHERS THE BETTER

elbows. Remember that all feet in the row should be trampled on if possible, and if there are any hats or wraps on vacant seats, be sure to sweep them off in a majestic manner. One thing to be remembered is that you should never say, "Pardon me"; "Oh, I'm so sorry," or similar expressions. These are entirely uncalled for and should never be used.

When you reach the aisle wait for your friend, and the two of you walk up the aisle abreast, as near the seats as possible. This will accomplish the desired result of keeping the aisles clear of swinging arms and protruding legs. About every ten feet it is customary to turn around and gaze at the scene being flashed on the screen. Comment on the action being enacted and be sure and notify the portion of the audience near you concerning the plot of the next four or five scenes.

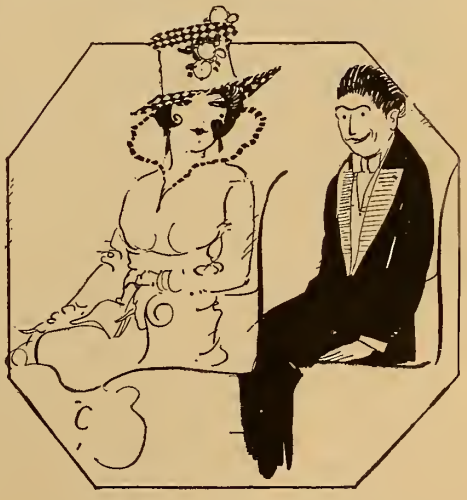
When you reach the lobby, dont forget to hunt up the usher that would have taken you to the five-cent section, provided you had not been too wise for him. Lay him out. Give him a piece of your mind. It's safe, as all theater employees are warned never to strike a lady.

When finished with your harangue, proceed to the full-length mirror in the rear of the lobby. It will be necessary to see if your hat is still on straight. Use up all the room that you can. You have paid five cents for the privilege, while the others there probably came in on passes.

Leave sedately. You can, if you wish, fire a passing shot at the doorman or ticket-seller. It is a debated question whether this is a proper procedure or not. Some claim it is, while others claim that by doing so you impress the action too plainly on the recipient's mind. However, you can use your own judgment. If you do not intend to ever visit that theater again, I would advise, by all means, that you fire as large a verbal broadside as possible.

You are now walking together toward home. It is unnecessary for me to go into detail concerning your action on the street, but when you part be sure to kiss each other affectionately, mention what a delightful evening you have spent and plan another one. Of course you never intend to go with her again, but it is proper to mention it, anyway.

Leave her with a loving expression on your face, but change this immediately afterward to one of hatred and disgust. Walk home rapidly, murmuring to yourself that you had a very disagreeable evening. By the time you reach home and find your husband in bed, you'll be in prime shape to make things pleasant for him.



"I'D LIKE TO GIVE THAT USHER A BOX ON THE EARS!"

Enter the house noisily; slam doors, etc.; turn on the light directly over the bed in which your husband is sleeping. If this does not wake him, pound, pull or pummel him until the expression of "world's peace" has left his countenance. The minute his eyelids open, light into him. He had no business to go to bed until you returned; what does he mean by not putting the cat out; what did he do with the milk tickets, etc., etc. This is stock stuff, and every woman has her own particular method of procedure.

After exhausting this form of attack, tell him the events of the evening—how Mrs. Flivver, after insisting that you go with her, had dallied around with her purse so long that you felt obliged to pay. Give him the full details. He enjoys all of the minor incidents; at any rate, he once confessed to you that he was in sympathy with Edison's "five-hour-a-night sleep," didn't he?

After you have worried hubby all that you can, it will be time to retire. Do this in your own particular fashion; but, when you are in bed with the light out and the window open, repeat over and over to yourself the following sentences, emphasizing each sentence with a good kick, poke, or short-arm jab at friend husband:

"Never again with *her!*"

"The nerve of that ticket-seller!"

"I'll get that doorman yet!"

"I'd like to give that usher a box in the ears!"

"Moving Pictures dont care who sees them, judging from the people sitting near me!"

I have tried to outline a complete evening for you. There may be a few minor details that I have missed, and if so, I will gladly inform you concerning them, provided a stamped, self-addressed envelope is sent. I know from experience that these instructions, if carefully followed, will

WHEN THESE THINGS HAPPEN, ALWAYS EXCLAIM IN A LOUD TONE, "MY, THAT WAS SOME FALL!"

give lasting pleasure to the average woman, and will bring happiness and joy to the Moving Picture theater's proprietor, to his employees, and to your friends, "the dear audience."

Agin' Nature

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

THE Moving Picture director was having trouble in getting one of the scenes right. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the rehearsal was far from satisfactory. "Think now," said the director coaching her, "haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?"

"No," was the girl's frank reply.

A CHIP of the OLD BLOCK

THE resemblance between the young man here pictured and the late John Bunny is so marked that the reader need hardly be told that this is John Bunny, Jr., son of the great comedian. Probably no living man was better known all over the earth than was John Bunny a year ago. Kings might pass by unrecognized, but hardly a king or street urchin who did not know John Bunny. And now comes the son of John Bunny, who makes his appearance on the screen thru the Vitagraph Company, and who promises to be "a chip of the old block." John Bunny died at his Brooklyn home on April 26, 1915. Since then his widow and children have moved to Valley Stream, L. I., where she conducts a small hotel, which is frequently patronized by many of Bunny's old acquaintances and admirers. To John Bunny, the senior, must be given the credit of presenting the first bits of refined comedy in photoplay. Previous to his advent into Screen-land film comedies were either "chases" or grotesque trick photography. He rescued screen humor from the Chamber of Horrors and placed it in the Hall of Fame. He was the Joe Jefferson of the screen.

JOHN BUNNY, JR.

HOBART HENLEY, MATINÉE IDOL

By HECTOR AMES

It doesn't seem right. It's against the laws of nature. Here is one of the finest-looking fellows, whether in pictures or out of them—dark-brown hair, brown eyes, close on six foot, and with a cheerful disposition; guaranteed not hard to manage, twenty-eight years old, and—single! What is the matter with the girls, anyhow? Is it that too many of them have tried to twine their affections around him and have left so much twine around his heart that it wont work? Anyhow, the fact remains that he is not married; and, judging by the carefree way of him, is not even engaged.

We are bound to write Hobart Henley down as a matinée idol; he was one on the stage and is one in the pictures. We use the term "matinée idol" in its best sense, for Hobart is no simpering, insipid performer, aiming his artistic shafts at the hearts of silly girls and impressionable women. No, sir; we mean that Hobart draws to the box-office these same girls and women plus all the other kinds of theater-goers who enjoy his excellent acting as well as his good looks.

Hobart Henley was a fine athlete at the school he attended at Louisville, Kentucky, where he was born, by the way, and he keeps himself in the best of condition all the time. Henley has a soft, persuasive, Southern way of talking; but dont let his meek elocution fool you—he can back up a velvet-voiced argument with a rough-house jolt to the jaw when necessary.

Henley's dressing-room is somewhat typical of himself. Behind the curtains are suit upon suit of the best clothes that money can buy—silk hats, ties, shoes, and all the finery of a modern stage cavalier. The room itself is plain as can be—no letters, photographs or pictures whatever—just a fixed wash-basin, and a dressing-table containing the tools of his trade.

He receives some mushy letters from foolish misses and matrons, but so does every good-looking young actor. But the ones which really please him are those which tell him that his artistic acting is enjoyed.

It is easy to imagine what a favorite he was in his stock days. He was under the Belasco management for some time, and toured in "The Easiest Way." Hobart is a natural picture actor; he "screens" well and shows at his best in photoplays where his natural refinement and artistic methods help rather than retard his work.

He started his picture career some three years ago, under the Imp brand in the East, and his pictures are now going out under a brother brand—the Victor. Like other actors who have made good, he has been approached time and time again to make a change, but he always gives the same answer, "I am making good money, get good advertising and publicity, work for a good company, so why on earth should I make a change?" In fact, he is not tainted with the all too prevalent disease of "jumping" a producer who meets his talent half-way.

A little while back he was handed two very poor photoplays, and he remarked to one of the editors, "I can do better than those myself." Said the editor, "Go to it, old man; there's money in it." So Hobart went home and wrote a photoplay, obtained a fat check for it, and took the lead in it. It proved a big seller.

So he wrote another one, and then some more, and he has made the discovery that he has distinct ability for creating brain-children and making them do interesting things.

Just now he has the short-story bee in his bonnet, and being fond of staying at home, is going to try his contributions on some of the magazine editors. Good luck to his efforts!

Henry Otto, the director who has turned out so many artistic pictures for the American Company, is now in charge of the company which features Henley. The choice seems to be a nice one, as both men are inclined to favor the artistic side of producing, and both are well-educated and experienced men.

Outside of his work, Henley is mainly interested in his writing and guiding his automobile along country roads. He enjoys an occasional dance, and is fond of entertaining his friends. It may be added that he is the happy employer of an excellent Japanese cook.

Perhaps his fine digestion is one of the secrets of his success, and maybe he thinks a "better half" would spoil it. Who knows?

It's fairly easy to alter wives, or to tinker one up, but if she plays hob with your digestion, it's too late.

BULLETS and BROWN EYES

TRIANGLE K.B

by

Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photo-play of J. G. Hawks and Thomas H. Ince

OLGA, Countess of Bothalia, raised the clear arch of her eyebrows a fraction, and stifled a yawn behind dainty finger-tips.

"Nonsense, Térèse," she said calmly; "the Prussians are not within two hundred miles of our valley. My brother Michael told me so only yesterday."

The French maid wrung her hands until the coquettish bows on her cap shivered cravenly.

"Mais, non, Mademoiselle!" she wailed; *"vous vous trompez. Ils sont ici — immediatement — tout-à-coup!*

Pour l'amour de Dieu, Mademoiselle, n'y restez pas! Ecoutez de hors——"

She held up a shaking finger. Thru the door ajar, to the lower regions, swept a fugue of terror, oaths and the stampede of aimless feet. Doors slammed open, bells rang, and furniture was pushed violently aside. It was clear that the entire household of the Countess was very much disturbed by the news just brought by a panting messenger.

Olga frowned. "Fools! she said angrily. "Cowards! It would be a pity to welcome Monsieur the Gadfly in such flattering fashion if he were really coming."

She rose to her feet, sweeping by the whimpering maid to her dressing-table. The triplicate mirrors flung back to her eyes three gracious presentments of beautiful womanhood, slenderly curved, with royal carriage and an oval, haughty face, in which the brown eyes and lusterless scarlet lips were the only color. Olga barely paid the radiant image the tribute of a glance before she sank to the chair and began to draw the jeweled pins from her hair with quick, clever fingers.

"Térèse," she called over her shoulder, sharply, "stop that noise and do as I tell you! Go downstairs and say to the others that the Countess will not let harm come to them, that she wishes no more of that disgraceful clatter and that she will dine as usual at eight o'clock. Then come back and get out my violet chiffon and the pearls."

She listened to the agitated clatter of the maid's heels on the stairs and the sudden hush that succeeded the message. A scornful smile touched her lips without warming them.

"The Gadfly," she murmured, weaving and twisting the heavy brown coils into an intricate coiffure. "Report would have him a boor, a barbarian, a Hun. Yet I believe no report has yet denied that Prince Boris is —a man."

The pale huddle of liveried footmen and serving-maids, rouge livid against fear-colored cheeks, parted to admit their mistress with the relief of a pack of wolf-terrorized sheep when the shepherd comes. Calm, unruffled, rosy shoulders faintly gleaming under her beautiful gown, the Countess Olga smiled into their faces languidly.

"Nicholas," she said to the fat butler who bowed before her, huge jowls quivering like purple jelly, "what is the trouble here?"

For reply the butler thrust a pair of field glasses into her hands. "The Prussians!" he mumbled abjectly.

"A raid is reported. They are not humans; they are fiends—gracious lady, they will shoot us all and burn the château. It is better we should flee at once!"

Olga tossed the glasses from her fastidiously and swept her draperies about toward the door of the dining-room. Her brown eyes blazed with anger.

"Enough of this!" she commanded. "If any of you desire to go—go! But remember, it is final—no cringing back afterwards! And if monsieurs, the Prussians, arrive, tell them that the Countess Olga will see them when she has dined."

"IF ANY OF YOU DESIRE TO GO—GO!"

In the tall shadows of the state dining-room the candelabra on the tiny table by the fire gave a firefly glow, mocked by the warm moonlight that spilled its white flames between the crimson curtains and printed the armorial bearings of the windows on the bare floor. In lonely state the Countess sat over the succession of courses that Nicholas served, eating as calmly as tho the most dreaded general of the Prussian host, ravaging Poland, were no nearer than the red light of the planet Mars. As the quaking butler set the samovar before her, a clatter of hoofs on the road outside sent the frail tea-cup crashing from his huge hands. Olga frowned. "Very clumsy, Nicholas," she chided him. "Bring another cup at once, and the sherry also. Have you forgotten how I wish my tea?"

The flabby bulk of Nicholas plunged thru the room like a terrified shadow detached from the dimness, and on the terrace beyond echoed the

whisper of other scuttling feet—then silence. Olga struck the bell, reprovingly at first, then furiously, as it dawned upon her that she had been left alone in the château.

Across the stone of the courtyard rang spurred boots and an impatient hand tore at the fastenings of the casement behind her. The proud head bending over the samovar did not turn, as with a bound a tall figure sprang across the moonlit floor and clutched her roughly by the arm.

"Olga!" snarled the voice of her brother Michael in her ear; "Olga!—blood of my body—girl—what are you doing here? Did you not get my message an hour ago?"

"Nearly two hours ago," corrected the Countess, calmly. "Will you take tea, Michael? I shall have to give it to you in a goblet as my butler is somewhat nervous tonight."

"And good reason!" said Michael, grimly. He took the glass of scalding amber and drank it off, sending the empty goblet crashing over one shoulder. "Olga, it is true. Boris and his troops are riding close behind, leaving torches instead of towers. There is no time to lose. You must ride with me to the nunnery of St. Guildas. They will not harm one who wears the veil."

"And if I will not?"

Michael shook the slender, silken shoulder roughly. "You are not quite a fool!" he growled. "Do you wish to be this Prussian's plaything of an hour?" He looked into the beautiful face with sudden keenness. "Olga," he cried eagerly—"Olga—what if we could save Poland, at least from this scourge—what if—— Come, I have a horse for you outside. I suspected your reckless temper, you see! And I will tell you my plan as we go."

The moon was hardly an hour higher in the heavens when Prince Boris of Prussia, called The Gadfly for his nagging exploits, galloped with his picked troop into the courtyard of St. Guildas' convent and beat with his eagled sword on the tall gate.

"Within! within!" he shouted; "open in the name of the Emperor!"

A silence. The face of the gray stone building was blank and dark, save for a taper gleam behind a chapel window, and not a sound answered the rude clamor except the echoes that rapped with phantom hands against the towers. Again, and still more impatiently, the sword clamored for admittance. Then, with a muttered exclamation, Boris sprang from his horse and flung his steel-like shoulders against the latch. It yielded easily.

"The gray lady-birds have flown, it seems," he commented. "Here, Hans and Carl, and you, Fritz, come with me while we search their eyrie. The rest await our return."

The inner doors yielded with the same ease, and the searching party spread noisily thru the stone corridors, shouting to one another and opening and shutting the heavy oaken doors. At length the chapel was reached. Boris turned the knob and strode in, only to step back, motioning his men to silence. Before the altar, face uplifted to the light of one taper, knelt a slender shape in the gown and bands of a nun, eyes closed, lips parted to a prayer.

"Ave Maria carrissima," murmured the low, rich voice; "ora pro nobis."

"Hush!" said Boris sternly; "not a word until she has finished her devotions. We are not here to make war upon the saints."

Overhead, the slow tones of the convent bell rolled thru the room, and the nun rose to her feet and took the wax taper from the altar. Holding it above her head, she came slowly across the bare floor toward the waiting men, head bent in the shadows of her veil.

Boris stepped forward, bowing low.

"Your pardon, good Sister," he began, "but my men and I have ridden far and are very hungry. Is there perhaps food in your refectory and clemency in your heart for us?"

Slowly the nun raised her head and two burning brown eyes looked calmly into the Prussian's blue ones. Un-

consciously he drew a sharp breath. Never below the coronet of a court lady, below plumed hat or jeweled ribbon, had he seen a face as lovely as that which shone whitely from the nun's rigid bands of starched linen.

"What we have we will share gladly," she said, in the low, rich tones that had lately mounted skyward. "The other sisters have gone Mother Superior's office that I may look over the papers and make certain there is nothing among them of use to us——"

The placid face of the nun did not change, nor her full white eyelids droop before his gaze.

"We are women of peace; not of war," she said quietly. "There can be nothing among our

"WHAT WE HAVE WE WILL SHARE GLADLY," SHE SAID

and the Mother Superior, but here are the keys to the cellars. Help yourselves. For are we not bidden to feed the hungry, whether friend or foe?"

Boris handed the key-ring to one of his men, with directions to see that the others were fed and ready to ride on within the hour.

"And now, Sister," he said courteously, "if you will take me to the poor harmless archives that can be of worth to a soldier. Nevertheless, if you must, come."

She led the way, a slender shadow, with the coarse gown falling about her in gracious lines, along the moon-spattered hall, to a small austere room at the end, and indicated with a regal gesture a desk in one corner. Then, while the soldier ransacked its contents, she sat quietly at one side, her

veil drawn modestly about her face. Or perhaps it was for some other reason than modesty that she shielded her look, for, could he have seen it now, he would have been startled at its change. A clock hung upon the wall opposite, and on this her gaze was fixed, while with compressed lips and frowning brow she made hasty plans. "Two hours, Michael said," thought Olga. "It is for Poland's sake, yet I would far rather die! Strange, and before I saw him I was eager for the game. It is hard to believe him wicked and cruel."

She stole a troubled glance at the lithe young figure bent over the papers, at the crisp, boyishly worn hair and clean, strong chin. Then her face hardened.

"I, a Polish woman, to hesitate!" she thought, scornfully. "Never! Michael shall not find me failing."

"AND NOW—NOW YOU WILL GO?" SHE ASKED SOFTLY

She raised her face, serene again, to meet Boris' look as he came toward her, and in spite of herself her traitor heart leaped at the admiration of his eyes.

"You found nothing?" she said softly. "I thought as much. And now—now you will go?"

Suddenly her lips quivered. "I am foolish," she whispered. "God, I know, looks after His children—yet it is more than mortal not to be a little afraid."

The Prince drew another quick breath. After all, he was very young and she was lovelier than any woman he had ever seen. He bent over her with a masterful set to his firm jaw. "Afraid—what are you afraid of?" he asked softly. "Not of me, surely? Why, I would not harm one hair of your head, Sister."

"Oh, no," Olga sighed; "not of you—you look very strong and kind. It is of this great lonely building I am afraid. It is so dark—I feel so alone——" she shivered and hid her face in her slim hands with a quick gesture that disarranged her veil and set free a curling lock of hair against her white temple. "Oh, I have always been afraid to be alone in the dark since I was a little child," she sighed.

Above the thumping of his heart Boris' thoughts shook with a tender awe at the divine innocence of her—the blessed unwisdom that trembled at darkness and trusted the chivalry of a strange man. He touched her veil with one great finger shyly.

"I wish," she cried piteously, and suddenly put out a cold little hand and caught his sleeve, "I wish—you look so much like the good Saint George in the pictures—if you could but stay a little while—until the morning. I—I think I would not be so much afraid of the dark!"

Boris bent suddenly and brushed the frightened little hand with his lips. After all, he could send his men on to the next town and follow soon. It was midnight already. The thought of three hours with this wonderful child-woman was not to be denied.

"I will stay," he promised. "Nothing—*nothing* shall harm you while I am by."

Michael and his troop found them two hours later sitting in the chapel by the great organ, while Olga played softly to cover the sound of their approach. At the sound of their entrance, Prince Boris whirled about, his hand seeking his pistol, but another hand was before his—a slender hand in a gray sleeve. And suddenly he understood and drew himself up, very straight and white, as Michael sprang to his sister's side.

"You bagged the lion and cut his claws cleverly, Olga," exulted he. "That I should ever live to see you play the nun!"

Into the pale face under the gray veil sprang the crimson of shame. The brown eyes sought Boris' face, piteously.

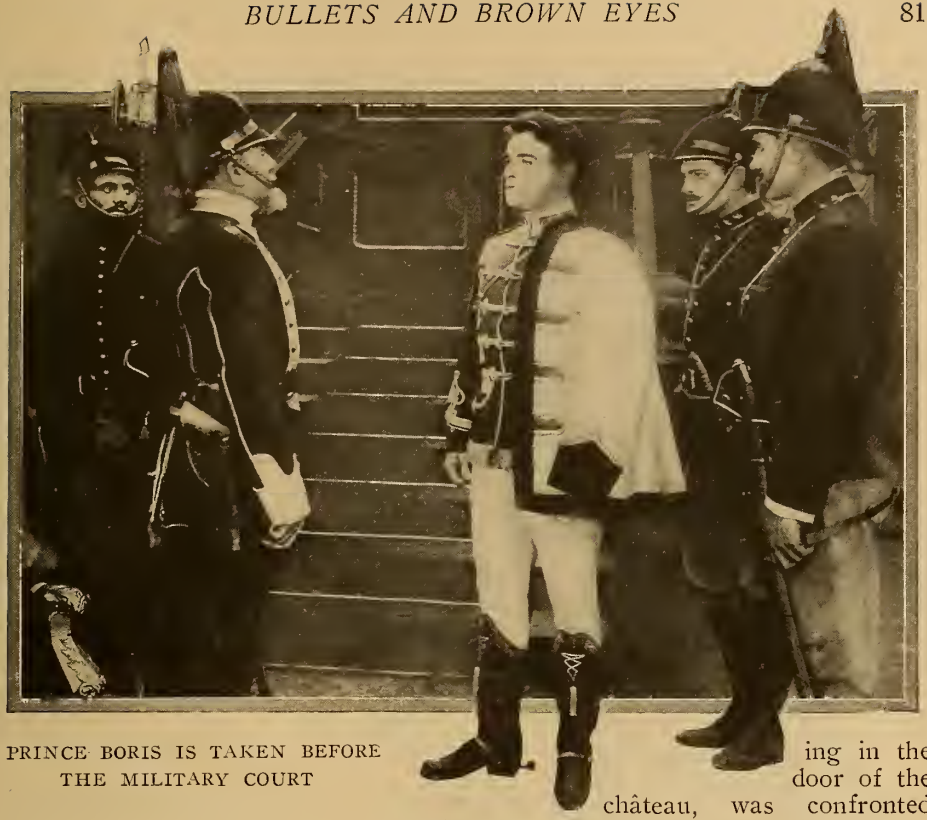
"Forgive me," he heard her whisper tremulously, "I did it for my country's sake, but I—am ashamed——"

Silently the Prussian bowed low before her, but his eyes were hard. The soldiers bound his hands and led him away, and he went out, crisp, boyish head held high, without a backward glance at the little, gray figure by the great organ. The tramp of their heavy boots echoed on the stairs, then a door boomed below, and in the chapel a slim, gray figure slipped to her knees, with choking sobs.

"Oh, God!" whispered Olga, "dont let them kill him! He is so young—he is so *fine*—to die!"

The sentry at the door touched his cap to the Countess as she passed, leading the Great Dane on his silver leash. His glance was openly admiring as it followed the gallant figure in its velvet coat and wide plumed hat down the poplar-bordered avenue. Olga walked fast, as tho to outdistance the memory of what she had just left behind in the château, the sinister glimpse into the drawing-room, where Prince Boris was standing before a stern-faced row of Polish officers. Short as her life had been, the Countess knew only too well the meaning of such scenes; knew, too, the uselessness of appeal from the verdict of a military court, and her knowledge took the warmth from the sunshine, leaving her cold to the bone.

"And I did it—*I*," she moaned, as she hurried aimlessly on thru the thinning woods. "I played on his



PRINCE BORIS IS TAKEN BEFORE THE MILITARY COURT

chivalry and his honor and betrayed it. My God! To be a woman and have to fight with stabs in the dark, with smiles and coquettishness and lures of the body, instead of like a man in the open! To fight with sly eyes instead of honest bullets, to——"

She broke off with a stifled shriek and sprang back from the very brink of a deep-dug pit that scarred the grass in the sheltered woodland clearing. At the sound two heads, crowned with soldiers' caps, rose over the clayey edge of the excavation and regarded her with grotesque amaze.

"What are you digging?" the beautiful lady's voice was strained and fierce. With a shudder of her whole frame, from waving plume to tiny boot-heels, she crept forward and peered into the ugly hole that needed no naming for the thing it was. As long as they lived, neither soldier would ever forget the horror of her eyes as she saw the new-cut grave. Then, before they could move or speak, she was gone.

Michael, Count of Bothalia, standing in the door of the château, was confronted with a wild little figure, panting as tho from a long run.

"Olga!" he cried, "what in the devil ails you, girl? You're a sight to make the crows laugh—burrs on your coat —hair flying——"

"Tell me!" his sister laid a hand on his sleeve, unheeding his words; "are you going to kill Boris? Is that the meaning of that shameful hole yonder in the woods? Dont lie—I want the truth. I am sick to the soul of lies!"

Michael cast a keen glance at the self-betraying face under the torn plumes, then looked hurriedly away. After all, Olga's feelings were her own and no concern of his. Yet his voice was a trifle edged as he replied: "Tomorrow at sunrise, since you are curious, our fine Prussian will fill an honest Polish grave!"

Olga did not wait to hear more. With an effort of her will she forced a light laugh to her lips and swept by him, into the château, head proudly high again. On the stairs she passed a sentry standing opposite a bolted

door, and, without seeming to do so, she marked the spot in her memory.

"The second turn of the turret," she thought rapidly; "my balcony is just beyond. If I could only get the key——"

"MADEMOISELLE!—YOU ARE FAINT!" EXCLAIMED THE SENTRY

She was very gay at dinner that evening, and more than one officer looked wistfully after the radiant figure of their hostess as she went out, leaving them to their wine. The sentry on the stair felt the graciousness of her smile, then in alarm saw her sway against the wall with a cry.

"Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, springing to her, "permit me—you are faint! Let me call your maid——"

"No—no," gasped the Countess, still leaning heavily against the wall. "Will you—be so good as to—open the window? I will be all right—with a little air. Ah! that is better!"

She gave the dazzled youth another crimson-framed smile and put her hands, with a swift, pretty gesture, to her hair. "A touch of faintness," she said. "If my brother or any one asks for me, tell them I am lying down and not to be disturbed."

In her own room she scrawled a few words rapidly on a bit of paper and wrapped it about a tiny, shining object she drew from the thick tangles of her hair. Then, stepping swiftly to her windows, she unfastened them and slipped to the balcony outside. In a moment she was back, trembling, the tinkle of broken glass in her ears, so loud it seemed the whole château must have heard. But there was no sign of it. Far below, the laughter of the diners sounded raucously on the frost-edged air. In the hall the sentry paced heavily to and fro.

For long moments the Countess crouched motionless, all senses submerged in the single act of listening; then her hands flew to her heart. Beyond the door sounded scuffling bodies, and a panting cry, quickly silenced; then the noise of a fall, and feet running swiftly along the corridor. At the same time a door, opened below, released a babel of loud voices as the diners came out into the lower hall.

The hunted man in the corridor turned swiftly, to see a white hand beckoning from a dim oblong of doorway. In a moment Boris and Olga faced one another in the Countess' boudoir.

"They will be here in a moment,"

gasped the girl; "we have no time to lose!" A cry was strangled on her lips as she read his face. "You do not trust me!" she quivered; "you think I mean to betray you again!"

Prince Boris did not stir nor speak. She could not read the meaning of his quiet gaze, but her heart guessed it and rose in a burning flame to her cheeks and temples.

"I have a plan," she said hurriedly; "of course, there will be a search and you must not be found. There is only one way. Listen!"

Bravely she whispered it, eyes on his, unashamed and maiden-sweet. At the end, with a queer little choking cry, he dropped on his knees at her feet and lifted the hem of her dress to his lips.

"And do you think I will let you; you wonderful one?" he said. "Suppose I should be found here; you know what they would say."

"Let them," said the Countess Olga, very proudly. "They would say I was trying to save my lover, and—*it would be true!*"

He sprang to his feet and took her in his arms, but she freed herself, listening, white-lipped, to the sounds in the hall. "Quick," she cried in a whisper; "behind the curtains!"

A few moments later rude hands turned the handle of her door.

"Locked!" snarled a voice; "down with it, men!"

The door flew from the splintered hinges, spilling a dozen angry men into the room. A slender figure in a long, white robe-de-nuit, bare of foot and arm, with brush upraised to loosened hair, turned to meet them, proudly.

"Brother!" said Olga, coldly, as Michael's face appeared in the door, "brother, will you explain this violation of my room?"

Her clear voice stung like a lash. Abashed, the men slunk back. The brother's and sister's looks clashed like swords. Then Michael turned without a word and led his soldiers from the room, closing the mutilated door behind.

Olga was across the room in a white flash.

"The sheets," she whispered tensely, "the curtains—tear them into strips."

He did not glance at her as he obeyed, but in every fibre of him he was aware of her. At the end, as the knotted cord swung from the window ledge, he turned to her an instant and held out his arms. Then, as she came quietly to him, they dropped at his side and he bent and kist her upraised forehead as a worshiper may kiss the image of his saint.

"Good-by, my dear one," he said quietly—"if this is good-by; but, God willing, I shall come back to you when the war is over. Until then, my dearest dear, God keep you, and farewell."

"And God keep you," she whispered thru her tears. In the shadows of the curtains she watched the slender figure reach the ground in safety and disappear among the trees on the edge of the lawn; then, aware of eyes upon her, she turned quietly to meet her brother Michael's bitter gaze.

"I suspected as much," he said grimly. "A pretty part for the Polish Countess Olga to play!"

"Polish, yes; and Countess, yes," she said sadly; "but first of all a woman, brother. Last night patriotism bade me use my womanhood to deceive, but tonight love let me be a woman that I might save."

"Then a woman is safest in a nunnery, locked away behind the vow of her veil," said Michael, sternly; "and that is where you shall go, Olga, when this cursed war is over."

He strode from the room. Behind him, in the moonlight, Olga smiled.

"When the war is over!" she murmured, and her hands went to her bosom as tho to still the sudden tumult of her heart. "If he does not come I will go gladly to the nunnery and hide my widowed face behind the veil, but if he comes——"

For a long while she stood, white and maiden-fair in the moonlight, dreaming, then she laughed out very low. "I think somehow," she said, "that I shall wear another, dearer kind of veil!"

Rhyming the Difficult Word "Pictures"

By HARVEY PEAKE

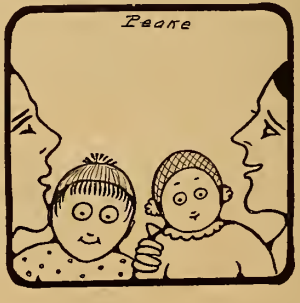
City lad loves country lass
Spite of father's strictures;
Meet clandestinely, alas—
Such are Motion Pictures.

Plan elopement, it appears,
'Mid some stable fixtures;
Jealous farmhand overhears—
Such are Motion Pictures.

Farmhand urges father to
Watch out for such mixtures;
Pa forbids the lad to woo—
Such are Motion Pictures.

Daughter loves so hard that she
Wont hear contradictures;
Starts away one night at three—
Such are Motion Pictures.

Pa and farmhands give her chase
(Think of these inflictures),
But at last give up the race—
Such are Motion Pictures.



Now they're married, have great joys,
And a few affixtures
In the shape of girls and boys—
Such are Motion Pictures.

The Girl at the Picture Theater Window Says:

By MARION HARMON

That the best-dressed people who come into the picture show are not always the best behaved.

That a man who had never seen a picture show, and didn't believe in them, was induced to come in, the other night, and hasn't been anywhere else since.

That there are some women so mean, that if you asked them to remove their hats they would comply by raising umbrellas.

That no one has, as yet, complained of the unpleasant voices of the Motion Play actors.

That some people spend a week making up their minds to come to the show, and then complain because Sarah Bernhardt, Enrico Caruso, Maude Adams and Charlie Chaplin are not all on the same film.

That some people, who never think of anybody's convenience and comfort but their own, are the very people who are always complaining about the slights that other people put upon them.

That the management should charge the following people by the hour: young lovers, who spend an entire evening in here spooning; henpecked husbands, who are hiding out from their wives; and night-owls, who come in here to catch up in their sleep.

That the small-town dressmaker can get all the latest New York styles from the Moving Pictures.

That some men fall so much in love with the actresses on the films, that they try to work it off on the cashier when they come out.

That some leading ladies must own dry-goods stores, judging from the elaborate way they clothe themselves.

That there is something wrong with the child that is satisfied with one picture show per evening. It isn't normal.

That from the way some people call the actors by their first names, you would think they had been schoolmates together.

That putting on evening dress for a picture show is just about as sensible as donning black underwear when we go into mourning.

That some genius is going to come along some day and invent something that will turn the reel, play the piano and sell tickets by one pressure of the button.

That a thin man is never so happy as when he is watching a fat man getting the worst of it on the screen.

That every good-looking young woman has secret ambitions of getting into the movies some day.

That the spiritualistic medium, who went to see "Ghosts," said it was obtaining money under false pretenses, because there were no ghosts shown. It was a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Mary Pickford's Sister and Charlie Chaplin's Brother

By CLARKE IRVINE

HERE is a new one! Mary Pickford, the most famous girl in the world, has a sister; and Charlie Chaplin, the most famous man in the world, has a brother. Most of us know them, possibly some do not, but at any rate they are known to millions of fans the world over. They are Lottie Pickford and Sidney Chaplin, the former a dramatic leading lady with the American, in Santa Barbara, California, and the latter a director-actor with Sennett's Keystone Trianglers, in Los Angeles.

Charlie and Sidney, and Mary and Lottie. Quite a striking quartet, and quite a non-striking salary they all get. No one would strike, even for less hours, at the pay those folks get. It strikes one to see the two lesser representatives of the two big families together, and seeing them together, as Witzel, the photographer, placed them, gave an idea for calling attention to the two photoplayers.

Charlie Chaplin is small and thin. Sidney is tall and husky. Charlie is dark, with curly hair like a boy. His big brother is light, and looks like a big lumberman. Here is contrast indeed. Their natures are as different as the natures of a flea and a bee. To see them together one would not take them for brothers, much less seeing in the sedate little man, dressed like a doctor or a lawyer, the inimitable Charlie, of Essanay. And to look at the Keystone Chaplin is to gaze upon a type of man that would drive a humanologist frantic trying to discover what his business might be, unless he had seen the big Chaplin at work in the Keystone studio.

We all know Mary. We all love her—less, owing to distance, than we wish we could, if it were possible. It is thought that Mary Pickford is loved by more persons in this world, or any old world, than any other one person. If those who see her only on the screen love her, what do we fortunate ones do who know her, and the ones who know her intimately? Well, I said before Mary Pickford is loved. Nuff spoken.

We again compare. "Little Mary" is her universal name. She is small, and petite, and lovable, and cute, and—and—oh, what's the use of trying to scribble about her? You know her. Anyway, her sister, Lottie, is tall. She is dark and rather slender. Mary is light and plump. These famous persons, with their relations, are indeed contrasts. Mary is more sober than her sister. Both are leading stars who individualize themselves in the drama; but then, there are plenty of laughs in Mary's work, at that.

The Pickford family is a generous and loving one. The two girls have a brother, Jack, who is a young leading man with Selig. He has as many friends as a soldier in the trenches who has just received a sack of tobacco from America. The children have a mother who watches over them with the most tender care and love. They are a really interesting family, and it is not until you have the good fortune to know them that you realize what they are.

There is nothing further. I would

LOTTIE PICKFORD AND SIDNEY CHAPLIN

not bore you with saying, "Lottie was born in Springfield, Nebraska; went to the North Fork school; was graduated from the Sacred Cross Academy; entered stage life in 'Miser and Master' for Charles Belascohan, and played her first picture for the Grinder Films." The same dose for Sidney Chaplin, only different.

But I will say that Lottie is one of the most popular girls at the American studio—recently finishing "The Diamond from the Sky" serial, and now playing in a big picture for that company. She is a "regular feller" and can entertain her friends royally on or off the stage. She rides, motors, plays athletic games, and enjoys life to its fullest. What more?

Sid Chaplin, as "iz honnor" is known about the big Keystonery, is another man who impresses one. He is a genial chap, with a broad smile that reeks with good nature. He grips your hand like a monk, not a church monk, and speaks out like a big man who knows what he wants to say and when he wants to say it, and to whom.

That's all.

Alice in Movieland

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

(With Apologies)

HAVING come once more thru the looking-glass, Alice looked around for all her old friends, that she might greet them. But, somehow, everything seemed changed.

The White Rabbit came hurrying along, arm-in-arm with the Walrus. Both carried walking-sticks. They nodded coolly to Alice.

"What's happened to Wonderland?" she queried.

"It's Movieland now," explained the Walrus, briskly. "Nothing but movies here, same as everywhere."

"But where are you two going?" cried Alice.

"H'm! We are being starred in a three-reel animal photoplay," was the proud retort, and the pair ambled gaily off.

Alice next encountered the Carpenter.

"Your friend, the Walrus, just passed," she told him.

"I aint travelin' with him now," he rejoined. "I'm makin' sets for studio interiors, an' there's more money in it than eatin' oysters with the Walrus."

old Father William, of the Blankgraph Company, now."

"Where are the Duchess and the Queen?" Alice inquired.

Father William sniffed jealously. "They're getting fat salaries, because of their titles. They're not really

THE MODERN FAIRY

In answer to a hoarse cry, he made a quick exit.

Old Father William hove in sight, shouting: "Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!" He greeted Alice cheerily, saying: "Just finished the last scene in a five-reeler. I'm the famous

Duchesses or Queens—that's just press-agent stuff!"

Alice saw he had mounted his hobby, so she quietly moved off. Her old friends, the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, swung into view. "You look madder than ever," she laughed.

"We are," said the Hatter. "And good reason to be—we're scenario writers, now."

"We've learnt the three R's," interrupted the March Hare. "Reeling, 'Riting and Revising—scenarios."

"Cut back to scene twenty-three, and fade out," shouted the Hatter. And suddenly he and the March Hare vanished. Alice was bewildered.

The White Knight hurried up to her and seized her hand.

"What do you think," he complained, "they wont give me a part—they're not doing costume plays now."

"And I shouldn't think," said Alice, "that they'd want too many knight-scenes—they're too dark."

The Knight gave a dreadful groan at this pun, said "Good-knight!" and staggered out. Alice turned to behold the Cheshire Cat on the scene.

"Still grinning?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" he retorted. "I've made millions on the movies—why shouldn't I grin?" And he began to recite:

"Grin and the world grins with you,
Weep and you weep alone;
Since picture-plays are all the craze,
And stars are made of stone——"

"Oh, that's nonsense," cried Alice. "But tell me, how did you become so rich?"

His chest swelling visibly, the Cat replied: "I put real stars in *my* pictures. In my company are the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe, and *all* her children; I have the Boy, and the original Burning Deck on which he stood. Realism, that's my motto. I have——" Suddenly he stopped. "Must go now—we're putting on a twenty-five reel picture, 'The Berth of Indignation.'" Briskly he trotted off.

The ground began to slip from under Alice's feet. She looked up. Her mother was shaking her by the shoulder: "Wake up, child! I do believe you've slept thru the whole show!"

"Can I go into the movies, mother?" begged Alice.

"Bless me," said her mother, "how crazy these children are about the pictures! Not that I blame them—for the grown-ups take the kiddies along on a pretty slim pretext!"

The Worstest Punishment

By LOUISE GRAY MAY

Sometimes when I've been awful bad,
And runned away from school,
And stayed all day wiv Bobby Brown
At Jones' swimmin' pool,

And teacher sends a note to ma
To ast where Johnny is,
And ma gits wise—you bet your life
She wallops me. Gee whiz!

Sometimes she works the slipper,
Wiv me acrost her knee;
Sometimes she takes a tingly switch
From our old apple-tree.

Agin, she doesn't lick at all,
But cries, and looks so sad,
And talks 'bout heaven, and how I cant
Git there ef I am bad.

Sometimes she jes' puts on her hat,
And says to Sister Flo,
"Johnny cant go wiv us to see
The Motion Picture Show."

Oh, then I'm sorry I've been bad;
I bawl and tease and fret,
For that's the worstest punishment
A boy could ever get.

Jimmie's Prodigal

By JAMES DEVOE

STRETCHED out comfortably on the stern cushions of your little motor-yacht, listening to the blue southern waters lapping the side and lazily watching sea-gulls flying overhead, is all right for a while, but to a man of my adventurous disposition, it soon gets on the nerves; but when I expressed to my wife the desire to get back into the film-producing business again, she was horrified. However, I was determined, and remembering a little scheme I had once heard a couple of directors talking over, we touched at the nearest port and I wired Clarence, my old friend and "partner-in-crime," to meet us in New York. On our arrival there, I unfolded my brilliant plan to Clarence and he promptly agreed to go fifty-fifty. We were to purchase a complete traveling Motion Picture outfit, with film, camera and all the accessories; then, with a camera man and assistants, journey to the smaller rural towns, present our credentials to the selectmen or other local dignitaries and secure their coöperation in producing a Motion Picture. We were to use all local talent available and the whole population were to have a chance to get in on the "mob" scene. Naturally, every one would be crazy to see themselves in a Moving Picture, and when we showed the picture in the town, we should literally "clean up." Then we could go on to the next town and repeat.

Without delay we commenced preparations, and in a week's time we had our men and paraphernalia and had started for Swamp Springs, a little New England village, while my wife stayed in New York and nervously waited. At Swamp Springs, we put up at the alleged "hotel," and managed to secure a few hours' sleep on the hard beds. Next morning, after a cheerless toilet before the one looking-glass, with the aid of the water pitcher and super-starched towel, we sought out the head selectman, the constable and members of the town council, and arranged a meeting. It was a pretty strenuous affair, as those old hard-shells could not see wherein a "moving picture" was going to uplift the town or bring in any money to it; but we impressed upon them that we were going to take that film into every large city and have it run at the big picture houses, with the announcement that the cast was composed entirely of Swamp Springs talent. This, coupled with the fact that the officials and their families were to be let in to see the show free,

clinched the matter and we readily secured their coöperation. We then got busy and selected our talent by a house-to-house canvass. Most of the younger people belonged to the local dramatic society, and, as they informed us, "had already acted on the stage, before people," so there was no lack of talent. We then posted the town, and a general holiday was declared for the week following to enable us to take the "mob" scenes. Clarence and I dashed off a scenario

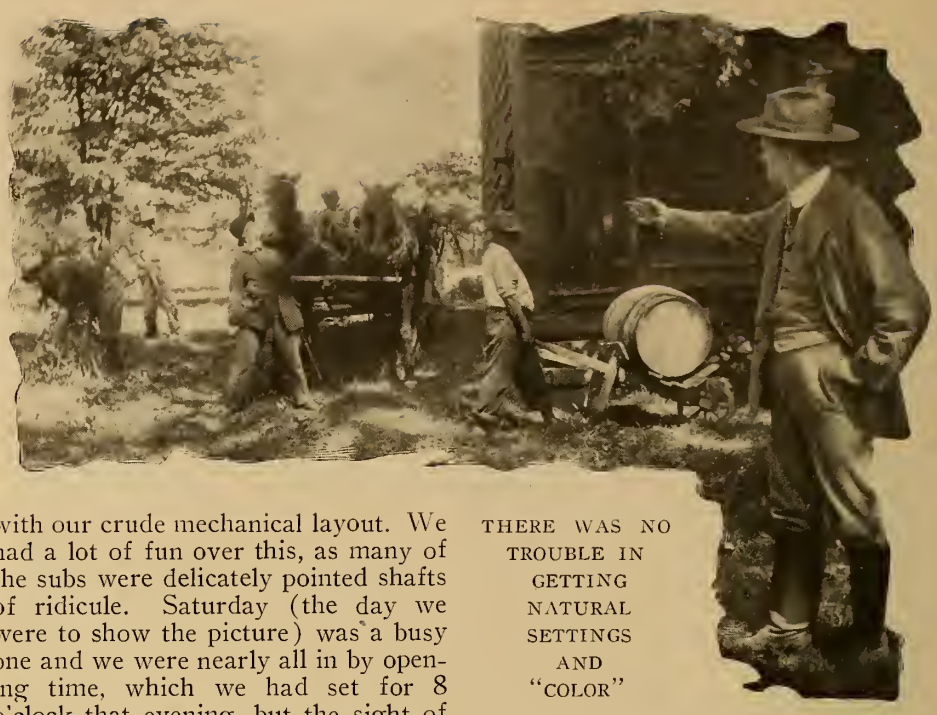
THE LEADING MAN WAS TAKEN RIGHT FROM NATURE'S HEART

entitled "The Prodigal; or, The Pitfalls of a Great City." It was one of those good old-fashioned rural and city "melerdrammers," where there is a mortgage on the old farm, and the only son has gone to the city and become a profligate. The various characters go thru much suffering and many adventures; then in the end, the young hero reforms and returns to the old folks with a ninety-horsepower car and a big roll of bills, in time to pay off the mortgage and save the old folks from the poorhouse. Next we borrowed some "prop" dishes, silverware and interior furnishings, which we had sent to the combined town meeting hall, theater of dramatics and reception hall, which was the only public building to rent in town, and set up our studio. Things were a little old-fashioned, and we received innumerable instructions as to how to take care of the "best chiny" and the hair-cloth sofas, etc., but managed to get along very well, without breaking anything of value. Next day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we started rehearsing, and things went off pretty smoothly, considering. The curious crowd that collected had to be kept in order by the constable, and finally we had to put them all out and lock the doors. After taking the scenes, we told the actors and actresses not to say a word to any one about the doings in the picture, as it would spoil everything; then sent them home. After the first day, things went along about the same; our outdoor scenes were taken on Rufus Jones' big farm, where we had a taste of the real country hospitality. Rufus was a well-to-do man, and Rufus, Jr., was playing the hero in our picture (a matter of policy on our part), so we had treats I shall never forget of

genuine country "cida-ar," home-made pastry and delicacies of which I never heard before, all of which added to the harmony of our little company and helped the progress of the picture. So the country scenes went fine, but the city scenes were a different proposition. Many of the rural actors and actorines were not familiar with city ways and evening clothes, nor did they possess anything

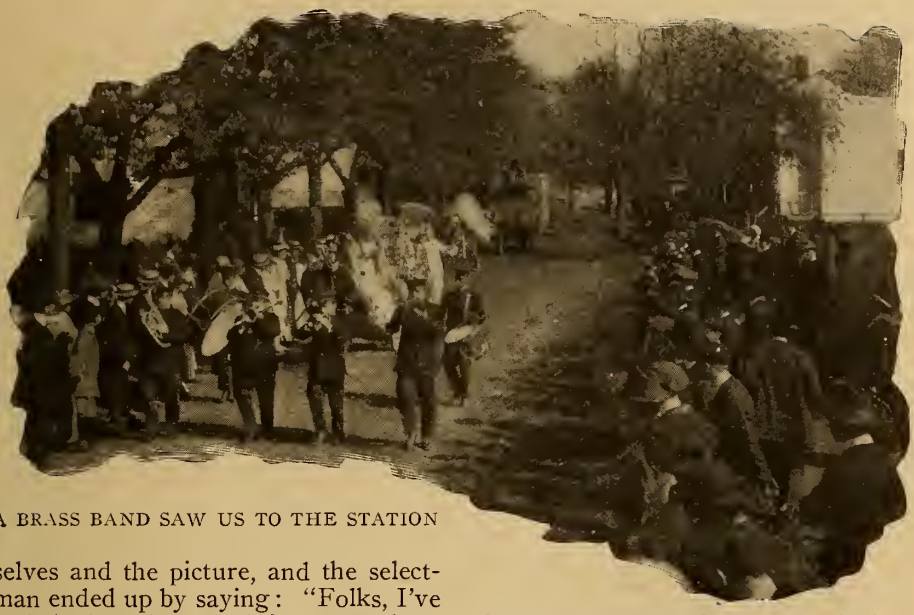
THE LEADS WERE NATURAL-BORN ACTORS

even approaching a blasé air, and it was a hard pull to get thru those scenes; but we did, somehow. Several days more of rapid work and we prepared for the "mob" scene. It sure was a "mob" all right, and all the local deputies had to be sworn in by the constable to handle the crowd which was struggling to get into the picture by the time our camera was set up. There was plenty of action in those scenes, particularly the ones where they were supposed to be running to a fire. They nearly trampled our hero—who was trying to get thru the crowd to "rescue" the heroine from the burning building (an old barn)—to death, but it looked great, for all that. At last all our negative film was taken, and Clarence and I judged it should cut down to about 2,500 feet, or thereabouts, in its completed form. There being no picture house nearer than Squeehawket (twenty miles by the railroad), we had to send away for a Motion Picture projecting machine and set it up in the hall. Then we had a peek at the negative we had taken. Of course, to us, much of the acting was overdrawn and even looked liked burlesque, but we figured that didn't matter as we were not making a picture for a critical city audience; so we merely chuckled to ourselves and got busy trimming the film. When this job was finished, we sent it away to have a positive print made; and when, several days later, it arrived with the negative, we trimmed that and inserted sub-titles as best we could



THERE WAS NO TROUBLE IN GETTING NATURAL SETTINGS AND "COLOR"

with our crude mechanical layout. We had a lot of fun over this, as many of the subs were delicately pointed shafts of ridicule. Saturday (the day we were to show the picture) was a busy one and we were nearly all in by opening time, which we had set for 8 o'clock that evening, but the sight of the crowd which poured into the old building steadily from 7 o'clock on cheered us up. If the fire laws were enforced in that town we would have been arrested, for by 8 o'clock they were standing six deep all around the hall. At last all was ready; the lights went down and "The Prodigal" cavorted across the screen. Then we got the surprise of our life. I never doubted that the real countryman had a sense of humor, but it was a revelation to us the way those rubes picked out the right thing to laugh at, at the right time. We had expected that they would take the picture seriously; but, instead, the laughs started right at the first jump. They weren't quiet about it either, and passed remarks on each other's appearance in the picture, such as: "Wal, by jiminy! Ezry, look at Cy Haskins in that swallertail coat! Haw! haw! haw!" Then one would call attention to some little peculiarity in the actors and actresses they all knew so well, or at one of our sub-titles, and let out a loud guffaw. At intervals the audience was quiet, particularly as the hero was taking an affectionate leave of his old mother, and the exaggerated acting seemed momentarily to impress them; but it was only a breathing spell to fresh laughs, when the women would fairly shriek at seeing one of their number trying to act in what they considered proper "city style." The younger element were very boisterous, and Rufus, in his ninety-horsepower "flivver" (the only car we could locate in town), trying to drive up Main Street, was surely a comical sight and greatly enjoyed by them. Some of the maiden ladies objected to the length of the love-making scenes, and I guess Rufus did overdo the kiss incidents a little; but then, the girl was his own sweetheart—why shouldn't he? But the good old rousing finish, where brave Rufus steps out of his auto and with a grand flourish takes his aged parents in his arms and at the same time hands the rascally mortgagee a huge roll of bills to pay off the mortgage, fairly brought the crowd to its feet. At the close of the performance, the selectman, Rufus himself, with his dad, jumped on their seats and shouted eulogistic speeches about our humble



A BRASS BAND SAW US TO THE STATION

selves and the picture, and the selectman ended up by saying: "Folks, I've had the heartiest laugh in years: three cheers for the picture and its makers!" He seemed to voice every one's sentiments, for we certainly got 'em. We had to make speeches ourselves before they got thru, and by the time we had shaken hands with several hundred, and the last of our audience had filed out, Clarence and I were dead tired. Next morning we packed up all our film, and with the best wishes of the townspeople, a brass band to see us to the station and a comfortable little sum of money in our pockets, started for Derryfield, the next town on our itinerary, where we planned to make things hum with a different kind of picture—about which more anon.

Despair

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Oh! it isn't the thought of the things that are not,
Nor reproach for the things that are;
And it isn't the thought of vain things sought,
That brings me to despair.

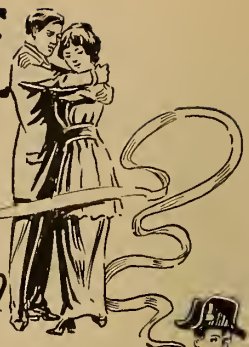
And it isn't the thought of the might-have-beens,
Of grief for wrongs that are done;
It isn't the thought that the years have brought,
Of a chance that has come and gone.

It isn't the memory of vanished hopes,
The thought of the wasted years;
Not even the thought of the things I bought
With the price that is paid in tears.

Nor sighs for a youth that has flowered and died,
The dreams that have passed away;
Nor still a thought for the havoc I've wrought,
That's wringing my heart today.

It isn't the thought of a misspent life,
Of regrets we all must know;
But the searing thought that tomorrow I start
For a land sans a photoshow!

THE SPICE OF LIFE



Mabel E. Stanton

The public's mental palate is most difficult to tickle,
As all who've tried to do it must confess;
So movies were designed to please the captious and the fickle—
They have something for 'most every one, I guess.

There's comedies for those who think their weight needs some increasing
And who would also drive dull care away;
The girlie with a giggle that is chronic and unceasing
Can gaze upon life's funny side each day.

There's heart-throb plays a-plenty for the sadly sentimental,
And take notice, bashful lovers, have a heart:
You can get all sorts of pointers, hints that are not merely gentle,
If you watch the movie hero play his part.

There's famous scenes and wonders for the folks who like to travel;
For those who like them, fine historic plays;
Plots of mystery for amateur detectives to unravel;
Baseball fans can see a game on rainy days.

There's martial plays, with fife and drum, to thrill the patriotic;
The old farm scenes rouse memories and regrets;
Woman's triumph with the ballot over man, so long despotic,
Is heralded with joy by suffragets.

The old stage-coach is something that is relished by old-timers;
Marine views please the folks who love the sea;
Club life and champagne suppers captivate the social climbers
Who dote on reels of high society.

It takes some master minds to keep this wondrous game a-going,
And master hands must roll the movie ball;
Variety the public wants—that's what the screen is showing—
As for myself, I really like them all.

The Twin Triangle

by Alexander Lowell

This story was written from the Photoplay of BESS MEREDITH, produced by the BALBOA COMPANY

The white moth to the closing vine,
The bee to the opening clover,
The gypsy blood to the gypsy blood——
Follow the Romayn paterán
West to the sinking sun,
Where the junk-sails lift
Thru the scattered drift——

MacCanley Byrnes lifted his indolent head from the pine turf, jerkily. His ennuied, old-young face lit with a dawning interest. There was something in the pagan music—something in the pagan words—something in the calling, restless voice that sent the sluggish blood dizzying thru his veins. He had never thought of the gypsy blood; but somehow—today—the earth was a great bowl filled with the scarlet wine of the sun—the air was pungent with pine-flavor—the night-birds were giving their eerie

calls—the world was young and he was young with it. Perhaps he might follow a trail—a new trail—a strange trail—perhaps—at the world's end—and, as if in answer:

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid;
Light o' my tents, be fleet,
Morning waits at the end of the world——

The song stopped abruptly, and there was the sound of a canoe beaching. Byrnes sprang—not crawled as heretofore—to his feet. His pulses rioted. "Morning waits at the end of the world," he hummed, and his heart leaped to the challenge.

Standing on the lake bank was the singer—a slender girl with tawny, aureoled hair, sun-golden skin, and mocking, lazy eyes. She was dressed gypsy fashion, and underneath the ragged splendors of her colorful attire her bared ankles showed slender and strong. She smiled as Byrnes came toward her—the unabashed smile of the friend-to-all-mankind.

"You camping?" she inquired.

Byrnes nodded affirmatively. "I've run away," he said, "from the world."

"Oh—but you are not a gypsy——"

"No!" the man laughed admiringly; "but I might learn to be. Somehow, when I heard you singing just now, I thought I might like to try that end of the world business, and the sinking, westering sun—and all that."

The gypsy smiled understandingly. "It's the blood," she said; "it *gets* us, and we must go—anywhere—everywhere—to the path of the moon—to the farthermost trails; it's the wanderlust—oh, it calls and it calls——"

The man stood very near her. He was fascinated. "Yes," he breathed; "oh, yes—it calls—and it aches—and it tortures—and we have—to go."

The gypsy looked at him a moment, then she threw back her head and laughed. "Come!" she cried, "for I am hungry. You are camping. Can you not give Czerta food and drink?"

Byrnes looked mildly surprised. "Certainly," he acquiesced politely; "my man will serve tea. I shall be charmed."

Czerta swung along by his side, happily. "Where do you come from?" she asked bluntly; "why are you here? My mother, she tells me that the city folk do not come to the woods unless they are sick—sick in their bodies—or sick in their minds. Which is your sickness?"

"The mind, I guess, Czerta," smiled Byrnes, rather ruefully, "and that is far, far worse than the ills of the body. I was tired—oh, deathly tired of it all—of everything—of my stilted, conventionalized work—my aimless duties—my so-called, sawdust pleasures. I was sick of whisky-drinking, club-men, and pampered, doll-baby women. I was even sick of a very beautiful girl I was painting."

Czerta, who had not understood a word of this harangue, caught the last part of the outburst, and her face darkened. A child in all but body, she had a child's pitiful transparency of emotion. She liked this man—liked him instantly. "What is her name—this beautiful girl?" she demanded.

Byrnes looked at her, then he shrugged. "Madeline," he said—"Madeline Van Schuyler. I am doing her portrait. I'm an artist. She's lovely—as a hothouse rose is lovely—very beautiful—very gracious; but it's as you say—it's the blood—and it gets us. That's been my trouble; my blood has been dormant in my veins—sluggish—thick; it needed spilling; it wants to leap—to thrill—to dare—to flame—it——"

"I'm *hungry!*" the girl pleaded, "and I dont know what you're saying and I want something to eat."

Byrnes laughed again, heartily. She was beautiful, and she was innocent, and she was something new. He led her into the cabin and his man produced bread and crackers and cheese, and jellies, and percolated coffee, and whisky and a siphon. Czerta stared in amazement, then realized the existence of the familiar bread, and seized upon it ravenously. Byrnes stared again. He felt a bit floored. He was not accustomed to seeing Beauty manifest the table habits of a jungle beast. The sight

"IT'S THE BLOOD," SHE SAID; "IT GETS US AND WE MUST GO"

was a bit upsetting to his preconceived notions of etiquette.

Czerta ignored him, and blissfully gratified her "inner man," then she turned upon him smilingly. "Let's go out," she proposed, "I must be getting back."

They stood for a moment watching the lake dreaming under the dying sun —and Byrnes touched her hand. In-

"CZERTA, YOU HAVE MADE ME LIVE TONIGHT!"

stantly they turned to each other, and Byrnes wrapped her in his arms. Their lips met, and the world rocked in its orbit. Here—here in this gypsy's slender brown arms was the leap and the thrill—the daring and the flame; here was the new trail—the strange trail—the dawn at the end of the world. "Czerta!" called the man softly, "you have made me live tonight! Kiss me—kiss me—again—again——"

After she had gone Byrnes sat by his camp-fire, and lived over again the past gray, stupid months and the living flame of tonight's desire. "It would be folly," he muttered, "worse than folly—death to my career—a gypsy from a vagrant tribe. And yet——" He paused a while. "It would be even worse folly," he resumed, "to let her go—she who has given me the keenest ecstasy that I have ever known—she who has made me live more in one kiss than in all the rest of my thirty years."

After a long silence he rose and went to the lake shore where his canoe was beached. An instant later he was paddling swiftly down the stream in the direction that she had taken, and

when he saw the lantern lights of the gypsy encampment he jumped ashore and stole up behind some brush skirting the tents and the clearing.

Some one was playing a wild, passionate tune on a violin, and in the clearing Czerta was dancing. Dancing in a way that caught Byrnes' breath in his throat—by its abandon—its challenge—its urging—its ecstasy of motion. "She is stupendous!" he whispered; "more—she is an artist!"

It was two days later that Byrnes saw Czerta again. He had begun to think that that moment under the tree, with the sun painting the earth in divine blood, a delirium of his starved brain—a mirage of his craving heart. He almost thought that the slender, miraculously vital creature was a fantasy given him for his instant's bliss and his endless hunger. Then, suddenly, stormily, she burst upon him—her face was white, her hair was disheveled, her mouth was like a red wound in the golden pallor of her skin. She flung herself beside him on the turf, and her hands pulled at him feverishly. "You must take me away!" she cried. "Marco—Marco is after me. His mother died today—and there is no one to protect me—no one at all. He wants me—the gross beast—and I am afraid—I am afraid!"

Byrnes sat erect, and took the clawing, little hands in his quiet ones. "What are you raving about, gypsy mine?" he said. "Who is this Marco? What does he want of you?"

"Marco is our chief. He can hypnotize me at will. He has wanted me for years, but his mother, who adopted me, has prevented. Today—she died. He came to me at once—before her body was cold. Ugh!—he tried to kiss me—to clasp me—he looked like a great, ravening beast—I am afraid!"

Byrnes rose abruptly, and called to his man. "Pack our grips," he ordered. Then he turned to Czerta. "We'll leave at once, gypsy sweet," he smiled, "I'll take you to the city—perhaps it will break your lawless heart. I'll try not to let it. I'll find you a wee nest, and teachers to train your child's mind, and modistes to

MARCO GROWS SULLEN AND THREATENING WHEN REFUSED BY CZERTA

clothe your woman's body — and then——" He looked deeply into her eyes. She met his gaze fearlessly.

"And then?" she asked.

"Kiss me!" he answered her, "you poor little gypsy—fool."

Back in New York things seemed different. Different to Byrnes, who put from his mind the end of the world, and the new trail; *very* different to poor Czerta, to whom it seemed a gigantic place of books, and grim, spectacled maiden-encyclopedias, and endlessly intricate table service, and the thinly veiled disapproval of Byrnes.

Then, too, Madeline Van Schuyler resumed her sittings, and Byrnes was struck by the astounding similarity between the two girls; feature for feature, they were the same; in height —in weight—in general contour the resemblance was identical. But there was a radiant glow about Czerta that Madeline lacked—a fire in her—a passion. One would measure out her heart, and apportion it nicely, properly, conventionally—the other would give her all, without reserve, without remorse, gloriously unasked. Yet Byrnes knew that, according to her lights, Madeline loved him. And he began to think that she was his life's solution. She was lovely—she was familied—she was wealthy. She had Czerta's beauty, and culture as well. One night the decision came.

"WHERE NOW WAS THE GYPSY BLOOD—THE THRILL—THE FLAME?"

Czerta was dining with him at his apartment. She was barbarically attired in scarlets and purples, with a savage head-piece about her dusky head. She was audacious, alluring, *impossible*. Byrnes looked at her—felt her lawless, wild appeal—and groaned. She would be, at once, the heart in his body, the stigma on his career, the shame of his life. She would tempt him, and goad him, and madden him, and mock him. She was irresistible but hopeless. Then, just as they were undergoing the agonies of a meal together, Byrnes' man an-

nounced Miss Van Schuyler. Byrnes excused himself hastily, and went upstairs to the studio where Madeline awaited him. She was dressed for the evening in some exquisitely dainty thing; about her queenly head was a single strand of seed pearls. She was patrician, aloof—his for the asking.

"I came for my purse," she explained, a bit confusedly; "I'm on my way to the opera—I thought——"

Byrnes appeared not to hear. He came close to her, and took her white, soft hands in his. "Madeline," he murmured, "do you—dear?"

There was no need for an answer. Her upturned, confessing eyes were enough. When she raised her head from his shoulder she smiled. "I've cared," she murmured, "ever since that first sitting—ever since that day I fainted—here on your couch. How long—have—you?"

Byrnes felt strangely numb. Where was the ecstasy of Czerta? Where now was the gypsy blood—the thrill—the daring—the flame? As tho he held a lovely statue in his arms, proud of its perfection, proud that he possessed it, so he held Madeline Van Schuyler. He cursed himself—reminded himself that she was exquisite, much desired, beyond compare; but in his heart he knew that he had heeded the gypsy call—that never would he be free.

He released her gently. "May I come around later?" he asked.

She nodded happily, and he bowed her out.

Upstairs Czerta was dressed for the street. Her eyes were sullen with rage, her mouth was crimsoned. "I saw you!" she shrieked like a vixen; "I saw you—and the woman. I curse you—I hate you—I hate you *both!* You will see that the gypsy girl is no toy to be thrown away—you will come to me again, my friend, and there will be nothing for you. I spit in your face—you are faithless—you are of the tribe of a *dog!*"

Byrnes grasped her roughly by the wrists. "Stop this!" he ordered harshly. "Leave here until you can conduct yourself like a respectable woman."

Czerta gave him one wild look, then she fled, and there echoed back to Byrnes a cry that was like the sob of an injured child.

He called on Madeline an hour later, and as they sat in the sumptuous Van Schuyler drawing-room, Byrnes knew that he had lost the one vital thing in life—knew that he had lost his mate—realized fully that neither rank nor society, nor custom nor convention, can determine the call of the blood.

"I heard it," he muttered, as he took a cool leave of the bewildered Madeline; "I heard it—and I did not respond."

The next day he found Czerta's apartment vacated and a hasty note scribbled to himself. It read:

I've gone away. You have said that I can dance. I am going to learn how. Some day you will hear of Czerta. I love you.

Your Czerta.

And Byrnes covered the childish scrawl with kisses and tucked it away in his pocket, and the following day he sailed for Europe.

Three years later Madeline Van Schuyler came into her mother's boudoir with a note in her hand and a little smile on her lips. "MacCanley Byrnes is home again," she announced; "I believe I'll phone him and ask him to join us at the theater tonight. Have you any objections?"

"None whatever, my dear," Mrs. Van Schuyler returned equably, and scanned the young face closely. Apparently satisfied, she asked, "Is Lord Fitz Herbert coming, too?"

The girl's face flushed. "Yes," she answered, a bit hastily; "I believe he is."

The mother nodded sagely. "She has forgotten young Byrnes," she said to herself, "and I am glad, for he did not love her."

Byrnes accepted the invitation with alacrity. He wanted to see Madeline badly. He hoped that this meeting might awaken a flame that had not been there before. Czerta, gypsy dream, was gone; Madeline remained—and she had loved him.

The meeting was a disappointment —to Byrnes, at least. The ardor he had hoped for was not there. And he knew, when he took her hand, that her passing fancy for him had died while he was gone.

"We are going to see the famous dancer, Czerta," she said, after introducing Lord Fitz Herbert; "she is the talk o' the town. People are mad over her, and they say she could wear a coronet eight days out of seven, if she cared to. I understand that she looks a lot like me. Mother is quite excited over the talked-of resemblance, for she lost my twin sister when we were five, you know."

Byrnes didn't know; didn't care; hadn't even heard the latter part of the speech. He had not got beyond the name Czerta and the fact that she could wear a coronet eight days out of seven. He had given her over into the maw of the world. He—*he* had been too proud to be humiliated by her —by the woman who had given him the only minutes in his life that had been worth the living. Fool and weakling! She had told him that the world would hear of her—and it had. She had told him that he would come back, and that there would be nothing for him. And there wouldn't be. It would be gone—the flame of desire; the gypsy blood in her to the gypsy blood in him; the trail that led to the end of the world. He had plucked the heart out of his living breast and thrown it into the streets. He turned to Madeline's query, smiling. "Quite ready," he said.

The theater was jammed to standing-room. The name "Czerta" was everywhere—on every one's tongue; the flame of her was in every one's blood. Byrnes sat in the box with Madeline and her mother and Lord Fitz Herbert, and dug his nails into his palms. Miserable little mole that he was, he had flung away what a world was glad to welcome—what blue blood would have honored. She was a truth. Czerta was a truth—a woman of splendors; not a doll, with the thank-you-marms of a circumscribed training.

CZERTA, THE DANCER, BECOMES THE TALK OF THE TOWN

The music commenced—the calling, restless, blood-stirring music of the gypsy clearing. He saw it all again—the pitched tents; the smouldering fires; the moon riding high; the mad, abandoned, beautiful Czerta. The curtain rose, and she was there again —in the gypsy camp. And she danced as she had danced that night—calling men's hearts out of their breasts; lead-

ing them down the wanderlust trails to the place "where the junk-sails lift thru the scattered drift." People leaned forward, with suddenly scarlet faces; their breaths kept pace with the whirling, pagan body. Then, on a sudden, the maddened figure paused. A strange, tranced look came into her eyes. Her body became rigid. She swayed—clutched at nothing—fell. A murmur rose in the house. Byrnes heard nothing, felt nothing, until Mrs. Van Schuyler clutched him by the arm. "I must meet this Czerta!" she cried. "I have never seen such a resemblance. I feel—I know that she is my little, lost baby."

Byrnes stared blankly. "I'll take you around," he vouchsafed. Madeline looked a bit surprised, but he did not notice.

Czerta was lying on the couch in her dressing-room, her maid bending over her. "I feel better now," she was saying, when Mrs. Van Schuyler was announced. She did not look at Byrnes, and he kept in the background, realizing that there was a more important matter than his to be adjusted.

Mrs. Schuyler was bending over the prostrate figure tenderly, talking quickly and comparing Czerta to Madeline. Then Czerta looked up at her and smiled. "I think it is so," she said; "wait and I will show you." She drew a small, gold locket from her breast and handed it to the eager woman. "My gypsy mother gave me this when she was dying," she explained, "and told me that the picture was my mother's picture. I asked her my true name, but she died before she spoke it. I have always worn it—hoping—and now——"

Mrs. Van Schuyler looked into her own pictured face and drew the slender body closely to her. Her voice broke. "My poor little baby," she muttered—"my dear; my dear."

Madeline came close, too, and laid her fair head against her sister. "I'm so *glad!*" she cried softly. And Czerta smiled on them both, then looked across the room to where Byrnes was standing, as tho in him she saw the dawning at the world's end. And Byrnes breathed deeply with a sudden, great hope.

Czerta rose and looked at her mother wistfully. "Would you mind," she queried, "if I should go home just for tonight—to my apartment, I mean? You see, it has been so long—I want to—to sort of get used to it—and there are many things I must attend to."

Mrs. Van Schuyler looked disappointed, then she smiled bravely. "Of course not, darling," she said, kissing her as tho she could not realize the truth of her; "only come home early in the morning—wont you?"

"I will, mother—the first thing."

Czerta stepped into her car in a dream. She felt as tho she were living a play—that very soon the third act would come, the curtain would drop, and she would be Czerta, the dancer, again—moneyed, famous, barren of heart.

She had found tonight the mother her childhood had starved for—the sister whose loss she had felt instinctively thru the strange bond between them—and the man for whom she believed herself to be created. Perhaps he did not care. Doubtless he didn't. But she had seen him again; had heard his voice; had been able to show him her triumph. For this she had studied and traveled and toiled, tirelessly, ceaselessly, always.

At home in her lovely apartment, she dismissed her maid and sat in a big chair to think. So preoccupied was she that she did not hear a step on the fire-escape, the stealthy opening of the window, the catlike footfall across the room; and when she realized a presence beside her, Marco was leering down at her. "I've tracked you across the world for this," he whispered. "I've waited, and trailed, and deserted my tribe—starved and gone thirsty—and cursed—and—kept on. I've wanted you; I'm going to have you, you devil, you——" He grasped her roughly from the chair and strained her to him, held helpless in his arms of steel. "Didn't you feel me tonight?" he gloated in her ear.

"Didn't you know that it was me—hynotizing you there on the stage—when you fainted? Didn't you remember? But I've got you now—I've got you! Oh, Czerta, Czerta, you're part of me—you'll give me your mouth at last——"

She struggled desperately and slipped thru his arms. He came toward her, warily, his feet padding softly on the carpet, his eyes shining like a snake's.

Oh, those terrible, gripping eyes! If she could only tear their scorching stare from hers she might be free.

The gypsy girl sprang back of a table and raised a slender paper-cutter, sharp and dagger-like, in her hand. Her arm felt the strength of ten men in its power to strike, and she hated and feared with all the swift-coursing blood that massed in her cheeks and breast.

Marco came on, his piercing eyes never once wavering from hers.

The room began to sway round Czerta, and the dusty, fiery eyes that challenged hers grew round and red as bull's-eyes. Then something seemed to snap in her brain. Inch by inch her raised arm lowered, and she breathed a little, broken sigh. Had all her years of effort come to this—to be staled by *his* touch at last?

IN THE PRESENCE OF MADELINE, BYRNES' THOUGHTS REVERT TO THE GYPSY DANCER

There was the sound of the bell ringing, and Marco sprang away. "Some one is coming!" he cried. "I am going out on the fire-escape. If you betray me, I will come back—and kill you!"

He had only time to step out, when Byrnes came into the room. Czerta looked at him wanly. She was about to speak, when there came a fumbling

sound on the fire-escape. Byrnes heard it and pulled the curtains aside. "Who——" he began. Czerta looked at him, terror-struck.

"It is Marco," she gasped; "he will kill you! Ah-h!"

Byrnes sprang for him, and Czerta sank into her chair, closing her ears to the horrid, perilous scuffling.

BYRNES SPRANG FOR MARCO AND THE TWO STRUGGLED OVER THE RAIL

The artist was the bigger and stronger man—he must win in the end! But no—there was the knife! Years ago she had heard the low-muttered gypsy gossip of Marco's dreadful prowess with cold steel. He was wont to disappear from the camp for days at a time, and on his return to keep to his tent, dazed with drink.

It was then that they said he had killed his man, and that his knife had thrust home in the service of the highest bidder.

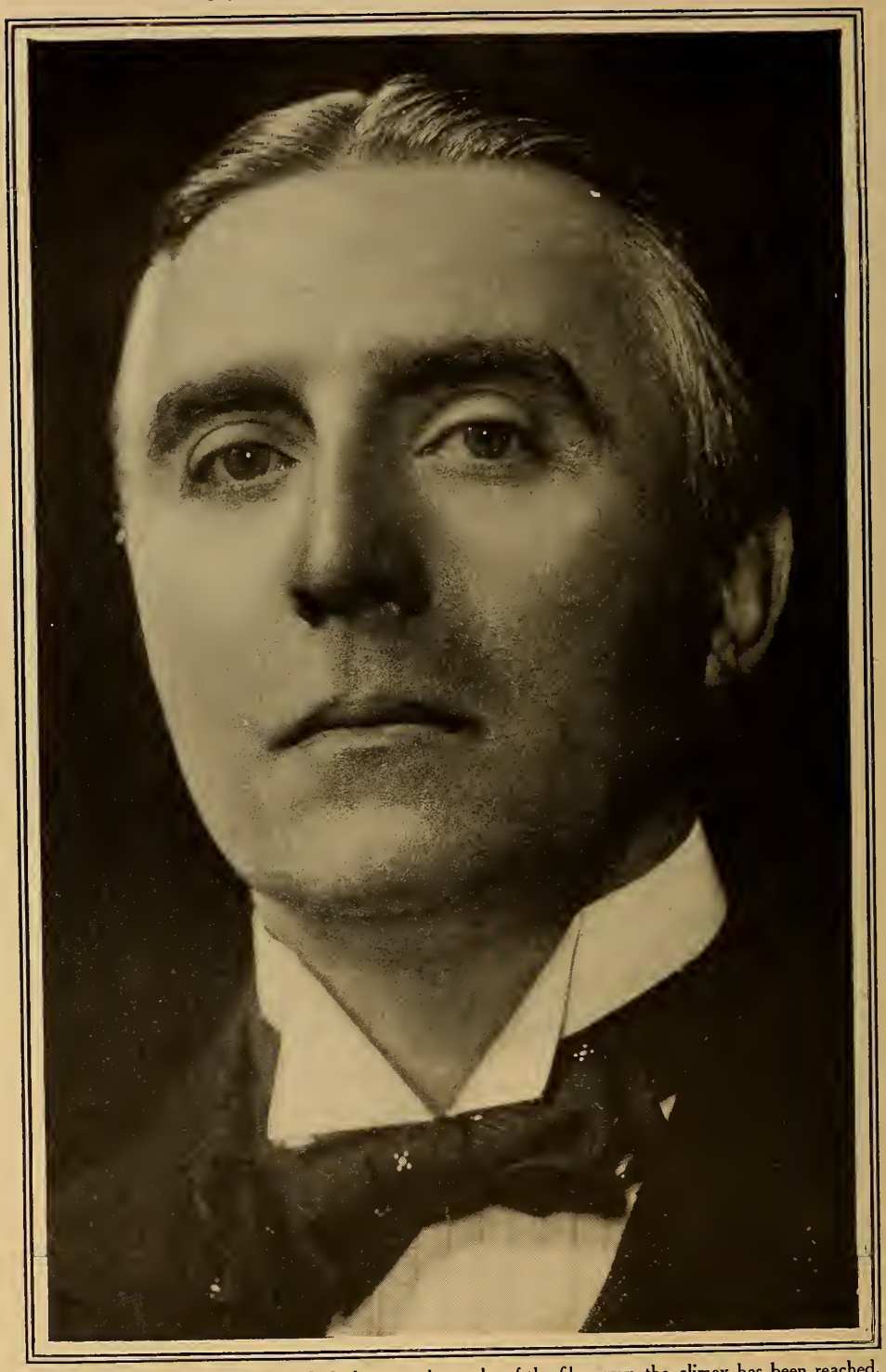
Beyond the curtains the breath of the struggling men came to her in choking gasps. She was as tho turned to marble, but her brain worked like fire, and her heart cried out at each sound.

In time she came to distinguish between the invisible grapplers—the short, sharp breaths of Marco and the deep, shuddering, panting call of the artist's lungs.

Her body was dead—she could neither cry out nor move, and each instant was ripe for the thrust of Marco's knife.

Suddenly there was silence and, very faintly, something thudding to the asphalt court below. A deadly faintness assailed her. She dared not look to see which one had gone thus horribly to his death. With closed eyes she sat tense and still, and, all at once, two arms held her close. She turned to meet Byrnes' eager, yearning lips. "Gypsy love," he was whispering, "you made me live a lifetime—an eternity—in one kiss, and I let you go—I let you go; but I have come back again, Heart of my Heart! 'Morning waits at the end of the world.' Gypsy, shall we go?"

E. H. SOTHERN, FILM STAR



With the acquisition of Edward H. Sothern to the ranks of the film army, the climax has been reached. One by one the great stage stars have been captured, so that with Otis Skinner on the California M. P. Co. pay-roll, and the great Sothern with Vitagraph, the victory is now practically complete. Julia Marlowe (Mrs. E. H. Sothern) will probably not be seen in pictures, owing to ill health.

The Twenty Greatest of Filmdom

An Eminent Authority and Critic Names the Planetary Stars of the Screen and Makes an Apology

By ROBERT GRAU

TIME was when almost every well-known writer here and abroad had his fling in selecting the twenty greatest men and women in the world. The lists, however, were not widely varied and the number of repetitions were so large that at least half of the twenty names in each list figured in others; only two names appeared in but one list.

In view of the amazing development of the Motion Picture art in the last few years, the writer has been tempted to establish in a similar manner the twenty greatest of the screen, in the hope that his views will at least be interesting enough to provide others with the incentive to do likewise. At the outset, the writer wishes to make an apology by stating his belief that there are more than twenty greatest in filmdom—many more, and his only regret is that all cannot be included. As this article is biographical, critical, and somewhat of a character study, he trusts that it will be of general interest, and that it meets with your approval, so he can "discover" other stars of the first magnitude. The twenty named herein have been selected without prejudice to those not named.

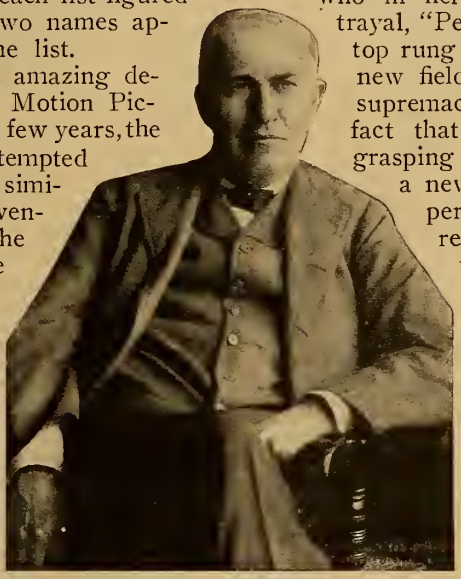


Photo by Pach Bros., Copyright

THOMAS EDISON

NUMBER ONE.—Thomas A. Edison, to whom the world owes the Motion Picture, but who confesses that he was not prepared for the craze which developed to its full swing ten years after the nickel-in-the-slot era.

NUMBER TWO.—Billie Burke, who in her very first portrayal, "Peggy," rose to the top rung of conquest in a new field. Miss Burke's supremacy is due to the fact that in addition to grasping the technique of a new art, her screen performance was replete with artistic touches. Every second that her charming personality was on view was a delight; never did Miss Burke resort to the commonplace. The producer of "Peggy" had the good sense to rely on the radiant charm of America's best ingénue. Billie Burke is not a female Chaplin, nor even a rival of Mary Pickford. She is just Billie Burke, surpassing her stage triumphs in her very first experience with film craft.

NUMBER THREE.—Mary Pickford, not because of her tremendous vogue or unparalleled financial conquests wherein she has become the most remarkable figure the amusement world has ever known, but

Photo by Hartsook. Copyright

MARY PICKFORD

because of her truly great artistry in a score of film portraitures in not one of which may one detect the slightest indication of a retrograde movement in her unexampled career.

NUMBER FOUR.—Anita Stewart, because no such performance as she presented in "A Million Bid" has ever been contributed to the screen before or since, and who in "My Lady's Slipper" indicated that the loss of Adelaide Neilson will yet be atoned for on the silent stage. A picture actress whose artistic destiny will henceforth be watched the world over.

NUMBER FIVE.—George Beban, greatest living exponent of Italian dialect rôles, from whose brain came "An Alien," the most entertaining example of Motion Pictures combined with tense dramatics the screen has as yet revealed.

NUMBER SIX.—Geraldine Farrar, who, altho her fame rests on her vocal triumphs, is entitled to her rank in filmdom entirely apart from operatic fame. It is in the distinctly picture phase of her artistry that she has scored so far the greatest success of her career; and the writer's appraisal herein is based on the fact that while Miss Farrar's capitulation to the Motion Picture call helped raise the standard of film productivity, her success would have been almost as great under another name than her own.

NUMBER SEVEN.—David Wark Griffith, whose place in Motion Picture history must ever be appraised from the standpoint of what he accomplished in those days when he, as a director, inaugurated a new era in which the art and science that had been lying dormant for fourteen years began to find expression. All development of a truly artistic nature began with Griffith.

NUMBER EIGHT.—William Bitzer, camera wizard, for the reason that Motion Pictures might never have attained artistic heights or graduated from their long-time *cul-de-sac* had not Mr. Bitzer recognized in Mr. Griffith a master mind and supported him thru a crucial period.

NUMBER NINE.—Thomas H. Ince, who gave to the screen "Gettys-

Photo by Apeda

ANITA STEWART

Photo by Bangs

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

burg," "An Alien," "The Coward," "Aloha oe" and "Peggy," whose meteoric career is one of the great romances of the stage and screen in the twentieth century; who according to reports has completed his greatest effort for the screen at this writing, but who nevertheless is entitled to rank among the screen's greatest on achievements already recorded.

NUMBER TEN.—Douglas Fairbanks, who, like Billie Burke, made his impress in his first screen effort, "The Lamb"; one of the few celebrated players of the spoken drama to qualify instanter for the newer art of dramatic expression.

NUMBER ELEVEN.—Cecil De Mille, to whose genius as a director of picture plays the amazing development of the Lasky brand of films is mostly due; but the writer wishes to qualify this statement with an expression of regret, that the selection of film subjects of late has not been worthy of a masterly direction or the splendid *dramatis personæ*. Lurid melodrama such as "The Golden Chance" undoubtedly attracts the public, but it does not add to splendid records which alone entitle Mr. De Mille to be accounted among the greatest in Motion Picturedom.

NUMBER TWELVE.—Earle Williams, the screen's foremost *jeune première;* artistic, finished and painstaking to a degree not observable in any of his rivals; just beginning to portray rôles worthy of a unique personality—a photoplayer radiating with the love of romance, to see whom as Claude Melnotte the writer would follow from afar.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.—Charles Chaplin, world's greatest grotesque, the most extraordinary figure the Motion Picture has ever revealed—not a mere fad, not a specialist, but a great artist who can measure the value of every pose and whose present status is best illustrated by the fact that just when his so-called rivals are predicting the passing of his vogue, sane men are actually lying awake nights to secure a renewal of his contract at half a million dollars a year.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.—J. Stuart

(*Continued on page* 181)

HENRY WALTHALL

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

$250.00 in Cash for the Best Answers

Fascinating Imaginary Dialog Contest Has Attracted Answers by the Thousand. Last Words as the Contest Closes

THE "Riddle of the Sphinx of Cheops" is some six hundred years more than four thousand years old, yet its fascination has never wavered for a day. Arabian poets, graybeard Egyptologists, the kingly sons of Rameses, and millions of tourists have stood before it trying to wring its message from the thoughtful eyes and smiling mouth. "Who is the Sphinx?" "Why was he reared?" "What is he trying to tell the world?" These and other questions have puzzled those who have gazed upon the inscrutable, graven face. And in trying to answer them enough conjecture has been written about the Sphinx to fill a Carnegie Library.

There's a gripping fascination in reading another's thoughts, be he Sphinx or flesh and blood. When we inaugurated the "What Are They Saying?" Contest in the February number, we knew that we had laid the tracks for a fascinating race of wits and imagination. We offered $250.00 in gold for the aptest answers as to what the characters appeared to be saying in the accompanying pictures, and a full set of the rules and conditions will be found in the March number. As announced, the contest closes on April 3d at noon. All answers must be in our offices by that time.

There is every indication that the judges of the contest will be kept busy for some time in reading and selecting the prize-winners. From the overflowing condition of our files—thousands of answers from all over the world—we judge that the "What Are They Saying?" pictures hold a mountain of interest. We think, however, that the final decisions, awards, and prize-winning answers will be given in the June number, published on May 1st.

The success of this picture riddle contest has spurred us on to create another contest—something along entirely new lines, and ambitious enough to satisfy you to your heart's content. We are enthusiastic about it, and our readers will soon go us one better and run away with our enthusiasm when once they get started. But we cant crack the egg just yet; wait for full and satisfying announcements in a coming number. Yes, siree! It's going to be big! With head interest, heart interest and a row of prizes that would swamp a savings-bank.

We started out so bravely about the Sphinx that we cant conclude dumbly. It seems a long time to wait until the pictures have their final say on May 1st, so we are selecting at random a few of the answers that have been submitted, and are giving them herewith:

Picture No. 1

THE SHEIK—The East has claimed the one you seek, and what she has she holds.

"Love gives no reason, sahib, has no justification. It is a law unto itself."

THE SULTAN—Have you delivered my orders?
THE OFFICER—No; I am no longer in your service.

NATIVE—So you have come.
KERRIGAN—Yes; and I mean action!

THE OFFICER—Speak—none of your lies—make the tale brief.

5
6
7
8
9

"After what has happened I can no longer be your wife!" *Picture No. 2*

"You must not, you cannot believe me guilty!"

"You are a coward; a villain, or worse, if you do not break silence to prove your innocence."

She—Oh, John, what has happened?

He—We're ruined, utterly ruined. I staked every cent on our friend's tip.

Cocaine! Robert, are you mad? Think of your child—think of me!

The Wife—And my money—the money that I made for you and gave you—have you gambled that away, too?

"Dont I mean more to you than this?"

Mrs. Tackleton—Richard, I thought you were a man to the core of your heart; but instead you are a liar, a coward, a thief! God! say it—what worse are you?

Chief Karavisi—Do not ask me further. *Picture No. 3*

Purikia—Oh, my father! He is to me as the sun is to the flower and the rain to the parched plant. Would you have me droop and wither away? I cannot love Katani, whom you would have me marry, and will have only Maru whom I love.

"Where thou goest will I go; thy God shall be my God!"

"*Aloha oe*—farewell and love to thee!"

Markey—Do not go.

Mack—I must; Father Pele is calling me.

"Oh, my lover, thou art unhappy with the little Hawaiian girl. Dost thou hear the voice of the white girl?

"Goodby, Tamori; may the gods watch and ward you in the strife of war."

Then to the weeping maid he said,
"The god, my father, calls to me;
I must obey his summons dread—
Aloha oe—farewell to thee!"

"I wonder where that keyhole went." *Picture No. 4*

"No one saw me get in! Gee, that was a close call!"

Douglas Fairbanks—Ye gods! I left my keys in my other trousers!

He—Open the door, May; they're after me!

She (*the small, still voice*)—Who—the jimjams?

"O, clock upon yon dizzy height
Dont kick up such a rumpus—
I do not need a clock tonight,
But I wish I had a compass."

Sidney Drew—Of all the fool stunts! Mental telepathy, eh? Looks more like a case of the "Sleeping Beauties." What *will* these women be up to next? *Picture No. 5*

"Nobody home is right."

"Say, what's the idea?"

"We are thinking beautiful thoughts."

"Now I know why that squirrel followed us around all day."

Picture No. 6

SHE—She is our daughter—I am going to her.
HE—You'll stay here! She has chosen her way; let her travel it alone.

HE—It's time that you told me everything.

HE—Do not go, May—wait!
SHE—It's too late, Bill—after all these years.

MOTHER—Let me go to her.
FATHER—No! She has made her bed—let her lie on it.

"I know all—let me leave your house forever."

"Dont go after the liquor, Joe!"
"I must, Emma; I tell you I must."

Picture No. 7

"His Master's Voice."

SHE—I've got you now! Leap year makes me do the proposing, Jack.

"Oh, joy! Aunt Melissa has gone and the cook has decided to stay!"

"So you've learnt the one-step—and with a man teacher!"

HE—You win, Dolly, and you get that hat.

SHE—Oh, hubby dear, I love you so!
HE—Yep; and then what?

THE WIFE—Oh, honey-love, what a duck of a ring! I'll just give you a million kisses and a big bear hug for it.

Picture No. 8

"I've got the license—I'll ask her tonight."

SNOOKUMS, THE LAP-DOG.

HE (*reading*)—"And please dont bring that funny-faced friend of yours—he scares Snookums!"

BILLIE—Say, did Auntie leave you anything?
EARLE—Yes; she wished her kids on me.

"Your story accepted—enclosed find check for same."

JACK (*reading the will*)—I get the house and barn; you get the cow and dog.

Picture No. 9

PRIEST—That's right, my girl, tell me everything; I will make you feel better.

MAY—It's so hard for me to own up being as bad as I have been—it wasn't all my fault. I have wanted to be good all the time, but every one I met just liked me for what I was and kept me going down—down—until I got sick and lost my looks, and since then they have deserted me.

"My child, tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow."

"That, Father, is the story of my wretched soul."

PRIEST—It is all over.
SHE—Yes; the end is Here.

"Father, can I see him before I die?"

THE PRIEST—Have courage; do not despise yourself nor him!

"Father, within that box
A withered rose you'll see;
Its story I shall tell—
Then bury it with me."

"Sunny" May Allison

From an Old, Aristocratic Southern Family, She Carried the Beautiful Ideals and Courtly Manners of Years Ago to the Stage and Thence to the Screen, and Triumphed

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

In the stickiest part of an especially sultry day in Santa Barbara, I chanced to meet a charming girl, who was clad in a white serge skirt, a dark blue coat with patent leather belt, and around her slim throat a cream-and-scarlet muffler. Seeing this last, I gasped and surrendered. I knew that it required unusual bravery to be a really successful Motion Picture actress, but this was more than I had expected. Summer furs aren't so bad—but woolen mufflers!

Anyway, I met the charming girl, and none of the charm was lost in discovering that she was May Allison, co-star with Harold Lockwood, in the "Flying A" Company. We sought a quiet spot beneath a nobly spreading tree. I think it was a eucalyptus, but, not being versed in the tree-ology of California, I can only swear that it wasn't an apple. Miss Allison, in her coat and muffler, felt ever so much cooler and more comfortable than I did, in my white linen.

"Are you a 'native son,' Miss Allison?" I queried, lazily. (California's atmosphere is conducive to laziness and the spirit of *dolce far niente*.)

"Indeed, I am *not*," she responded, emphatically, despite the heat. "I am a Georgia girl—born in north Georgia."

"You dont say!" I gasped, sitting bolt upright and forgetful of the heat. "Why, that's my home. I was born and raised in north Georgia."

"Really? How perfectly lovely!" she cried delightedly.

You wouldn't be interested in what followed; it was a feminine version of what happens when two men suddenly discover that they are brothers in the same lodge.

"And where did you go to school?" I asked, finally, remembering my duty as a chat extracter.

"When I was eight years old, Dad decided that my education was being sadly neglected, so we moved to Birmingham, Alabama, where I attended public schools until I was ready for college. Then I went to the Centenary Female College, at Cleveland, Tennessee."

Just between ourselves, Miss Allison is a member of one of the oldest families of the aristocratic South. For example, on her father's side she is a descendant of General Wade Hampton, who lives in song and story in Southland hearts, while, on her mother's side, she is a descendant of the noted Wise family of Virginia, of which Governor Wise and Brigadier-General Henry A. Wise were members.

I found that she is a typical Southern girl, one fashioned in "the old South," where they still cling to old-fashioned, beautiful ideals and the courtly manners of years ago. Her mother calls her "Sunny," and it is a pet-name—one could not call it by so undignified a title as nickname, for no one but the little, gray-haired mother is allowed the use of it.

"Tell me about your stage experi-

MAY ALLISON IS AN EXCELLENT HORSEWOMAN

ence. How did you go about it?" I asked, after we had talked over many of our mutual acquaintances of north Georgia, where everybody seems to know everybody else.

"Oh, when I was sixteen father died," she confided, "and I was faced with the necessity for self-support. So mother and I talked it over, and because of my work—or rather my fun—in amateur theatricals at school, we both believed that I could get something to do on the stage. So we went to New York, where I soon won an engagement as Beauty in 'Everywoman.' Following that, I played the title rôle in 'The Quaker Girl,' and then came an ingénue lead with De Wolf Hopper. My last engagement was the lead in 'Apartment 12' at the Maxine Elliott Theater in New York."

A SNAPSHOT OF MAY ALLISON TAKEN AT HER SANTA BARBARA BUNGALOW

"And how long have you been in pictures?" I queried.

"First with that dear old dean of American comedy, William H. Crane, in 'David Harum.' I played opposite Mr. Lockwood in that, you know. Then came a special engagement with Lasky, in 'The Governor's Lady,' and now here, with Mr. Lockwood again."

"And how long ago was the 'David Harum' engagement?" I asked.

"Ten months ago—and do you know," she said, "it seems like years and years. I have become passionately absorbed in Motion Pictures and now I wouldn't think of anything else but pictures. I love them very much. And when," she added quaintly, "I have managed to persuade them to love me, I'll be perfectly happy."

May Allison is a singularly beautiful girl, as you of course know who have seen her in "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs" and "The House of a Thousand Scandals." She is slender and blonde and dimpled, with eyes that are warmly, merrily blue, and she has a mouth that curls upward at the corners, shaping a merry little quirk that bids the beholder smile in companionship.

"What are your favorite sports?" I asked her, insatiably.

"Swimming, motoring, riding horseback and tennis. But I am especially fond of swimming and motoring, and I just adore dancing."

Miss Allison has a lyric soprano voice of rare sweetness and charm, and for a while it was her ambition to become an opera singer. She studied hard to that end; but alas and alack! the voice that was so sweet and charming was found too small to fill a huge auditorium, and that put an end to her girlish aspirations.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

WHERE in the world are you all? Is verse at a premium? Has the critical faculty expired? Are opinions nil? Come—rally 'round me! I shall expect to be avalanched with mail next month to make up for this month's dearth.

Step forward, "D. H.," you have made a very tender and charming portrait of Anne Schaefer, and you get the prize:

THE BEAUTY OF ANNE.

(To Miss Schaefer, of the Western Vitagraph.)

Hers is a beauty not of golden curls
And dimpling smiles, but of a flame-bright soul;
It shines thru her frank eyes, and Tragedy
Has touched her face and made it strangely sweet.
Was her true heart in crucibles of Pain
And fires of Sorrow thrice refined, that thus
Her art is tinged with something deeply sad,
Which wakens ghosts of long-forgotten griefs?

William De Ryee, Santa Cruz, Cal., has a little coronation party all to himself, and the kingly crown he awards to J. Warren Kerrigan, as follows:

SOVEREIGN OF THE SCREEN.

You can talk about your favorites, and laud them to the skies;
You can trumpet their "fine acting," and their merits eulogize;
But I take my pen in hand, and, thru the M. P. MAGAZINE,
I'll tell you movie lovers who is Sovereign of the Screen.

How great he was as Hamlet! And, as Samson, he was fine!
He's *versatile; convincing*—super-artist in his line;
He throws his soul into his work; he always *looks the part;*
As millionaire, or cowboy, he's the player of my heart.

And talk of being handsome—he's a living Belvedere!
With dreamy eyes, whose wistfulness has made him e'en more dear.
Of course, I "love the ladies," but commend I must this man;
This peerless Sovereign of the Screen—
J. WARREN KERRIGAN!

To a pessimist—going—going—*gone!* And Miss Marguerite Sheridan, 1005 Washington Avenue, Dallas, Texas, will tell you why:

A WARNING TO THE PESSIMIST.

For the pictures you will fall,
Later on;
All your scathing words recall,
Later on;
Tho you say they are a bore,
And the movies make you sore,
You'll be keen—and then some more,
Later on.

(*Continued on page* 184)

Limericks Are Now the Craze!

Having Started Cartoon-Limericks, the Latest Fad, We Cant Seem to Stop Them

Last April Fools' Day the bad boy in the Limerick Editor's boarding-house played a rather mean trick. He deposited a cup containing a giant firecracker in the steak pie just before the cook fetched it to the table. We were hungry—but not after the explosion. Liberal portions of shattered pie decorated everything in sight. There was a panic, and some of us screamed and fled. But in the end the boy was the only one really damaged—we saw to that.

And speaking of pie, the boy wasn't half so rude as they are in Turkey. There it is considered polite to serve steak pie in a basin—without forks. Each guest in turn makes up a tasty tidbit with his fingers and pops it into his seat-mate's mouth. If you're not a good shot, you're simply not invited to dine! Only ruffians ever miss fire. Keystone comedies are dreadfully popular in Turkey.

This sad but true foolery explains the Limerick Editor's case. It's a confession. He has started a fad—a jolly amusement—and cant stop it. And he feels like the bad little boy and the hungry Turkoman. Limericks and still more limericks keep showering down on him, until it's worse than explosive pie.

We will stick to our diet! Serve them up to us hot and cold, snappy and spicy, light and yeasty—the more the merrier. We offer $5, $3, $1, and $1 for the four brightest. We particularly desire limericks to fit the unlimericked penographs following, but anything will do. Five more cash prizes will be awarded next month, $15 in all. The prize-winners this month are Miss Anderson, Miss Robeson, Miss Williams and Mr. Wallace.

AMBITION.

I long not for Clara K.'s eyes,
Nor like Mary Pickford to rise;
But I yearn to grow rich
On a bakery which
Supplies nothing but Keystone pies!

Isabelle Alexander.
75 West End Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

We view with alarm our dear Dustin;
With superfluous flesh he is bustin'.
We think, if he's wise,
He will quite realize
It's high time that he did some adjustin'!

Ruth Warren.
526 Lexington Ave., Newport, Ky.

WHEN THE CENSORS USE THE SHEARS.

O. MOORE

You've heard terrible tales of the censors bad,
Who chop up the pictures and make us mad;
You have heard they are gruff,
Made of dignified stuff;
But worse "cut-ups," I tell you, couldn't be had.

Marjorie W. Spencer.
1527 Belmont Ave., Seattle, Wash.

DOROTHY KELLY.

She is candor just seasoned with guile,
She knows every feminine wile,
She's modest and coy,
And the fans all enjoy
The charm of that wide "Dental Smile."

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

HITCHCOCK

WM. S. HART

THE TWO-GUN MAN.

When William S. Hart
Plays the leading part,
I'll be right there, you bet;
For it's "Drop that knife and use a fork—
You aint up on etiket."

Thomas Hunter.
Wilmington, Del.

STERLING

STUART HOLMES.

He's a treacherous, wife-snatching villain;
We know that he well deserves killin',
Yet sad tears we shed
When false Stuart lies dead,
For he's such an adorable villain!

Mrs. C. D. Parish.
5642 Miles Ave., Oakland, Cal.

THE SORROWFUL FUNMAKERS.

A wife in a terrible stew,
Old tale with a twist that is new,
A husband that's meek,
With his tongue in his cheek—
That's Mr. and Mrs. Sid Drew!

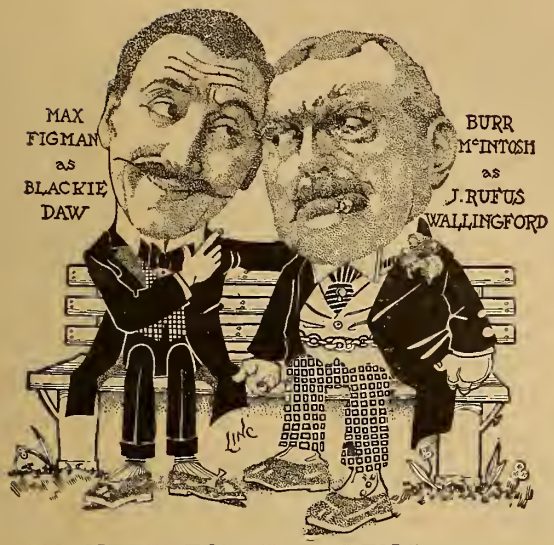
Helen C. Richards.
1710 Jefferson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

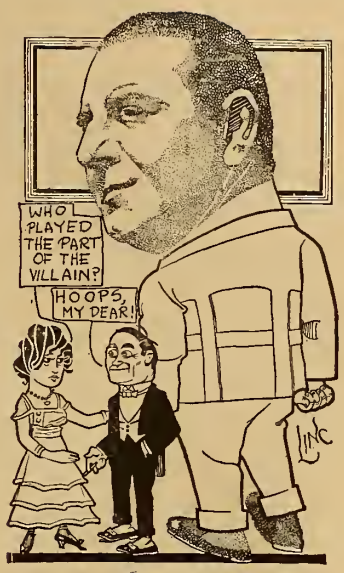
OWED TO ARBUCKLE AND MISS NORMAND.

Shoot a gun just as fast as you're able;
Then upset the dining-room table;
Get a soak in the eye
With a blackberry pie—
Well, it's funny with "Fatty" and Mabel!

H. C. Richards.
1710 Jefferson St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FORD





ARTHUR HOOPS

NO NEED FOR "BIG BEN."

'Twas in a maiden fair to see,
One day I met my fate;
If all "Dawns" were as beautiful,
I should not sleep so late.

Dorothy M. Hills.
394 Fraser St., Atlanta, Ga.

TOM MIX.

We know a young player named Mix,
No broncho fools him with tricks,
They may rear, buck and lunge,
Kick, curvet and plunge,
But still to the saddle he sticks.

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

THE CURL CANT MAKE THE GURL.

This is a very curious world,
So many things are happ'nin';
For all the girls
Wear Pickford curls,
And boys play Charlie Chaplin.

Clare D. Robeson.
56 W. Union Ave.,
Bound Brook, N. J.

CUPID SQUARED HIMSELF.

In "The Tragic Circle," Cupid worked amiss
With woman, man, girl, boy, till Cupid we'd hiss;
But now we're forced to admit
That Cupid made quite a hit
When he gave us the Allison-Lockwood kiss.

Mrs. C. L. Wittich.
408 W. B St.,
Joplin, Mo.

BEAUTIFUL BUT NOT FAT.

Elsie Janis was "The Slim Princess,"
Whose father asked the Turkish princes
To give her the o.o.
Said they, to his sorrow,
"A beauty!—thru microscope's lenses."

D. J. Meyerhardt.
Rome, Ga.

WH-INCE?

There's a mystery puzzling me,
For I cant, for the life of me, see—
Why Percy asked Reuben,
"Oh, whither has Lubin,
And where in the world can K B?"

Isabelle Alexander.
75 West End Ave.,
Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN INCE

NEVER AGAIN, WAL., NEVER AGAIN!

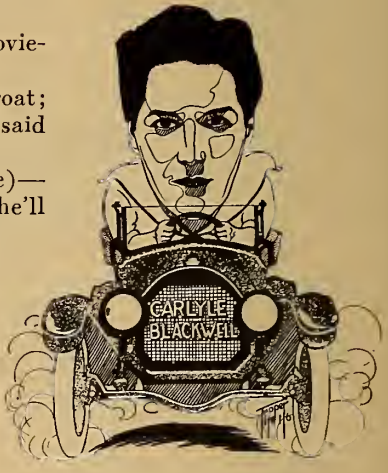
There is a young man named Reid,
Who looks of the blue-blooded breed;
No wonder Miss Farrar
Was thrilled to the marrer,
And returned his kisses with greed!

Lillian A. Anderson.
123 Pelham St.,
Newport, R. I.

GREY WHISKERS AT THREE.

The stork visited movieland,
And Washburn was the goat;
First month the kid said "Daddy,"
(So says Bryant laddie)—
Next month we guess he'll vote.

Connie Williams.
303 Mill St.,
Memphis, Tenn.



ASTRONOMICAL.

I'll tell you a truth, just between us,
When stars from the earth try to wean us,
And fair Nance O'Neil
Is the star of the reel,
I wouldn't go out to see Venus!

Frederick Moxon.
Rockville, Conn.

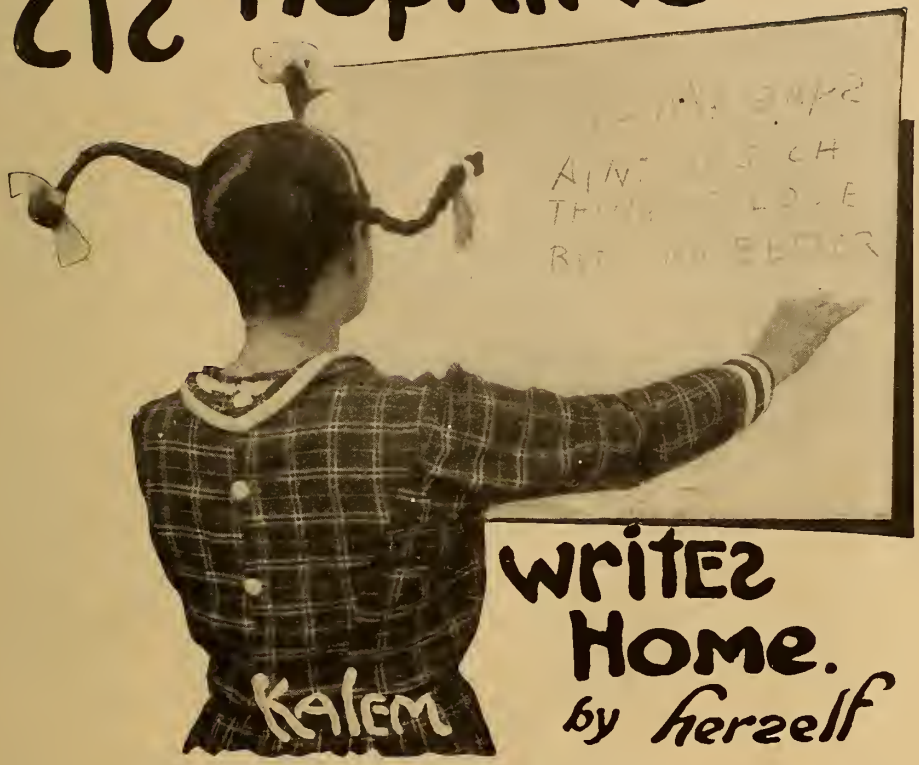
HARRY MC COY

HARRY NORTHRUP.

Said Northrup, "I hate to be mean,
But in nothing but 'heavies' I'm seen;
And I thrill to the bone,
Lest I have to atone
For the life that I've led on the screen."

Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

Liz Hopkinz



writez Home. by herzelf

And, in Characteristic Fashion, Rose Melville's Famous Creation Tells the Folks in New Hampshire Why the Movies Move and the Joys of Being an "Actress Womman"

Tuesday.

DERE HIRAM—Gosh! but this here Floridy is a long way from New Hampshire. It aint more'n a week since I sed good-by to you and Ma and the chikens and the neybors; but gee whillikers! I hev covered sum ground in thet time. And, beleeve me, Hiram, rolling stones may not gather enny moss, but I stil fele sumthing I gathered thet time I fel out of the bearth and the floor hit my hed a teribbel bump. These bearths is awfull things to sleep in. Pa, he aint recovvered yet. He says, "Travvel broadens the mind, but it's a good thing it dont broaden nothing else or you cudn't fit in one of them bearths."

Wich reminds me, Hiram, you'll hev to pardon me if you see a lot of slang in these letters I rite to you, like I sed jest now "sum ground" and "beleeve me." Thet slang is one of the bad inflooences of mixxing with these actress wimmen and actor men, and I jest cant help picking it up from hearing them. Thank goodness they cant hurt my speling 'cause they dont talk speling.

And while I'm talking about the subbject of talking, Hiram, beleeve me—gosh! there I go again—these actor folks surely do talk. There's only one thing on erth thet makes more noise than actor peple talking about themselves, and thet is actor peple talking about other actors.

But gosh! this Kalem commpany I'm with is all too good-nachured for thet, an' besides we are too blame

busy to get time to talk. We jest got off the trane this morning and allredy we're wurking on the first story. The feller they call the Dirrecter red the story to us and we got to get our costyumes reddy and evverything to start tomorrow. I dont know jest what the story is about yet, only I know I am the leading leddy and lots of men want to marry me and I wont let them—this is only make-believe—and ennyway you know, Hiram, when I get reddy I wudn't want noboddy else but you.

I got to stop riting now 'cause the first sceane tomorrow I am supposed to bake a cake, and I know none of them actress wimmen can bake, so I supose I got to stay up all nite and make the cake. The landleddy is kicking like evverything becus I'm using the stove, but she dont appreshiate Movving Picture reealism.

Pa says, "Movving Pictures is so real they make you fele you are only an imitashun of yourself."

Dont forget to feed the chikens.

Yours with luv, SIS HOPKINS.

Thursday.

DERE HIRAM—Land sakes! I'm tired, for I jest been on the move since I herd the first rooster this morning. Now I know why they call them Movving Pictures. Gosh! they got me movving like evverything. I wasn't being enny too fresh when I got down to the studdio 'count of being up nearly all nite making that cake I toled you about. But, gee whillikers! I soon forgot I was tired when I got to the studio.

The Dirrecter was running about taring his hare; hired men with hammers and nales and saws were binging and banging. But with all the noise they make there only fakes, and I toled the Dirrecter so affterwards, 'cause when I leaned agenst the kitchin they made for me it fel rite in, and I landed kerplump! with canvass and wood and steppladders and hammers and nales and evverything on top of me. It hurt dredfull, but you know, Hiram, I wudn't cry 'cause I saw sum of them actress wimmen start to laff, and I guess they aint use to enny better and they dont know the houses we got upp in New Hampshire what you cudn't knock ovver with an erthqwake.

An' when I toled the Dirrecter about them fake carrpenters he got awfull mad. I bet he called them down sumthing teribbel when he got them alone 'cause he was so mad about it he made me almost think he was mad at me. I hope he says sumthing to them actress wimmen what was laffing, too. Pa says, "Folks who are stuck up shud be called down."

Shucks! thet only started the trubble. When we got reddy for the first sceane the feller they call the Property Man bringed in a cake what they bought from the bakery acrost the street, and sed it was the one I was to use. Affter me staying up half the nite to make one. An' the one they had was one of them chepe store-made kind like you get from the male order houses. I got mad rite there and qwit the job. Pa qwit, too, 'cause he sed there wasn't no better cake-maker in New Hampshire than me, and you know he's rite, Hiram. And pa says if they wanted to insullt me by bringing in a store-made cake he knew the Nashunal Bord of Sensorship wudn't pass it.

And when I was taring around mad as a old hen, I herd one of them actress wimmen say she's one of them temmperamentle stars and thet made me wurse. But the Dirrecter saw I was rite; 'cause he says You take the cake. So I took my own cake and we went ahed with the sceane. And jest to show I wasn't mad when the sceane was over I cut the cake up and gave them all a piece, and they ate evvery last crumb and says they knew I was rite all the time and they didn't know there was such cake in the wurld. These actor folk aint so bad, Hiram, only I guess they been away from home so long they forgot all the good things that me and you know.

I lernt more about the story today, Hiram. I'm suposed to be a servant in thet house where I was baking the cake, and when I walk in the parlor I see the young leddy of the house with

"AND EVVERYWHERE I GO EVVERYBODY GOT A FELLER BUT ME"

her feller luving like evverything. And I went in the livving-room and the old folks they was kissing each other scandalus, and evverywhere I go evverybody got a feller but me. An I get teribbel jelus, and I see it's Lepe Year, and I put a add in the paper thet says, "Wud like to get aqwainted with nice young man. Object, to get hitched up. No expeerience needed. Call at 21 Howe Streete."

These Kalem folks dont know I got you, Hiram, or they wudn't make up enny story like thet. And when you see the add in the papers dont anser it ennyway, Hiram, 'cause you know the secret thet it's only for the movies.

Dont forget to feed the chikens.

Yours with luv, SIS HOPKINS.

P. S.—I was only bluffing, Hiram, when I sed I wud qwit thet time, 'cause 2000$ dollars a week for jest making folks laff is ezy money, 'cause most folks laff jest when they see me, ennyway.

I wunder if enny nice young men wil anser thet add?

Friday.

DERE HIRAM—This aint a reggular letter; it's only a note, and if it wasn't for fere of scaring the life out of you I'd hev sent you a telegraph. You know I toled you about picking up slang with these actor folks. Well, I jest lernt that "chikens" in slang means purty young hussies who go around minding other peple's bisness, and here I hev been teling you each letter I rite Dont forget to feed the chikens. Pa says, "If folks wudn't talk about things they didn't understand the whole wurld wud be in the silent drammer."

Dont you dare to feed the chikens.

Yours with eyes openned, SIS.

Monday.

DERE HIRAM—Gosh! but thet add I put in the paper surely did cause sum trubble. You know what I went and done? I jest sed Call at 21 Howe Streete, and I forgot to say the back way and put my name, and all the fellers hev been coming all day long and bothering the young leddy of the house. An', gee whillikers! all the fellers what are anxshus to get maried! There was young fellers and old fellers, and long-hared fellers and bald-hared ones; and gee! I got

things all mixxed up. All the time I was wating in the kitchin, primped up and looking purtier then one of them circus wimmen, and not a one of the men got to me cuz they was all chased from the house.

was saying sumthing teribbel her Ma came in the room and herd him, and she orderred him from the house.

"AND WHEN HE SEEN ME HE DROPPED RITE DOWN ON HIS KNEES AND PROPOSSED RITE AWAY"

But between me and you, Hiram, I'll bet thet if it wasn't for her feller being there thet purty actress womman would hev grabbed one of them fellers what came in anser to my add. Gee! her feller got madder'n ennything. He jest stormmed and ranted sumthing fierce, and once when he

And gosh! now she aint got no feller at all, and I aint got none, and evverything is dredful. Only they dont know I got you, Hiram, 'cause I'm keeping it a Secret and jest let them hev all the fun they want with me.

I toled the Dirrecter You're running this shooting-match—why didn't

you tel me to put my name in thet add and you wudn't hev had all this trubble? And gee! his hed must hev hurt from faling out of the bearth, too, 'cause he started puling his hare, and he says We wudn't hev no story then. He may be rite, but gosh! I dont see nothing funny in making a poor girl like me to get all primped up and wating all day for a feller what dont come, and getting so nervus I dropped three dollars wurth of dishes and spoiled the dinner an' evverything.

Your poor down-troden SIS.

"YOU KNOW, ONE OF THEM FELLERS WHAT AINT SATISFIED TO MARRY ONCE"

P. S.—It aint so bad. The Property Man jest toled me I wont hev to pay for those dishes. He says Kalem will pay, and they dont care how much dishes I brake.

Wednesday.

DERE HIRAM—Hurray, Hiram! I did get a feller from thet add, ennyway. He came the last thing thet day, and he didn't care 'cause they kicked him from the room—he jest came back the winder and he kept looking til he found the girl he wanted. And when he seen me he dropped rite on his knees and propossed rite away. I accepted him. You needn' get jelus, Hiram, 'cause this is only for the movies, and, besides, he reely is jest the handsomest man. His name is Sudden Sam. He's got a handsome, big mustache and beootiful eyes, only his feet is big, but he says there not reely thet way, only he wares big shoes.

The young leddy of the house also got another feller, too. It started to rane sumthing dredful last nite, and a dressed-up feller with high stovepipe hat and evverything stopped on the porch to get out of the rane and she see'd him and invitted him in. Whether Ma found his name was J. Morgan Vanderfeller, she says He's got monney, and they was awfull nice to him.

When I went in the parlor affterwards I herd him saying, We'll elope, and I'll meet you at the minnister's tomorrow and we'll get maried. He thinks he's got to be awfull sly and secret 'cause he doesn't know her folks is braking there necks to get him.

Ennyway, he's not near as handsome as Sudden Sam.

Yours, SIS.

(*Continued on page* 182)

Omar at the Movies

By (no means) OMAR KHAYYAM

The movie figure skites, and, having skit,
Reels on. Nor all your pleas, nor yet your "jit,"
Can lure, in backward flight, the film—altho
You may await another view of it.

—Louis Poirier.

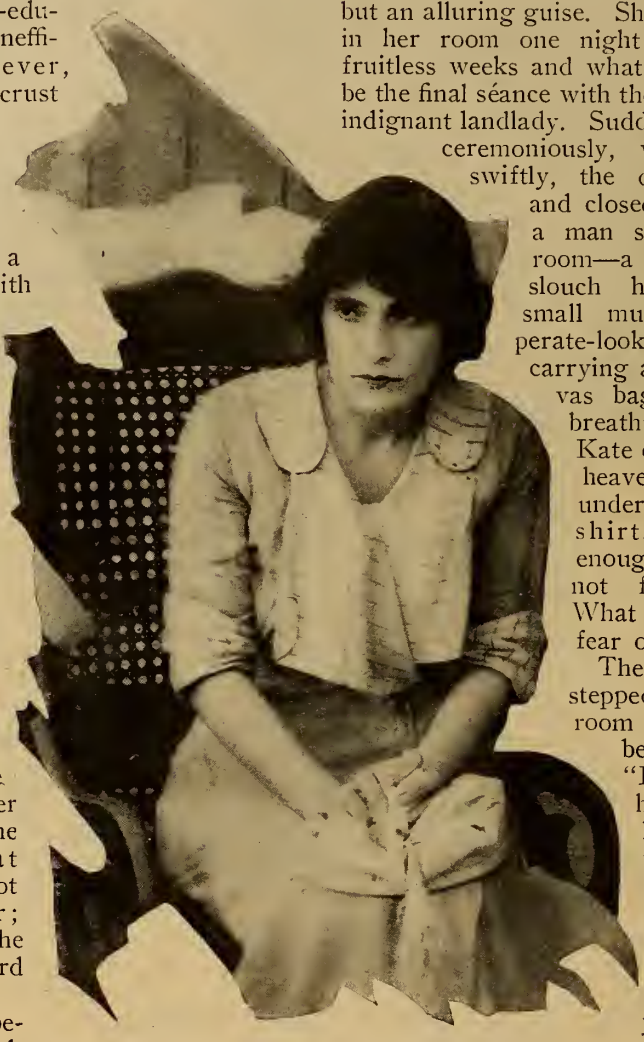
The Grip of Gold

Biograph by Janet Reid

Few of us, stumbling along the highway of Life, can look backward without a tremor—without a qualm, a sadness, a lone regret. Most of us, alas! carry with us the burden of some early misdemeanor—only a rash one, perhaps, done at youth's flood-tide; sometimes the ill-earned brunt of another's sin; occasionally a wrong committed under unbearable pressure by a body crushed into the dust. And, to those laden, there comes a day when the burden takes tangible shape—when it rises up and faces us, horrid, grotesque, ruinous; when, in the warm heart of love and hard-won victory and approbation and pain-born hope, it points its bony finger at us and cries, "What would you? *I am here!*"

Such is the tale I am about to tell you precisely as it was told to me. A tale of a woman—just a woman, not very beautiful, nor very brilliant, nor very gifted. A woman alone against the world, with her incapable hands and her tired brain for weapons; a woman who fell on the highway, and rose, and fell again, and, as she lay panting for breath to get up and go on, temptation came and she took it. And so the burden, and so the tale!

Kate Wiggin was nineteen when she was orphaned by parents of average means and rather less than average mentalities. As a consequence of the latter, she was pretty poorly equipped for the fray—rather inadequate; rather silly; under-educated and inefficient. However, under the crust environment had raised, some latent grit persisted, for she obtained a position with the cotton-goods firm of Lathram & Webb and maintained it for two years. Then she was taken ill with a long-drawn-out malaria, and when she returned, her place had been filled. She had done her duty to the extent that they dared not discharge her; but her niche was not hard to fill.



THEN IT BEGAN—THE ENDLESS SEARCH; THE DWINDLING PURSE; THE IRATE LANDLADY

Then it began—the endless search; the endless rebuff; the dwindling purse; the irate landlady; the heart-draining scenes of "I've got to live as well as you, I'm sure, Miss Wiggin. If you aint able to pay, there's others as is." Finally—— Oh, but it's an old story—the East River; the gas-route; the streets. "I'm one of the one-too-many," she would ruminate; "I'm one of the left-overs—the misfits." And, being without humor as well as without food, she forgot the army who had moaned that before her, were moaning it with her, would moan it after her.

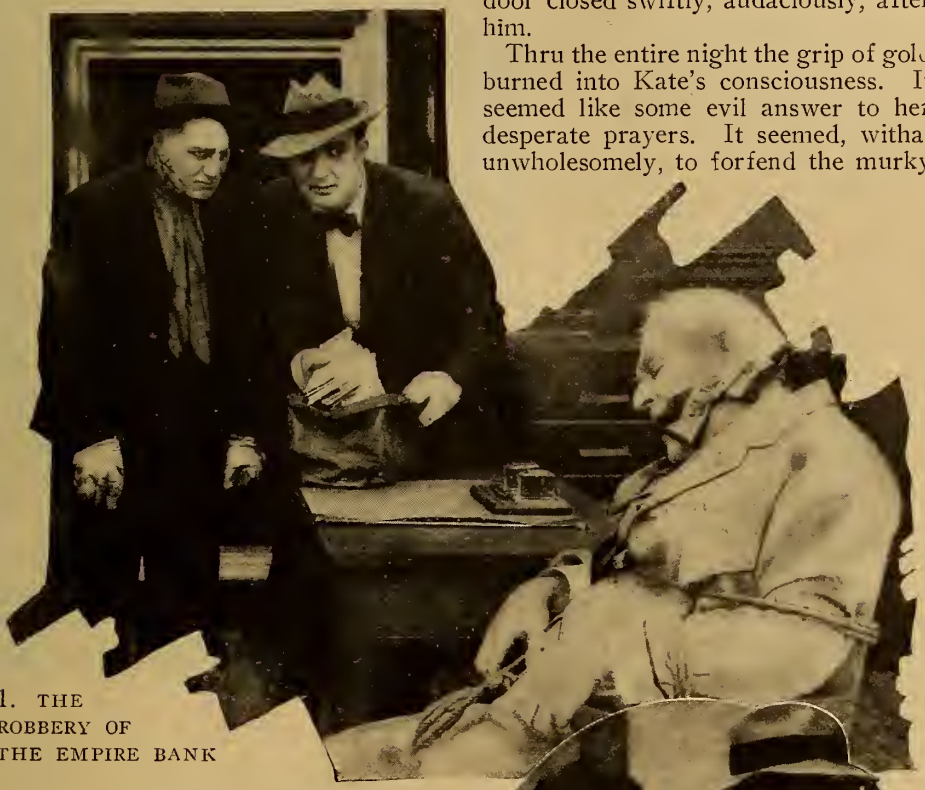
Then came temptation—in anything but an alluring guise. She was sitting in her room one night after three fruitless weeks and what appeared to be the final séance with the righteously indignant landlady. Suddenly and unceremoniously, withal, very swiftly, the door opened and closed again, and a man stood in her room—a man in a slouch hat, with a small mustache, desperate-looking eyes, and carrying a small, canvas bag. He was breathing rapidly; Kate could see the heave of his chest under his flannel shirt. Curiously enough, she did not feel afraid. What had she to fear of Life?

The man catstepped across the room to her and bent forward. "I'm a crook," he said swiftly; "I'm in a tight place. If you help me, I'll treat you right. If you dont, I'll swear you helped me on the job."

Kate stared at him dumbly. "What do you want?" she managed at last, wondering what new horror the Fates had devised for her special torture.

"Reddy, me pal, and me rooked the Empire Bank ternight—see? I got the loot in this grip. The coppers are onto us, but I give 'em the slip and they lost track of me. I think

they're after Reddy—see? Wot I want is ter make away wit' the loot till I can dope out a way of sending for it—see? Are you on?"



1. THE ROBBERY OF THE EMPIRE BANK

Kate drew back. "I—I cant——" she breathed.

"You *gotta!*"

A heavy step creaked on the stairs, and Kate looked at him in terror. "The landlady!" she whispered fearfully. "Oh, what——"

The crook slipped behind the curtains of the wardrobe, and the landlady thrust her head in at the door. "Here it is almost midnight, Miss Wiggin," she said coldly, "and you are still burning *my* gas. Be so kind as to turn it off, Miss Wiggin—*immediately.*"

"I will."

The heavy steps creaked down again, and the crook emerged. "I'm off," he hissed; "I'll dope out a way to get the stuff. Keep it close; and if yer aint on the dead level wit' me I'll get yer if I have ter croak yer. S'long! Oh—your card!" He caught up the bit of pasteboard on the table. Kate Wiggin," he read, then he winked. "All right—Kate," he said, and the door closed swiftly, audaciously, after him.

Thru the entire night the grip of gold burned into Kate's consciousness. It seemed like some evil answer to her desperate prayers. It seemed, withal unwholesomely, to forfend the murky

2. SLICK FREEMAN DISPOSES OF THE LOOT TO KATE

river, the gas-jet, the lurid pavements of buy and sell. Being equipped with only such morals as she had managed to pick up here and there, the battle of pro and con was a long one—an

impossible one for your honorable man or woman to comprehend. And in the morning she decided to return the money to the Empire Bank. She was afraid of the crook with the desperate eyes, but she was more afraid of the tormenting thing within her that she did not know as the "still, small voice."

Then, on the way to the bank, a deathly faintness came over her. She passed Childs', and the savory odors of hot cakes and coffee assailed her. She opened her purse—it was barren. Before she left, the landlady had told her that she need not return and that her trunk would be held. This left her with the insufficient apparel she wore and—the grip of gold. It left her, also (she had more than she thought), the gas, the river and the streets. Temptation wrapt its cloying arms about her. "There will be food," it murmured, "new ambition, new strength—a new start. You can go to another city, begin again—this time you will win—and the money can be refunded. Money can *always* be refunded, but youth cannot, nor virtue, nor death."

An hour later she was en route for Chicago—and the Land of the New Start.

"THIS IS CONSCIENCE

She began again—in a broker's office. She flung into her task her whole self and strength and will. She gave to her work the best of her ability, made sound by the bitterness of suffering. She cast off the husks of herself, and the kernel was sound and sweet. And she won. She won the appreciation of Mr. Rubens, the broker who employed her. She won the friendships of many people who were worth while and who helped her to build for herself a character that was finely intelligent and deep and true. And she won the love of José Rubens, her employer's son. Of all that she had won this last was best; but she dared not reach forth her hands to take it, for she felt that she would be receiving into them something too precious to take while they bore the stain of the grip of gold—for it still lay in the deepest depth of her trunk, and, waking or sleeping, it was with her.

One day, while she was doing some copy work for Mr. Rubens, he took a ten-dollar bill from an envelope and looked over at her smilingly. "This is conscience money from a man who defrauded me years ago," he said; "strange how a crime never really injures the apparent victim in half the measure it does the criminal. All of us, lowest and highest, are born with a conscience. It wakes up sooner or later, and bites and stings and nags," he laughed equably—"the little devil!" he added.

MONEY," HE SAID

Kate smiled in return. She was fond of the genial, successful broker whose record, she knew, would never cause his "little devil" to sting and nag. Then a thought came to her. She steadied her voice to suppress her eagerness and asked, quietly: "If money stolen from a bank were returned some years after the theft, would the bank let the affair drop?"

Mr. Rubens nodded. "I think the return of the money would be sufficient," he declared—"that's what they *lost.*"

That very night the grip of gold was on its homing way to the Empire Bank, and Kate slept more peacefully than she had since the horrid thing had come into her keeping—like some skeleton in a closet. The deficit caused by her initial expenses she had made up from her own earnings. A month passed, and Kate felt that the grip of gold had gone—that she had worked out her own salvation, and that the gruelling burden of her early fall had slipped mercifully from her.

When José Rubens came to her with his love on his lips and shining in his tender eyes, she took it with a little sob of gratitude. And when his arms folded about her, and his kisses touched her mouth and eyes and hair, she felt that she had come home at last, after a dreary journey.

They were married the following month, and the honeymoon was spent on the sea, in the Rubens yacht—a space of time that seemed to Kate to hang, as the moon itself, midway between heaven and earth, where nothing was real and only the unreal mattered. She looked back during this month on her petty, sordid, fretted little existence, and marveled. That this Kate of flaming cheeks and star-bright eyes and kiss-curved lips could be that other Kate, pinched and wan and craven, bickering with a *crook!* Truly, Life was the Improbable—the gutter today, tomorrow the palace of a king. And then José would take her in his arms, and she would stop wondering—stop caring.

Three weeks after they returned to their bridal, luxurious home, Kate was reading in the morning-room, one late afternoon, when, all unannounced, the crook of that nightmare yesterday stood before her. Not recognizing him at once, she rose indignantly: "Why weren't you announced——" she began, then her cheeks turned to chalk, and she shrank.

The man laughed. "Wot's the game?" he sneered. "I dont remember no announcing—the last time."

Kate was a transparent little person, and she did not evade. "What do you want?" she asked, even as she had asked before.

"I want my money back," he said

menacingly. "I'm down and out, and I want th' coin. You're no better than a crook yourself, and if you dont come across—well——"

Kate eyed him steadily now. "I cant," she told him; "I returned it all to the Empire Bank some months ago."

"I know yer did. I seen the notice in the paper. Fifty t'ousand dollars taken by Slick Freeman a few years ago strangely returned, it read. When I copped that, I was dead to rights it was you. 'It's th' skirt,' I says to myself. 'Trust a skirt, d—n em!' I hit this burg, and quite accidental I see you trottin' your fannies outer the swell gasoline buggy. I copped th' license number and I Sherlocked yer here. Now—come across!"

"But I told you—the Empire Bank. Oh, please go away; my husband——"

Slick Freeman raised a hand. "I aint after the Empire Bank funds," he explained. "I know they're safe in their little vaults again, and I aint up to th' nitro-glycerin' just now. But *you*—you're a walkin' joolery shop; your man's got enough long green to keep fifty wives outer the newspapers. If yer dont cough up—well, I'll tell your man you and me was old pals, and the little stunts we pulled off together; I'll not be thru with you till I get every last cent back."

Kate pulled herself together. "Come back tomorrow," she countered at last. "You must know that I haven't such a sum in the house and that I will have to make some arrangements. Come tomorrow for your answer."

Slick looked her over carefully. "Right-o!" he pronounced at last. "I'll be here same time tomorrow—Kate."

Kate spent a night of racking torture—a night peopled with fearful visions: Slick Freeman's awful, desperate eyes; her husband's eyes, *dear* eyes, worshipful and tender; myriad bags of gold; her name blazoned in every yellow journal; her husband's eyes again, scornful, strange, accusative. Morning came at last, slow and

"HELLO! HER NAME

reluctant and gray. She dressed for breakfast heavily. She wondered how many more breakfasts they would eat together in the sunny breakfast-room. She wondered, irrelevantly, whether José would hate as vehemently as he loved. She looked about her gold-and-blue boudoir and knew that she had lived a dream. "You cant get away from it," she muttered, as she closed the door after her—"there isn't a bit of use."

José was at the table when she entered. She imagined that he looked at her peculiarly. She imagined that he did not rise to hold her chair for her because he *knew*. She sank down to her seat, weakly, and pushed the grape-fruit from her impulsively. José did not look up from his paper. "I see they caught Slick Freeman, the notorious crook," he observed; "he got drunk last night and gave himself

WAS—KATE!"

away—also some of that Empire Bank robbery, in which he took the leading part. I was always interested in that affair."

Little, black spots danced in front of Kate's eyes. José's head kept receding further and further away. She felt that he was a cruel executioner—that he was deliberately taking a long while to sharpen his knife before giving the death-blow. She wondered if, after the manner of some vengeful people, he was enjoying her agonies.

"It seems a woman helped him," he went on, leisurely, holding out his cup for more coffee. Kate took it, and her shaking hand spilled the contents over the gleamy damask. José raised his eyes, and his lips curved.

"He's trying to smile," thought Kate; "he's trying to be sporting. It's an awful blow to him and to Father Rubens—they are so proud—they've kept the name so clean. Oh, God, why couldn't it just be me?"

José gave a sudden laugh. It sounded to Kate like a death-knell. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "her name was—Kate!"

Kate placed her locked fingers in front of her protruding eyes. What a wonderful actor he would make! How fine he was drawing the net—how precisely he was applying the thumb-screws! She felt as if her heart would choke the rattling breath out of her stiff throat.

José read on in absorbed silence. His eyes glistened under the spell of the crook's confession. She sat tense—ready to spring up—a cry struggling for mastery in her throat.

Suddenly the newspaper rattled sharply as her husband turned a page. It shocked her ears like a pistol-shot.

"This is most interesting—most absorbing," her torturer resumed, "and another case in the long list of men turned criminal thru the wiles of a woman." He glanced keenly at her, noting her deathly pallor. "It seems the chap was an honest iron-worker and the woman planned the robbery."

"No, no!—not that!" screamed thru her brain, and she thought the fear-wrung words would stop him. But he did not appear to hear them—they had died still-born on her lips.

"After Slick Freeman committed the robbery," the inexorable voice went on, "he took the valise of gold to Kate's room and left it with her."

"H'm!" he exclaimed, dropping the paper on the floor and grinning across the table at her, "that's as far as he got—*before he could speak another word he died.* Excuse my preoccupation, dearest—but the thing *did* interest me."

Kate removed her fingers from her eyes. She looked at him, and looked again. Then, suddenly, hysterically, she ran around the table to him, fell on her knees, and clasped his head to her tumultuous heart. "I'll excuse you *any*thing!" she sobbed wildly, incoherently — "anything — anything —anything!"

The More the People Laughed at the Idea of Chaplin's Salary, the More They Had to Pay

By ROBERT GRAU

THEATERDOM, which in modern times includes the movies, still regards the recent exploits of Charles Chaplin as a gigantic hoax.

The idea that the funniest man in all the world, who only very recently was appearing in the flesh on the vaudeville stage at a weekly salary of $100, is to receive now a weekly pay of $13,500 is so funny that Broadway refuses to accept the proposition seriously.

But it is an absolute truth not only that this is to be his weekly wage for the next twelve months but that ever since Chaplin arrived in New York in a deliberate plan to bankrupt the nation, the comedian's figure has mounted with such an impetus that there were substantiated rumors afloat of danger to his life, in that not all of the Motion Picture magnates who were willing to pay the extraordinary price could get him.

And these magnates were prepared to pay that price to keep him from signing with rivals. The dangerous position of Charley probably accounts for his serious attitude in negotiating. Not one professional out of twenty believes that Charles Chaplin is paid $650,000 for his comedy work on the screen in 1916. While as for the layman, Chaplin is regarded by him as a great joke. The truth is that Charles Chaplin could have been signed up for a new contract at a weekly salary of $1,500 almost any day before he conceived the plan of paying a visit to Broadway. It is also true that Chaplin was not accepted with alacrity at $1,500 a week, so Charley concluded to have a look at Broadway. That trip to the theatrical Rialto was personally conducted by the screen comedian's oldest brother, Sidney, who manipulated the cards so well that it is not only true that Charley is paid $650,000 for one year, but practically every one of six of filmdom's mightiest magnates was prepared to pay the same. At no time did Charley's honorarium decline. Why? Because all filmdom was laughing itself to the bursting point, not at Chaplin's antics, not even at the sight of the real Chaplin appearing on the Hippodrome stage—they were laughing at the truly funny spectacle of a screen star, two years ago hardly known by name, inducing a half-dozen sane film barons to pay him more money per week (and every week of the fifty-two in the year) than was ever meted out to Edwin Booth, Patti, Caruso and Paderewski in a job lot, and the more the people laughed, the more serious became Charley and Brother Sid.

You see it was like this:

Filmdom's great funster was not known even by sight to the people of Broadway. Chaplin was so little known when he reached the Great White Way that he was mistaken for everybody but Chaplin. The Chaplin of the screen looks not a bit like the modest, gentlemanly and serious-minded man who turned up at midnight on the roof-garden of the New Amsterdam.

Right then started the tremendous evolution in the Chaplin salary. When the New York *Herald* published an illustrated interview with Charley the people laughed more than ever. On that day the largest figure quoted as the comedian's salary was about one-fourth the sum finally paid. It was the publicity given to Charley's rapidly expanding monetary value which created the most astonishing theatrical contract in the world's history.

Evidently Chaplin and Brother Sid did not believe that the public had laughed enough at Charley's contract, so it was not signed, even after all of the film barons had capitulated to the highest figure Charley demanded. All of the publicity stunts had added to the gayety of Broadway, but there was one final stunt which would convince the film barons that as a contract manipulator Charley is indeed a genius.

So Charley consented to appear in the vast Hippodrome on a Sunday evening—appear in the flesh, mark you. The question or problem as to what the comedian would do to entertain the Hippodrome audience on that Sunday evening was so serious that he offered to contribute the $2,000 (which Chaplin was paid for that one night) if he could be spared from the ordeal. As it happened, he did turn over the $2,000 to two theatrical charities, but was finally persuaded to face the public.

Seven thousand persons were packed into the big auditorium, which has seating accommodations for 4,800; the gross receipts exceeded $7,000 at the box-office. The hotel ticket bureaus did a land-office business all day Saturday and Sunday. Premiums as high as ten dollars above the regular box-office price were paid, and as proving that the real Broadway was attracted it is stated that on the same Sunday night the Metropolitan Opera House had the smallest audience of any Sunday concert in years.

The reason why Chaplin was so long concluding the momentous document was that all New York was laughing so much about his salary that Charley decided to keep the film magnates in suspense. Perhaps some one would pay Charley an even million for his year's work in the studios, in which case New York would surely laugh itself to death. As it was, at the eleventh hour, while all filmdom was holding both its sides, Charley and Sid, as serious as befits a million-dollar funster, had a conference with two multi-millionaires who offered to pay him $2,500 a day for a ten-day option on his services, with a view to launching a $50,000,000 film corporation with Chaplin at the head. But Charley was afraid that New York would stop laughing over his contract. Besides, the world was not to end in 1917. Perhaps it would be the wiser move to accept $650,000 from a group of practical film men before the intense humor of the Chaplin contract begins to modify, and wait until 1917, when Charley can come hither once more to the Broadway which enriched him. Then Charley and Sid propose to return to the Great White Way, when it is hoped that people who never laughed before at Charley's financial conquests will laugh so much and so long that the Rockfellers and the Fricks, who have already begun laughing, will call a convention of all the world's "multis." By that time Charles Chaplin's vogue as a screen star will depend not on the laughter he creates in the Motion Picture studios. Charley must keep the people laughing at his contracts, and the best way he can attain this goal is to hie himself at once to movieland, to disappear in the flesh until his $650,000 has been completed; when, just as surely as he turns up in 1917, there will be a new nation of American millionaires camping on his trail. It is certain if Charley will just reveal himself on one or two roof-gardens, and begin to quote a seven-figure salary for 1917, New York will laugh until the humor of the Chaplin salary becomes contagious again.

But, Charley, never again run the risk you did at the Hippodrome that Sunday night! You got away with it then, only because the people were laughing before they saw you, and they would have laughed even if your performance were far less unfunny than it was.

But, Charley, you had your nerve with you. Just think of all that $650,000 stacked up against the chance of a flivver, and they do say that you were so nervous just before 7 P. M. Sunday that you planned to turn up indisposed, but that from the Hotel Astor at that hour even the people were laughing—laughing at that contract, remember!

THE OLD COLONIAL HOME IN LOUISIANA WHERE MARY MILES MINTER WAS BORN

Mary Miles Minter, The Fairy of Filmdom

By ANNIE GRACE DRAKE

No story ever written by Grimm, the necromancer of the nineteenth century, or related by the doomed Scheherezade, in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," could contain more of the elements of romance than the real story of the little fourteen-year-old Southern girl, now playing in the movies with the Metro Company, who is hailed the world over as the only rival to Mary Pickford.

Juliet Shelby, as she is known in private life, was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, in the beautiful colonial home of her grandparents, in an element of old mahogany and the treasured traditions of the celebrated Shelby family.

The well-known physician who was officiating pronounced the child dead. There were tears in all eyes, for the perfect, flower-like little body had won the admiration of all.

But Mrs. Julia B. Miles, the maternal grandmother, with the persistent instinct of mother-love, would not accept the doctor's verdict so easily, and she worked tirelessly over the silent little body, until a slight tremor of the mouth and a quivering of the eyelashes revealed the fact that the child was living.

There was happiness in the hearts of all, that beautiful April morning, when Baby Juliet was gently laid in her mother's arms by this devoted grandmother, whose sheltering love even now encircles her.

At the time of his death, Dr. E. M. Miles, her grandfather, was the most noted physician and surgeon of New Orleans, Louisiana, where the family was well known. His widow still owns a large sugar and cotton plantation on the Mississippi River, where Juliet and her sister love to visit.

Margaret, this older sister, is also very ambitious, and has just closed a busy season with Nazimova's wonder-

MRS. CHARLOTTE SHELBY, MOTHER OF MARY MILES MINTER, FORMERLY PLAYING SHAKESPEARIAN PARTS

ful vaudeville sketch, "War Brides," and hopes to be installed soon in the same field as her sister.

In direct contrast to Margaret's brunette beauty is Juliet's blond loveliness. The sisters are chums, despite their relationship — that rare occurrence which is always so beautiful to see— and joys and sorrows, triumphs and disappointments, are shared alike by the two.

In the year 1906 the family moved to Dallas, Texas, and lived on Cadiz Street, where the ambitious mother, Charlotte Shelby, herself a delightful exponent of Shakespearian acting, gave lessons to pupils in the art of dramatic expression.

It was here that the little girl began to take an interest in the art which was to bring her fame and fortune; for when her mother's associate and instructor, Professor Lemuel B. C. Josephs, of New York City, came to the studio, where he and her mother had classes, Juliet, with wide eyes and listening ears, would sit on the stairway behind the portière curtains and drink in, with avidity, every word and gesture.

It was at this period of her life the writer knew her best, and she will always retain in memory the picture of the little girl, with the big, blue eyes and curly hair, weeping tears of childish grief because she had no new dress to wear to a children's party. Can you imagine the contrast between her then and now— with her salary of thirty thousand dollars per annum; with her private stenographer and press agent, her English tutor, her limousine, and all the accessories of a star actress?

It was in the year succeeding this that the family

MARGARET AND JULIET

MARY MILES MINTER
IN
HER GREATEST
TRIUMPH
"THE LITTLEST REBEL"

went to New York City, that Mecca of theatrical folk, with a view to the mother getting into the ranks of the legitimate drama; and when next we hear of the little girl with the cornflower eyes, she is playing in a big part in one of Nat Goodwin's plays, "Cameo Kirby." When the Gerry Society undertook to forbid her playing on the stage, under the provisions of the Child-Labor Act, she personally went before Mayor Gaynor, and, with her big doll in her arms, she pleaded her case successfully, by telling him she was helping her mother and that she truly loved to play her part. The kind-hearted mayor lifted her on his knee and kist her, giving her a special permit to continue to develop her career on the stage.

It was about this time that Juliet's name was changed to Mary Miles Minter, a family name, thought to be more euphonious for stage use.

Five years ago Mary was engaged to appear with the famous emotional actress, Bertha Kalish, in "The Woman of Today," playing the part of Edith Roxby. Later in the season she joined Robert Hilliard, playing an important and appealing child-rôle in "A Fool There Was."

This was before she had made a reputation as the star in the title rôle of "The Littlest Rebel," with Dustin Farnum as the lead. It may be stated without question that this play established the fame of the little girl, for the production had phenomenal success on tour thruout the country, and everywhere little Juliet was acclaimed the real star of the play.

It may also be said, without unduly complimenting the child-star, that the long run of "The Littlest Rebel" was due greatly to Mary's charming acting. The critics hailed her as a "wee little girl with a career."

But there are very few opportunities for children to star on the stage, and at last her opportunity came in an unexpected way.

It was Gustav Frohman who first saw the possibilities of the child-actress in film work, and secured her for the production of "The Fairy and the Waif," a screen picturization which has delighted thousands of children and which was adopted by the National Board of Educational Films as one of the cleanest of photoplays.

Her salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per week was considered an enormous one for a child of her tender years—less than twelve—but succeeding events have proven that she was worth far more to her producers.

After filming her first photoplay, the little girl had many flattering offers, and finally sailed to South America, with her mother, where she spent some months amid the tropic scenery, filming the scenes for "Always in the Way," picturized from the song by Chas. K. Harris and directed by Earl C. Dawley.

Other films in which she has starred are "Emmy of the Stork's Nest"; "Barbara Frietchie," a war drama, and still others now in course of production, most notable of which is "Little Nell" in Dicken's "Old Curiosity Shop."

Unspoiled and lovable despite her remarkable success, this little descendant of the first governor of Kentucky delights to play with dolls and with Dick Metro, a highly bred Pomeranian puppy given to her by the Metro Company. She takes him to the studio regularly to see Mr. Rolland, the president, and Mr. Karger.

Little Juliet has a strong sense of humor inherited from her Irish father, and she amuses every one with her quaint, droll sayings.

She is at present with the Metro Company, her plans for the future not having been entirely arranged.

A star at fourteen, when most girls' thoughts are not beyond their dolls, and drawing a salary more than that of a United States Senator, with her emotional nature just beginning to be awakened by the parts which she is playing, he would be a bold prophet indeed who would dare to predict to what heights the little Southern girl, with her heritage of a temperamental nature and her fair blond beauty, may not attain under the present phenomenal evolution of the photoplay art.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

And this is the greatest use of all—a wounded British soldier had been invalided home—dumb for life. Some inspired soul took him to a Motion Picture theater where "Ham and Bud" were on the screen. The stricken man was so affected by the eccentricities of the comedian that the power of speech was restored to him. This is a matter of record.

Rose Melville says there's an advantage in being Sis Hopkins—no modiste bills for Sis. "Gingham, Needle & Co." create my gowns—says Sis!

Said Marin Sais to Ollie Kirkby, "Wouldn't it be terrible if we got the habit?" The habit being that of heart-breaking as exploited in the last episode of the "Social Pirates." Pretty terrible, Marin—for the other girls!

When Bessie Eyton leaves Los Angeles with Director Colin Campbell's company to produce "The Crisis" it will be the first time she has ever set her foot outside her native California. It's an orful big world, Bess.

Billie Burke declares that her work in "Peggy," the Triangle-Kay-Bee production, has been nothing but a frolic. Of course it was tainted with a trifling honorarium of $40,000, but one's spirits can rise above such trifles out in California.

Tom Chatterton directs all the photoplays under the Mustang brand in which he appears with Anna Little and Jack Richardson.

Henry B. Walthall is a shining example of a star. With all the adulation he has received he is one of the easiest of men to direct, never knows more than any one else, and is always on time for his work. In true greatness there is no littleness.

Helene Rosson is taking the name part in five reels of picture wherein she wears neither shoe leather nor hosiery, nor a band upon her hair. But as Helene has beautiful hair and shapely ankles she should care.

Gretchen Hartman says she doesn't like to cook, nor make beds, nor sew or clean, but outside of that she likes housekeeping tremendously.

Henry B. Walthall is the most popular photoplayer in Australia. He recently won a voting contest held by the greatest newspaper in Sydney.

Marguerite Clayton has just purchased a beautiful, prize-winning Russian wolfhound. Beauty and the Beast is *right*.

The massive multiple reel feature, which has been shrouded with mystery since its beginning last June, under the direction of Thomas H. Ince, and known as "Ince's big picture," is, at the time of writing, virtually ready for public showing. The story is an original one by C. Gardner Sullivan, the prolific and forceful Ince writer. 'Tis said that the present warfare, its horrors and its uselessness, form the theme.

King Baggot is working on his first five-reeler—an adaptation of Hugh Weir's novel, "The Honorable Peter Sterling."

Helen Holmes is an admirer and a connoisseur of Navajo relics—and she owns a valuable collection.

Vitagraph has added the name of Betty Howe to its roster of stock players. She is another recruit from the amateur ranks—another with beauty and grace and a finely intelligent grasp of emotional and comic situations. There will be a "fan" following ere very long. Incidentally, she traces her ancestry back to Elizabeth Howe, who was burned as a witch in the famous Salem trials. Her newest work will be in support of Robert Edeson in a new James Oliver Curwood thriller.

Are admirers worth cultivating? Is it worth while to go to the trouble and expense of answering the hundreds of letters, mushy and flattering, that pour in on a star each day? Anita Stewart thinks it is. For each letter answered means a friend, she argues, and one friend leads to more—and so all proposals of marriage are firmly (and sweetly) declined—offers of blooded dogs are refused on the veracious plea of a hotel life—and pleas for advice are conscientiously met. Hundreds of signed photographs go forth each day—and there is waiting for Anita Stewart, should she ever need them, a veritable army of FRIENDS.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Theda Bara has an aunt in Paris who recently unearthed from the family archives a photograph of Theda Bara taken at the age of six years. She is perched atop a camel at an oasis in the Sahara Desert—which fertile spot, it will be remembered, was the vampire woman's birthplace.

"Big Bill" Russell has always been "hefty." But he has entered the pugilistic ranks by knocking out Al Kauffman in a big fight staged for the American Film Co.

Frank Daniels, king of comic opera, is now appearing in some one-reel comedies for Vitagraph. He is portraying the rôle of a poor hall-roomer who still retains a vestige of former affluence. He is depicted on the screen as enduring the most picayune economies. Frank declares that the rôle touches a reminiscent vein. He says he cant be positive, but he believes he once led just such a life—when he was just beginning and salaries were not—well, princely.

Jade is the hobby of George Periolat.

"Mother" Mary Maurice and Mayor Armstrong, of Pittsburgh, led the grand march of the Screen Club Motion Picture Exhibitors' Ball.

To show his appreciation of the many courtesies shown him while playing in a late Keystone film entitled "Better Late Than Never," William Collier presented to the various members of the company various pieces of jewelry. Par example, to his director, a valuable pair of diamond cuff links—to his leading lady, a pearl and diamond necklace, etc., etc. He was voted unanimously "the best fellow ever."

Philip Hahn, a new Metro player, supporting Mme. Petrova in "Playing with Fire," played a prominent part in the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Virginia Pearson, William Fox star, and modern Cleopatra, is writing the Book of Knowledge of the Movies. In it she will answer all the myriad questions she has been answering personally heretofore. The book will strike a really human note. It will not be sold for a commercial profit, but will be issued privately for those who really need it. Those who do will receive a copy as soon as issued if they will write to Miss Pearson, in care of the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th Street, New York City.

Bertha Kalich is the latest great star to cast her fortunes with William Fox. She will make her début in a remarkable drama under the direction of W. S. Davis.

Mabel Taliaferro has a rôle in the Metro picture, "Her Great Price," similar to her fame-giving ones in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Polly of the Circus."

The game of Button, Button, Who's Got Chaplin? ended with the Mutual clutching the button! The grand coup will cost them $670,000 for the first year's work. Also, Charley gets neat little royalties, etc., etc.—just to keep him in pin money on the side. Being as Chollie will be 27 years old on the 16th of April, he can be considered as doing reasonably well.

J. Albert Hall is going to play with "Little Mary" again. He supported her in "Eagle's Mate" and "Mistress Nell."

Theda Bara is installing a modern office filing system in her home for the purpose of containing her mail. She received 91,250 letters during the last year.

William Farnum is camping in a tent on the outskirts of Edendale, Cal., where he is working in the William Fox California studios.

Ethel Barrymore will use her own dogs in "The Kiss of Hate"—among them a Russian wolf-hound, highly pedigreed.

Sidney Drew writes most all of his own scenarios, directs them and plays the leading rôle. Mrs. S. D. collaborates, as it were. They are now making one-reel comedies for the Metro program.

Francis X. Bushman is a horse-fancier. He has a stable of thorobreds at "Bushmanor," near Baltimore.

Frank Borzage's pictures are exponents of realism at realism's best. In one of his most recent there was a fight, and at its finish there was one swollen jaw, one cut wrist, one torn set and several ruined suits of clothes.

Marcus Loew, pioneer Motion Picture exhibitor, has opened a midnight Motion Picture show—the only one in the world which runs from 8 p. m. to 1 a. m. And its hours of greatest patronage are between 10.30 p. m. to 12.30 a. m.

The National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association asserts that the Moving Picture industry is taking unfair advantage of the liquor business. Poor 'ittle alcohol! Such a timid, shrinking creature!

Mae Murray, Lasky star, recently rented a bungalow in Hollywood, Cal., and purchased several fur rugs whereon to muse before an open fire. The hot wave bowed itself in, and any ice-man that wants to trade a hunk for a rug has his chance.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Peacocks and Petrova are *not* synonyms. The latter flatly refused to work in a set where the former were displayed, done in oils. They were removed.

Gail Kane wore one million dollars' worth of diamonds at the Madison Square Garden Movie Ball. Between Gail and Gail's diamonds the eyes of the spectators were blinded.

Kitty Gordon wears no less than eight of the last word in Parisian creations in "As in a Looking-glass." And Kitty, you *can* wear clothes!

The daughter of Governor Cox, of Ohio, saved Director McKim's life not long ago by enacting the natural rôle of society belle for him in a Lubin picture called "Skirts and Cinders." Mr. McKim declares she conducted herself like a veteran player.

Mary Pickford, highest-salaried actress in the world, has been portraying the poorest-paid child in the world—the factory child. Real art knows not extremes.

Marguerite Clark has been in the woods of northern New York doing a picture. She requests the Famous Players to give her a nice Southern story next. "I'm frozen stiff," laments Marguerite.

Constance Collier, the Morosco-Paramount star, recently received a visit at the Morosco studios from Sir Herbert Tree.

Edna Mayo has purchased a speedy and beautiful motorboat.

There are gifts and gifts. Henry Walthall received a gallon of home-made horse-radish the other day.

Bessie Eyton's favorite flower is the golden poppy of California.

Vivian Reed is playing solitaire fervently.

According to the law of opposites there must be a homeliest man to offset the handsomest man. There is. Victor Potel is that man—and the Universal Film Co. has him. Victor admits to the distinction himself.

E. H. Sothern is studying the art of movie make-up down at Vitagraph, where he is soon to appear in pictures with Anita Stewart, Lillian Walker and others.

Miss Gladys Hanson, playing the feminine lead in Essanay's "The Havoc," was recently leading woman for Lou-Tellegen.

Bryant Washburn is a villyun again in "The Havoc," after a year of hero-ing.

Billie Burke charmed all the players at Inceville by her personality plus, and her delicious enthusiasm over her work.

Bessie Barriscale would probably be a director if she were not merely supplied with work; as it is, she has a keen, dramatic sense—and a sense of values.

Harris Gordon, Thanhouser's leading man, is never too busy to answer letters from photoplay fans. Photos also upon request, I've been told.

Eleanor Woodruff wore her mother's wedding-gown in a number of scenes in "Big Jim Garrity."

Mack Sennett's mother is visiting him at his lovely Los Angeles home. She beguiles the hours watching her son direct, and telling the company tenderly proud tales of his boyhood.

Down at Vitagraph, Director Harry Davenport has been producing a series of comedies entitled "Myrtle, the Main Manicurist," featuring Jewell Hunt. During the process of production Vitagraph has been a school for manicurists, and the unfortunate actors have been victims of the art. Dreadful have been the moans of the maimed and suffering—and great was the joy when the set was un-set!

Ethel Barrymore and Mary Miles Minter are devotees of ice-skating.

Wallie Van's "Cutey" is coming back again, in the act of ladling out "pep" in the photoplay, "Putting Pep in Show Town."

Antonio Moreno has been asked by a prominent Baltimore artist to don the make-up he wore in "Kennedy Square" and pose for a painting. "Tony" will.

Anna Little, Rhea Mitchell and Helene Rosson have fine, chummy times swimming together in the tank in Santa Barbara.

Ralph Ince and players of the Vitagraph have been filming a five-reel drama, "Peter God," by James Oliver Curwood, in Arctic City, near the Canadian line.

Dorothy Gwynn is now with Grandin, Burton King with Metro, L. C. Shumway with Essanay, and Ormi Hawley with Fox.

Poor, dear, old Mrs. George Walters died on February 21, 1916.

We have with us this evening: Gretchen Lederer and Emory Johnson, p. 36; Hobart Bosworth and Yona Landowska, p. 39; Dorothy Kelly, p. 56; Ernest Truex, p. 57; Albert Roccardi and Dorothy Kelly, p. 61; William Desmond and Bessie Barriscale, p. 79; William Conklin and Jackie Saunders, p. 97; Rose Melville (Sis Hopkins), p. 125, and Claire McDowell and Charles Mailes, p. 131.

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

DOROTHY F.—Margaret Thompson was Doris in "Aloha oe" (Triangle). Myrtle Tannehill was the crazy girl and Mary Kennedy the doctor's daughter in "When the Mind Sleeps." Clarissa Selwyn was the girl in "The Flash of an Emerald." Mahlon Hamilton was Murray in "The Final Judgment" (Metro).

E. L. O., SEATTLE.—You say, "Please tell us, O Oracle of Delphi, the answer to the following:

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near.
Well, I cant make it clear
Or explain it to you;
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?"

You ask what else could you do, and I answer nothing else. I am of the opinion that you did perfectly right. Marguerite Clark played a double rôle in "The Prince and the Pauper." Double exposure.

MARJORY B.—Sakes alive, but your terminal facilities are sadly in need of repairs. Have you no brakes on your car? That is quite an idea you have, and a novel one. Keep it up and work it out. Who seeks a new path, may get lost; but some one will sure find the path, and it may become a road.

BABY BUNTING.—"Ceau" is usually pronounced as "so" in French, as "Clemen-so." Paul Doucet was Lucio in "Devil's Daughter." Alice Rodieu was Tottie in "Midnight at Maxim's."

E. L. K.—I'm sorry you didn't ask, as you say you came near asking, "How many fish in the sea, and how many stars in the sky?" I would have been glad to answer you. Charles Ray is doing fine work lately, you say. Only lately?

OLIVE B. S.—So you would like to know Abe, 99's name? I dont know it myself. Edgar Selwyn was Jamilthe in "The Arab" (Lasky). You're welcome.

E. K., ST. LOUIS.—L. Shumway and George Routh in "The Wonder Cloth." George Gebhardt was Robert in "The Fighting Hope" (Lasky). E. K. Lincoln with Lubin.

CORA W.—Here it is: Of the earth's population, 160,000,000 speak English, 70,000,000 speak French, and 130,000,000 speak German. Grace Williams was in that Edison. Augustus Phillips now with Universal.

MRS. J. R.—If you want to see the V. L. S. E. program, tell your exhibitor about it. He can get any pictures he wants unless some near-by competitor has them, provided he will pay the price.

GERTIE.—Thanks for your heart. Henry Walthall is still with Essanay, House Peters with Paragon. We will have a picture of Alice Brady in the Gallery soon. Never count your chickens before they're hashed.

DYALL, DIXIE.—No, the Editor says I must keep my face out of these pages. Mary Pickford's next leading man is J. Albert Hall. The California Motion Picture Company are producing "Kismet" with Otis Skinner. Too bad you wont hear his wonderfully fine voice.

A REEL TRAGEDY IN FIVE SPASMS

JOHNNY GOT CORNER LOT FLOWER PLOT | HOTTENTOT WENT AN' GOT WATER POT | STEAMING HOT WATER SHOT FLOWER PLOT | JOHNNY SHOT HOTTENTOT ON TH' SPOT | FLOWER PLOT HOTTENTOT SOON FORGOT

ROXY.—Yes; Cleo Madison took both parts in that play. Your verse is appreciated, and I declare you a poet of the second class.

TERRY.—Your letter was very good indeed, and the questions easy. Robert Walker was the lawyer in "In Wolf's Clothing" (Kalem). A wins. The expression "All men are created free and equal" does not occur in the Declaration of Independence, but in the Massachusetts constitution. The declaration omits "free and." It is a grave question if all men are created equal in anything—certainly not in talents, nor in opportunity.

CHUBBY.—Betty Scott was Linda in "The Alster Case" (Essanay). Harry Carter was Wilkerson in "The Master Key" (Universal). Gloria Fonda was Peggy in "The Great Fear" (Universal). Eleanor Woodruff was Olivia in "The Heights of Hazard" (Vitagraph). Forrest Stanley was Mr. Shackleton in "Jane."

F. R.—Yes, plenty. Thanks. Will look up something for you about Herbert Rawlinson, and give you another answer below. Jack Pickford is now the happy owner of an automobile.

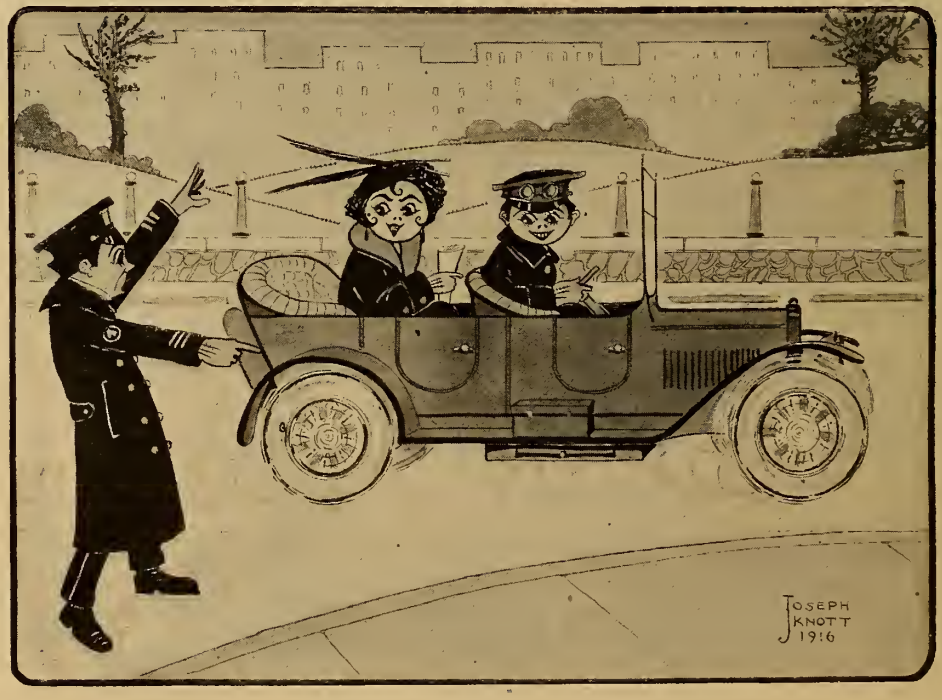
PEBBIE.—Florence Lawrence is still with Universal. Herbert Frank is with Fox. He was Dave in "Destruction." I will try to find a player who was born in Detroit. Charles Richman, Dorothy Kelly and Arline Pretty are going to play in the new Vitagraph serial, "The Secret Kingdom."

L. W. M. FITZGERALD.—You have that title wrong. If you think Arthur Hoops is very ugly your optics must be out of drawing. You're not a bit friendly.

CHRISTINE H. F.—I had to spend five minutes before finding your name. Address Marguerite Clark same as Mary Pickford. Yes to your second. Carlyle Blackwell with World last. Yes he is. Los Angeles, Cal. Vera Sisson with Biograph. No, no, no, Wallace is married and not Warren. June Keith opposite Richard Travers in "The Man Trail." Good-night!

JONSIE T.—Haven't seen it, but Clarke Irvine invented a tiny moving picture camera, which the men use as ash-trays and the girls use as hairpin-trays, card-receivers, etc. Eugene Pallette and Anna Slater were married.

LORRAINE P., WACO.—Thanks for your kind letter. May Allison was born on a Georgia plantation, and has blue eyes and fair hair. Has a fine soprano voice, and is very fond of music and dancing. Her mother belonged to the Wise family of Virginia. I believe she is the same one you know.



TICKLING HIS VANITY

TRAFFIC POLICEMAN—Hey, hold up! Yer breakin' the speed laws.

QUICK-WITTED CHAUFFEUR—That's all right, officer, we're posing for Moving Pictures, so just hold that pose—you look great!

MARY H., WALLA WALLA.—Biograph produced "Enoch Arden." I have found out that Mary Miles Minter is only 14. Of course I make mistakes, dont you? Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby are no longer with Universal. As to the war, I really cannot tell you what the bone of contention is, but the dogs of war are having a big time over it.

OLGA, 17.—How's things with you? So the employees at the Ford factory are now doing Peace work. Mabel Van Buren is with Lasky. Robert Vignola with Lasky. James Cooley is with Ivan. Come along any time, and we will all sing, "Here Comes Tootsie."

M. B. M., SYRACUSE.—Cheer up and keep at it. Demosthenes, greatest of Greek orators, was born tongue-tied, and Talleyrand was born a cripple. You must send a stamped, addressed envelope; stamp is not sufficient. Mona Darkfeather is with Centaur. Ned Finley is in Brooklyn.

MARIE F., SARI KARI.—Sessue Hayakawa is married, also. He is with Lasky now. Between two evils, you choose both.

J. A. S., FORT WORTH.—Jack Standing with Triangle, George Beban with Pallas and Edna Flugrath with Universal. Mary Pickford in "The Foundling," "A Girl of Yesterday," "Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Madam Butterfly" and "Poor Little Peppina."

GRACE VAN LOON.—I am surprised that you have lost your heart again, this time to Rockcliffe Fellowes, who played opposite Anna Q. Nilsson in "Regeneration." And now just because you have fallen in love with him you want his picture in the Gallery. Motion carried. I'll see if it cant be did. Your war news was comprehensive and neutral.

INQUISITIVE.—You are away too late for "The Diamond from the Sky." You might get in touch with American Company, Santa Barbara, Cal. Yes; Eugene Ford is still with American. Thanks.

GEORGETTE POULARD.—Your suggestion that we have an article in the Magazine on dimples, giving pictures of all the players who have them, is a good one. The trouble is that all the players have them, and we could not carry so many. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., says, that of the 50 girls who marry from his chorus each year, 30 have dimples. I suppose that Maurice Costello and Darwin Karr have the deepest dimples among the men.

LOUISE M. B., SAN DIEGO.—Tom Forman was Bob in "The Ragamuffin" (Lasky). William Elmer was Kelly. How do I know whether Boyd Marshall is handsomer than Wallace Reid! You know a man looks upon a man in a different light than a woman does. Henry Walthall was chatted in April, 1916.

ETHEL A. R.—You say one glance at me would melt the heart of a suffraget. Take care! Why dont you subscribe? It is cheaper. And you get 10 portraits.

CASTAWAY MOVIE ACTOR—Oh, well, I've played worse parts than this, so I guess I can stand it.

LEODORE J. P.—You failed to enclose the U. S. postage stamp—2c.

JEANNE DE M.—Shall tell the Editor you want those pictures in the Gallery. Frank Elliott was the lord in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo." Robert Cain was Teddy in "My Lady Incog." Boyd Marshall is with Thanhouser. Send the picture along.

ERNEST O.—Thanks for that fuzzy-wuzzy thing. George Larkin was with Gaumont last. Crane Wilbur is playing opposite Virginia Kirtley for Horsley. Francelia Billington opposite Herbert Rawlinson for Universal. Gertrude McCoy is with Gaumont playing in features.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—Carmen De Rue was the little girl in "The Bear Escape" (Sterling). Cleo Ridgely was Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast." Some say it was Elsie Albert. Tom Moore has left Lubin. Thanks for them kind woids.

ADELAIDE.—Audrey Berry is no longer with Vitagraph. You say you would like to see her with Metro; so would I. She is developing into a very beautiful child. You and Sherman are both wrong; war is shell. Richard Turner, and not Richard Tucker. Winifred Kingston is a stage star. Edward Coxen is still with American.

WARRAWEE.—So you admired our story of "The Battle Cry of Peace" and declare that the author was "inspired—he knows his country well, and the temper of its people." We printed this story or novelette in book-form. The first edition consisted of 2,000 copies, and the second edition of 100,000 copies. We are now getting out another edition of 150,000 copies, because we are sold out. Permit me to remark that I like you, Miss Warrawee, in spite of the fact that you call me "Whiskers."

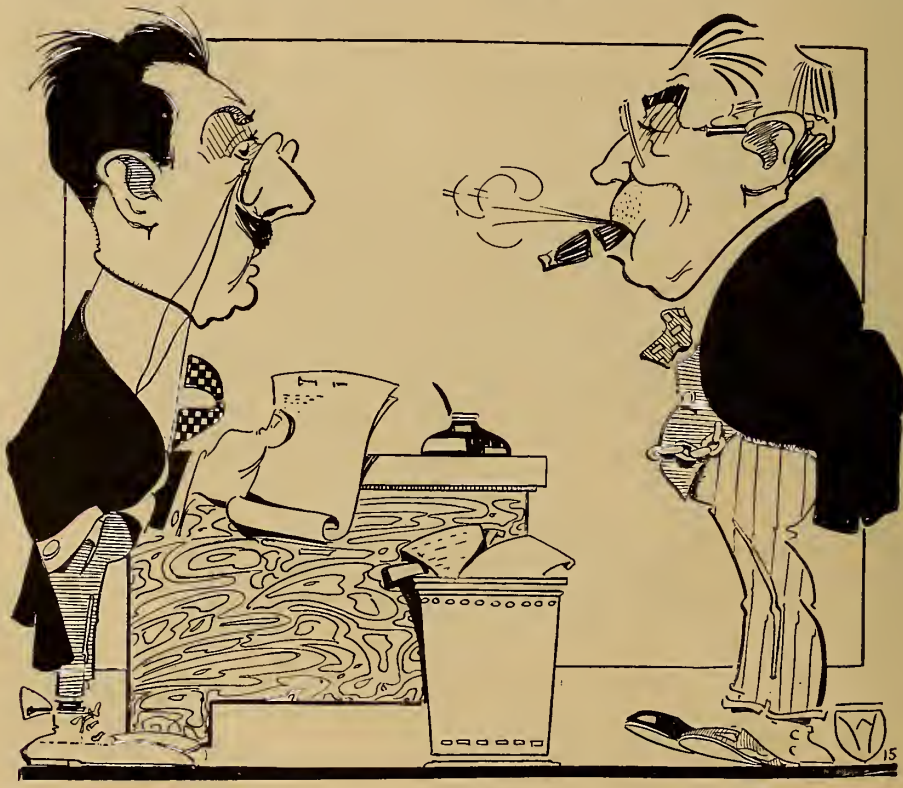
A. B., OMAHA.—You gave us a wrong address. Please play fair.

MARION D. C.—Frank Lanning with Universal. Kitty Gordon with Equitable. Did you see those ads. in this Magazine?

DORIS C.—So Clara K. Young and Robert Warwick are your favorites. Your letter is very complimentary, indeed.

LADY BALTIMORE.—Yes, "The Christian" is still being shown. You are right about some pictures, especially the ones you mentioned, but you know a lot of churches show films on Sunday now.

BOB, MONTREAL.—No card for that play. It is pretty old. Jode Mullally is with Lasky. Robert Vaughn is with Famous Players.



PHOTOPLAY WRITER—Let me have your candid opinion on my play.
EDITOR—It's worthless.
PHOTOPLAY WRITER—I know it's worthless, but let me have it, anyway.

OLGA.—So you dont like the "ackters" from the stage as well as your own Crane Wilbur, Henry Walthall, Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart. Perhaps the good old days will return.

ABE, 99.—The point which that player made in that play was so dull that you could sit on it without any pain. Yes; Marie Empress. Why, Marin Sais has always been with Kalem. That is perfectly true.

CICERO.—The real name of Lou-Tellegen is Telegathos, and he was born in Holland, married at 19 and was divorced at 20. Geraldine Farrar is his second wife. He was the leading man for Sarah Bernhardt for some time.

B. J. C., OAKLAND.—Willard Mack and Enid Markey had the leads in "Aloha oe" (Triangle). Pauline Barry was the governess in "The Green-Eyed Monster" (Fox). Claire MacDowell is still with Biograph.

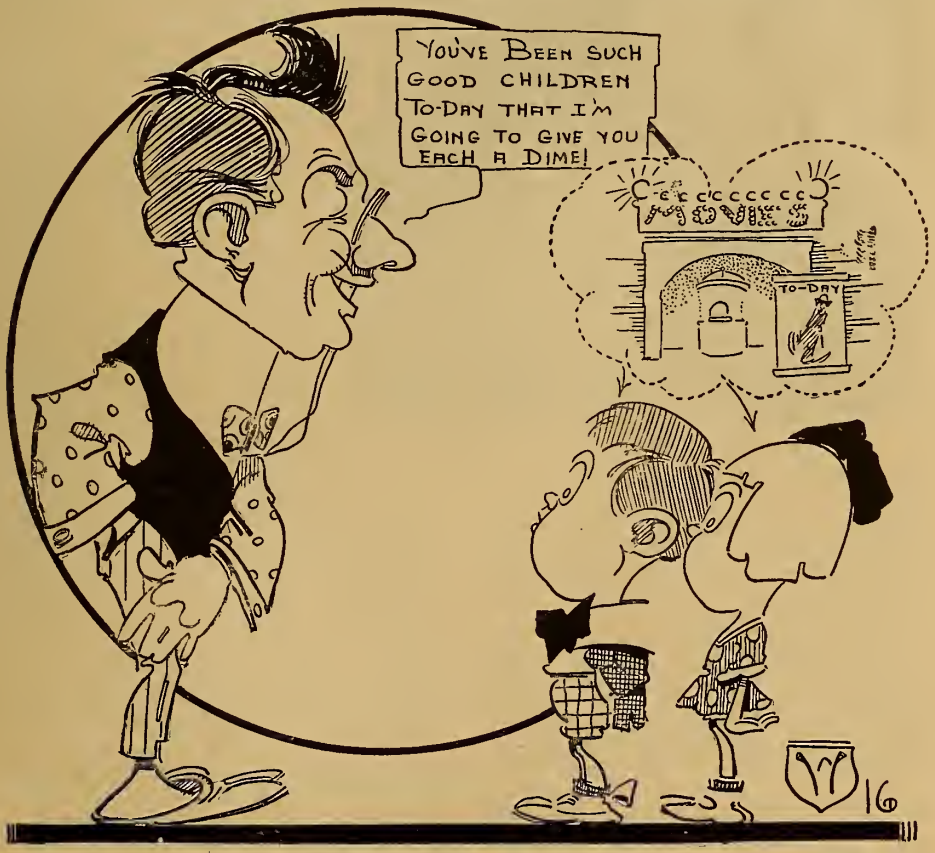
GORDON B., TORONTO.—There are 11,483,876 Jews in the world, 8,876,299 are in Europe, 1,880,579 in America. Dont know where Betty Brown now is. Bess Meredith is still with Universal. You know she also writes plays. Barbara Tennant is with Metro. The Misses Hall and Donnell both thank you for your kind remarks regarding their writings.

NORMA A. I.—You are right, and I am wrong. Mary Miles Minter is only 14. The interview will tell you all about Mary Miles Minter, and you will then see she is only 14. By the process of elimination, you conclude that I am part "harp" and part American. Kindly step to the foot of the class. You ask my "gender," and it is masculine. How could I censure you who write such a charming letter?

M. B. NOON.—Umbrellas were first imported to America from India in 1772, and were not known here before that time. Yes; Mae Marsh's sister. I read your booklet with interest.

ETHELYN MAE.—So you think we dont give Violet Mersereau enough publicity. We are always glad to get photos from her. Congratulations.

VAN DYKE.—Never heard of Bertha Cole or Dorothy Cole. There is a Colonial Motion Picture Co. All women are fond of minds that inhabit fine bodies, and of souls that have fine eyes.



TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT

LILLIAN B.—I dont believe Alice Washburn is playing at present. Renee Noel is still with Essanay. That player is made up of too much dove and not enough bulldog to play such a part.

M. LOCLAM.—The Editor has requested me to add here a note of thanks for your verses, which he much appreciated.

NUMA H.—I agree with you. Art has many uses; it trains the retina and the mind to see new forms, colors and beauties, and thus adds to our luxuries and pleasures. I have sent your verse to Gladys Hall. So you deny that Henry Walthall's name cannot be rhymed, and you prove it by:

To the master mummer whose art doth
many enthrall,
A toast, ye gentles! Here's to Henry
Walthall,
To the little Colonel, reincarnated Poe;
Friends, drain the wassail bowl—
Walthall sans foe!

I wont give the rest of your verses because it would make the other artists too jealous.

GENTLE WIFE—Goodness, John, do be more careful! Remember we're going to the movies tonight.

SINFUL PECK.—Jack Sherrill was Charles in "Body and Soul." You have the wrong title on that Crane Wilbur picture. Mabel Normand is with Keystone-Triangle. Victoria Forde with Selig, E. K. Lincoln with Lubin and Bessie Barriscale with Triangle. So you heard from Mary Pickford.

LORRAINE M.—Heap much thanks for your little billydoo. We are all tickled to death to know that your pupils like our Magazine so much.

ABE, 99.—You here again! No, no error of the linotyper—my salary is now $8.00 per. Dick Bernard was Count Hugo in "Poor Schmaltz" (Famous Players). Yes, "A Vitagraph Romance" was released September 18, 1912. At this writing Alice Joyce has not come back. Louise Huff is with Famous Players now. So you didn't care for "The Great Divide."

MARJORIE T.—You say, "Just to satisfy my inordinate curiosity, why do you persist in violating all precedents and established rules, as adopted by the best publications, by using crude jokes, bad spelling and sarcastic retorts?" The road to progress is paved with broken precedents and cracked rules. I run this department the best I know how, regardless of rules and precedents, and I dont propose changing things around just to suit you.

ALAMEDA.—You refer to Mae Costello. Her screen name is Georgia Maurice. Yes; I was born poor and I hope to die poor. I am glad that I am not bothered with a lot of money, houses, mortgages, bonds and securities. What are they good for?

JACKIE, 19.—Myrtle Gonzales was the actress, Alfred Vosburg the husband in "Thru Troubled Waters." Lilie Leslie and Joseph Smiley in "Voices from the Past" (Lubin). Mabel Trunnelle is still with Edison. Thank you, kind friend.

SALLY G.; GERTRUDE E.; THEDA BARA ADMIRER; JOY M.; FAN; EDWIN; H. N.; GEORGE R., ROCHESTER; GRACE A.; AUGUST P. A.; DOUBTFUL FAN; EULA M.; DORIS C. T., and ISABELLA F.—Your letters were very interesting, and you will find answers to your questions elsewhere.

NICH, AURORA.—You seem to be very fond of Melva. You will have to wait until Alice Joyce joins another company to get new poses of her. I am glad you are so interested.

PINKY, 17.—Evart Overton was Andy and Thomas R. Mills was Bob in "A Man's Sacrifice" (Vitagraph). Just tell Doc he will be welcome.

ELSIE J. T.—Gadzooks! zounds! curses! etc. You wonder why your idols haven't sent you those photos. Here is a bit of statistics: Warren Kerrigan sent 790 letters at 2c each, 125 photographs with letters at 7c each in one week, answering his letters to admirers. And you expect to get an answer the day after you write.

TYLE.—I enjoyed yours as much as ever. Speaking of kisses, I do not know of any particular kind of kiss that the Board of Censors approves or disapproves. There are about 57 varieties of the kiss, altho the Bible mentions only eight—the kiss of salutation, Sam. xx, 41, and 1 Thess. v, 26; valediction, Ruth ii, 9; reconciliation, 2 Sam. xiv, 33; subjection, Psalms ii, 12; approbation, Prov. ii, 4; adoration, 1 Kings xix, 18; treachery, Matt. xxvi, 49, and affection, Gen. xiv, 15.

ANTHONY.—I believe Antonio Moreno answers his correspondents. Yes, "crushing Germany" seems to be a very similar process to that of squeezing a porcupine.

CLARA K. YOUNG LUNE.—Your young book received. It took me half an hour to read it. Lorraine Huling was the other girl in "His Wife." He is the same Milton Sills. Eugene O'Brien with Frohman.

KANGAROO.—Do you know I had to pay 6c postage due on your letter? Be sure and have your letter weighed next time. The latest is that Charles Chaplin is with Mutual at a salary of $10,000 a week and a bonus of $150,000. Limericks should be sent direct to the Limerick Editor. I enjoyed yours.

PETE, WORCHESTER.—Yours was a neat, orderly letter. You say Blanche Sweet needs some "pep," and ask why she doesn't use a comb once in a while, because her hair reminds you of a crow's nest on a March day. Of course I want you to come again.

PRUNELLA.—So you dont care for our Hazel Simpson Naylor articles. That's right; the Editor wants you to tell him what you want, for that is the only way he can please you.

GLADYS S.—Thanks for sending me a copy of your paper. When you see "Silas Marner" remember that Mlle. Valkyrien walked several miles in the snowstorm, dressed in a thin dress, with bare feet.

F. R. A.—Thanks for sending me the clipping. I agree with you absolutely. That department doesn't bother me in the least. Thanks.

ELIZABETH S.—Theda Bara was born either in the Sahara Desert; Kansas cyclone cellar; Latin Quarter of Paris; Vienna, Austria-Hungary; Cincinnati, Ohio; N. Y. East Side, or Washington, D. C.—I dont know which. Horrors, no!

IMAGINATION! ALSO IMITATION! ALSO PATRIOTISM!

Jack Pickford did not cut Mary's real hair in "Little Peppina." That was somebody else's hair—a wig.

BEE.—Theda Bara's picture in March 1916; William Farnum, Jan. 1916; Dorothy Bernard, March 1916; Donald Hall, February 1916; Arnold Daly, July 1915. You refer to Lilie Leslie in that Lubin. Warda Howard in "The Raven." Sarah Bernhardt with Universal only in "Jeanne Doré."

JULIUS T. E.—Yes, you did see Theda Bara at Long Branch, N. J. She was stopping at the Nassau Hotel. Who would have thunk it! You were right; Anna Held and her daughter, Lianne Carrera, in "Madame la Presidente."

MAUDE, 18.—Mahlon Hamilton with Metro, Madeline Travers with World. Owen Moore did not play in "Eagle's Mate." Thanks for the snapshot of your home in Australia. I appreciated getting it. I have sent your letter to Olga, 17.

IONA FORD.—How happy you must be. Robert Warwick was with World last. I was glad to get your views. Lubin are announcing "Souls in Bondage," with Nance O'Neil. Ethel Barrymore in "The Kiss of Hate."

CHESTER B.—The Editor informs me he has a picture of Wallace Reid ready for the gallery.

EILEEN B.—Irving Cummings is with Ivan Company. So you have missed Howard Mitchell from the screen. He has been directing for Thanhouser since he left Lubin. Arthur Hoops is with Famous Players, and Frank Lanning with Universal.

MISS W. H.—You ought to develop your talent. I advise you to get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House.

MILLICENT B.—James O'Neill was the young millionaire in "The Heart of a Painted Woman." Jack Livingston was Arthur in "The Woman of the Sea." Jack Sherrill was Charles in "Body and Soul." Why dont you speak to your exhibitor about it? I dont think Kalem have any objections to their giving casts. Sorry to say it, but you omitted the fee.

MYRTIA KNOX.—Edna Flugrath is not in London now. You can reach her at Universal studio. So you will be glad to see Alice Joyce back again.

PUZZLE PICTURE

TWO CHINESE MOVIE ACTORS IN A STIRRING SCENE. WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

DOLLY, 17.—Famous Players wont tell us where "Madam Butterfly" was taken. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Aug. 12, 1884. William Conklin was Thomas Ilington in "Neal of the Navy."

CATHERINE, GRAND RAPIDS.—No, I didn't see that about Miriam Cooper. You want a picture of True Boardman?

KITTY GREY-SON.—You better write to Universal for a list of pictures that Grace Cunard has appeared in. I enjoyed your letter. Thanks.

SHORTY.—Naomi Childers was the girl in that Vitagraph. Yes, in Lake Placid. Harry Pollard has started a company of his own, with Margarita Fischer as the leading woman.

TOGO.—I believe "The Shepherd of the Hills" has been done. The first number of the Magazine was February, 1911.

R. C. F.—Thomas Meighan was Heine in "Kindling" (Lasky). Charles Perley and Herbert Barrington in "The Broken Wrist" (Biograph).

GERTRUDE J. T., SALISBURY.—That was Wallace Reid. Come again.

Miss Movie had her fortune told by an Oriental seer,
Who said "Your charming ways enchant, and the public hold you dear;
And generations yet unborn shall worship at your shrine,
For immortality is yours, unmarred by fleeting time."

JUDY D.—I showed your letter to the Editor, and he smiled broadly. He thinks that your toes have been stepped on. For he can account for it in no other way. Emory Johnson is with Universal. Dont know where Dorothy Dare is. Always glad to have adverse opinions.

M. P. O. K.—Ask your postmaster how much a pound is in U. S. money. The market changes every day. I believe the wealthiest nation of the world is the United States; second, Great Britain and Ireland; third, Germany; fourth, France; fifth, Russia; sixth, Austria-Hungary; then Italy, Belgium, Spain, Netherlands, Switzerland and Portugal.

ABE, 99.—How dare you address me as "Dear Madame"! I do not drink coffee, and still stick to buttermilk, and the delicatessen is near by.

MABLE T.—Louise Huff was Miss Carol in "Marse Covington." Mary Pickford has not played in "Audrey" as yet.

CLAIR W.—You are wrong. Alexander did not weep for other worlds to conquer, but because there were so many other worlds that he could not conquer. Ormi Hawley is about five feet four inches; has golden hair, blue-gray eyes; was born in Holyoke, Mass.; weighs about 135 lbs., and her nickname is "Bunny."

MIKE, SALT LAKE.—No, no; William Tell never existed. He is a creature of fiction or fable. E. Forrest Taylor is with Mustang. Thanks; I will take your advice. I agree about the comedies.

JONATHAN.—Henry Woodruff is an old matinée idol—not so old, either. I believe his next play will be "A Man and His Mate," in four reels.

R. B. I., BUFFALO.—Gloria Fonda was Peggy in "The Great Fear." Florence Dagmar with Lasky. You will find that most people love you most for what you have, and not for what you are.

THOMAS M. H.—Yes to your first. Olive Golden was Tiola in "Tess." No, we have our own staff of writers.

WALTER M. P.—You ask why it was necessary to drink so much rum in that play. Send him a white ribbon, child. Perhaps all his germs are sailors. Most Moving Picture whisky wouldn't soothe even a teething child. It's made of trading-stamp tea.

C. L.—"Chalice of Courage" was taken in California.

H. S. WEBFOOT.—That was Violet Mersereau's sister.

NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.—Norma Talmadge's chat in November, 1914. Sam Hardy was Percy in "Over Night."

EDWARD G. F.—Margarita Fischer was the girl and Joseph Singleton opposite her in "The Miracle of Life." Stella Horan was Anna and Frank Woods was Edward in "Luring Light." William Elliott and Ruth Roland in "Comrade John."

A SUGGESTION, WHICH WOULD DO AWAY WITH ALL THE TARDINESS AT SCHOOL

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Yes, it is shameful the way you have neglected me. Come right ahead. You want Vyrgynya's address. You say you want to "get in touch with the beast." Send your letter on and I will forward it.

POLLY F.—William Worthington was the father in "The Link That Binds" (Universal). I do not think Lottie Briscoe is playing any more, but I do not know the reason. It is true that G. M. Anderson has left Essanay, and I do not know, and dont think he knows, what he is going to do next. You say that reading my department makes you think. If I write to make you think, I must think before I write. You like this department because I say something which everybody knows, but which perhaps nobody has ever said before. I am glad that you are doing some writing, also. Everybody should do something worthy of being written, or write something worthy of being read.

GRACE Z.—So you want me to write you a long letter. I dont know what to say. You need have no fear about Charlie Chaplin going to England. His contract with Mutual wont allow him to go out of the U. S. without a written permission.

"THE LURE OF THE CAMERA"

THE RESULT OF AN AD. FOR FIFTY MEN TO POSE IN A MOB SCENE

The rain may rain, and the wind may blow,
But Betty trots to the photoshow.

HENRY KING ADMIRER.—Your questions require too much research. The English pronounce Harcourt *Har'kut*—almost like haircut. Come again.

JANET MC.—You are too late for March. Mary Pickford is in New York, also Marguerite Clark. Write Romaine Fielding about the Correspondence Club.

JOHN B. G.—Raymond Hutton is with Lasky. No, it isn't for me to mention the best players. North America has 8,037,714 square miles; Europe, 3,754,282, and Asia, 17,057,666.

O. G. A.—Herbert Rawlinson was Quest, Anna Little was Lenora and Laura Oakley was Laura in "Black Box." I admit that that player has dignity, but dignity is often only impudence. I like unassuming simplicity, which is an emblem of nobility of soul.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Your essay on "clams" is worthy of a place in the Encyclopædia Britannica. Did you say that your town was a dry one? I am surprised to hear that of Rumford. I know of no town in Maine by the name of Asbestos. If you saw it on the theater curtain, it must have been the name of the play. Harry Beaumont is the husband of Bliss Milford, but he is with Essanay.

ANNA S.—Come, now, dont sit down and write me a five-page letter, telling me all about your love for Earle Williams. There is nothing I can do for you.

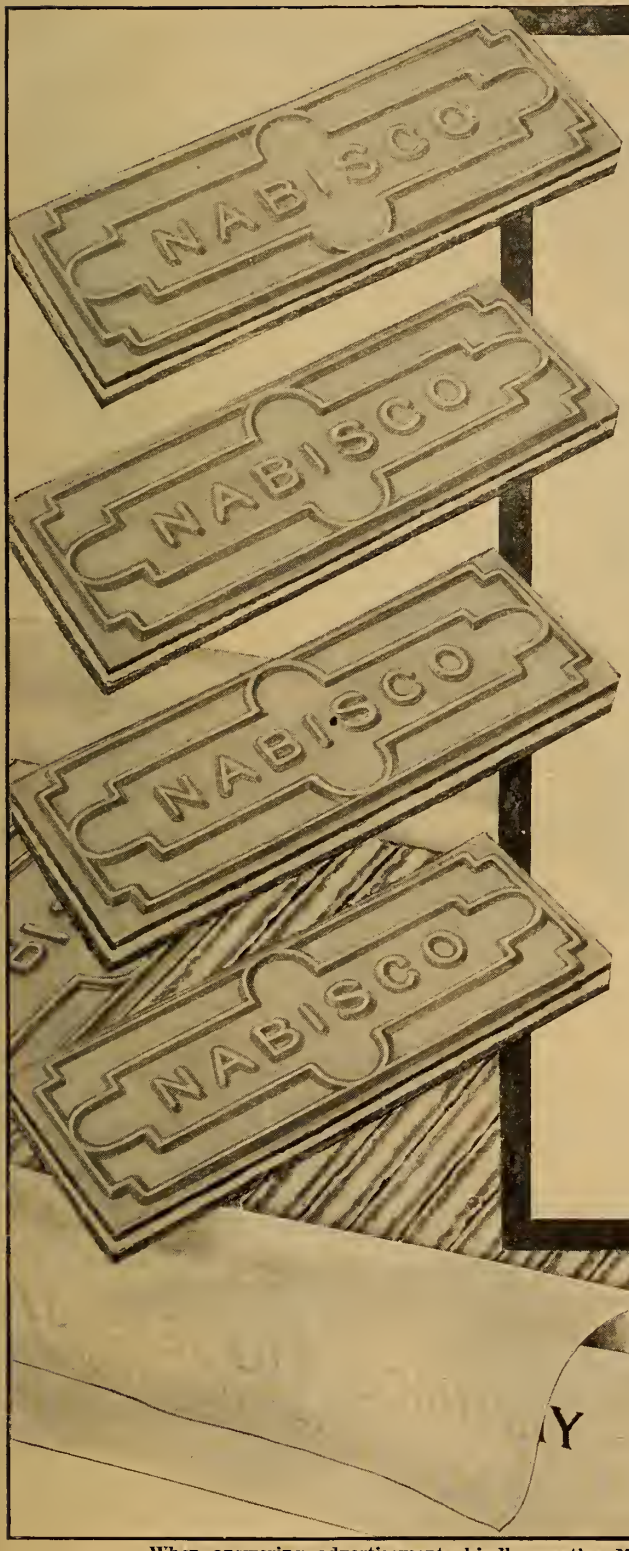
B. C., NEWPORT.—Please leave a space between your questions, and write on one side of the paper. How you do disobey the rules. Frank Borzage was the doctor in "Aloha oe."

A. V. T.; ANNIE H. G.; RICHARD K.; JACK W.; BRUCE E. S.; MINNIE B. U.; JULIUS CÆSAR; W. G. H., and SARAH.—Send a stamped envelope for a list of film manufacturers.

ABE, 99.—Well, well, you here again? Joseph MacDonald was Ferguson in "Rags." George Renevant was Toni and Conway Tearle was Horkoy in "Seven Sisters." Vivian Prescott with Imp. Oh, yes; Gaumont is a large producing company, and they are coming up. So you like Virginia Vanderhoff. I'll have to look into this. Ethel Mary Oakland was the little girl in "Hearts of Men." Beulah Poynter was the lead. Her name is Smith. You want Edison to reissue "Baggage Coach Ahead."

CLARENCE GELLART.—Marjorie Daw, whom you admire so much, is with the Lasky Co., and they might be willing to send you a photograph of her on receipt of 10 cents. Address them 120 West Forty-first St., N. Y. C. You say you do not like to see so many women on our covers. Well, we have a man on the next CLASSIC cover, and I hope you will like him.

"I'm six years old, 'n' goin' on seven—
'N' soda-'n' movies are good as heaven."



The Perfect Dessert Accompaniment

No matter what the occasion, formal or informal, winter or summer, spring or fall, afternoon or evening,

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

are the perfect dessert accompaniment or a perfect dessert in themselves. With ices or beverages or eaten as a confection, Nabisco are deliciously good. In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

FESTINO—The enticing dessert confection almond-shaped and almond-flavored. A favorite with the exacting hostess.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

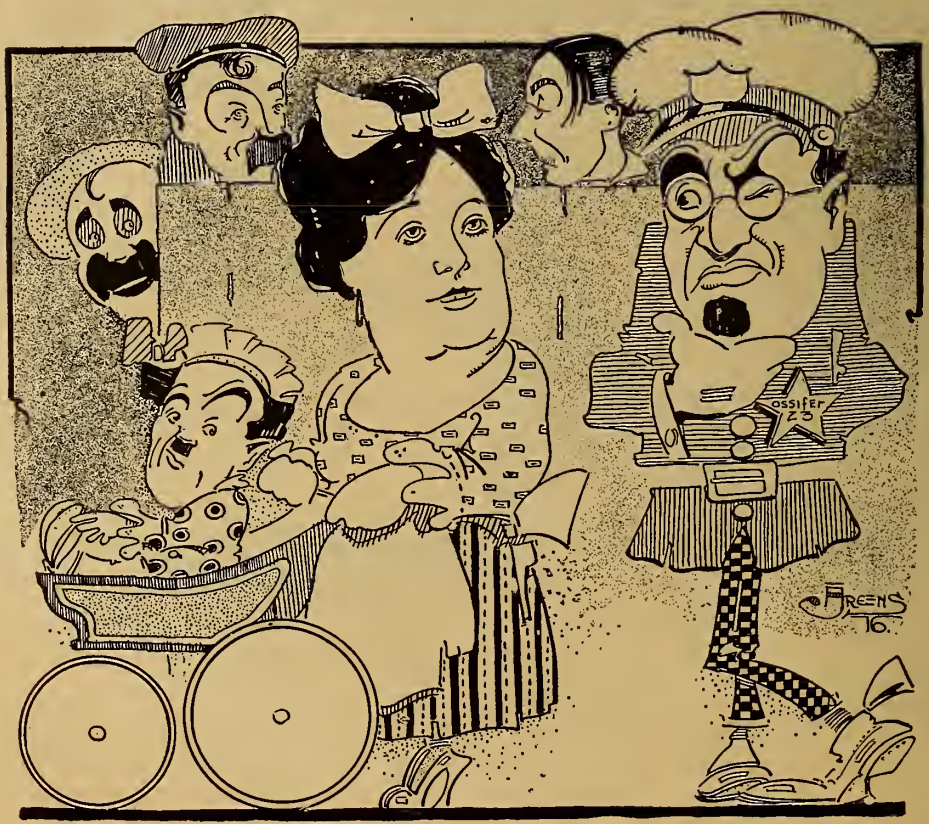
CARL T. L.—Ethel Clayton was the wife in "The Darkness Before Dawn" (Lubin).

J. Q., NORTH JAY, ME.—So you are interested in Vyrgynya, and would like to correspond with her. Very well; Vyrgynya, here is your Q. You want to know if Boards of Trade in various cities will co-operate with newcomers who propose starting a manufacturing business. It all depends upon the city, and upon the man. Some cities make a specialty of this sort of thing and others would turn a deaf ear to your proposition.

PEACHES OF THE ACADEMY.—So you would not like to know me personally because you imagine I wear spectacles and am grouchy at breakfast. Right you be. It is best that we remain distant friends, because I am all that you say and worse. You say I am absolutely ambitionless because I am perfectly satisfied with an $8 a week salary. Here you are wrong. I dont need any more, and would not like to be bothered taking care of the surplus and worrying about it. Hobart Bosworth is with Universal, and you can address him care of that company, Universal City, Cal. Please note that we are carrying a story in which he is featured, and it is a James Dandy.

BERTHA NIEMEYER.—Here you are, at last. I assure you I am not fictitious. I am the real thing. I have spoken to the Editor and asked him to take care of Miss Pickford and Mr. Bushman. It was very kind of you to ask me to attend the Baby Show and Parade, and to offer to pay my fare, and to take me home afterwards. That proves to me that you know I exist. Why not come down and look me over?

ESTHER.—Your letter was a model for several reasons: first, it contained your nom-de-plume at the top, next the questions you wanted answered, and after this your greetings and comments; second, the letter was nicely typewritten, and third, at the end of the letter appeared your real name in writing. If they would all do that I would live ten years longer than I expect to live. Arthur Evers played Reverend Goodwin in "Always in the Way" (Metro). Nothing has happened to Jimmie Morrison and Dorothy Kelley, and they are both doing regular and excellent work. You are right when you say that I must have a very sweet disposition. It is so sweet that I dont have to use sugar in my coffee or syrup on my pancakes.



HOW'S THIS FOR AN ALL-STAR COMEDY COMPANY?

Beauty's Ammunition

Of course you're fascinating, but why not be even more so? You'll add an extra touch of youthful charm with

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder

50c—4 Shades

There's a smile in every touch of the puff that brings to your skin this fragrant, clinging softness.

Don't forget that little final dash of Ingram's Rouge, the "pink of perfection." Nobody will know it and the effect is lovely. Then "top off" this irresistible toilet with a whiff of Ingram's Perfume or Toilet Water—supremely sweet!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions. Its use overcomes skin disorders and sallowness, as well as undue redness, sunburn and freckles.

The Latest Ingram Offer

Send us 6c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing, and get free our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes. Address

Frederick F. Ingram Co., (Established 1885)
Windsor, Ont. *Makers of Milkweed Cream* **21 Tenth St., Detroit, U. S. A.**

A. J. Apt.—So the Famous Players Co. objected to your scenario on the ground that Old Glory was objectionable to them. I am surprised to hear you say that that company never shows the American flag when it can be avoided. I also noticed the defect in your "Dimples," but I do not remember having seen a doll stuffed with money before.

Fan, Washington.—I received the clipping containing the fine interview with Thomas W. Gilmer, and my thanks are yours. I think his ideas are very good.

Julia D.—Emperor William of Germany has never been in good health. He has been a sufferer since early life. One of his arms has been withered since babyhood, but he does a whole lot with the other arm. Irene Hunt with Universal.

Edyth Loewenberg.—I wasn't going to answer your letter because it asked so many forbidden questions. You refer to Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "The Broken Coin." Your newsdealer can get for you any magazine that you want to order. So your favorites are Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne, but I know of no pack of cards that contains their pictures excepting the game "Cast," which we are trying to get out.

Jack D. B., Texas.—"The Battle Cry of Peace" will undoubtedly be shown thruout Texas. Ask your exhibitor. Thanks for all you say.

Lillian T.—Mimi Yvonne was the child in "The Littlest Rebel" with E. K. Lincoln. Pedro de Cordoba was Julian in "Temptation."

F. R.—Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England. His nickname is "Rawley." I cannot tell you how much the manufacturer you mention is rated at. Yes, worth makes the man, but I am sorry to say that it usually depends on how much he is worth.

Maude, 18.—Anna Nilsson in "Retribution." The new lists of manufacturers are out. The old ones were dated September 10, 1915. Send a stamped, addressed envelope.

Abe, 99.—So glad to hear you are well. Polly Champlain was Frances in "The Labyrinth" (Equitable). I dont think Laura Sawyer is playing these days. So you prefer brown pictures to blue ones.

Lewis P.—Blanche Sweet is with Lasky. Also Cleo Ridgely. Olga's address is 51 E. 42d St., N. Y. City.

Dyal, Dixie.—Your verse is fine. Thanks. Oh, dont you worry, I get enough to eat—I am strong and healthy, thank you.

Grace D.—Thanks for the coin and stamp. So you dont care for the Essanay sketch book on the screen. However, I notice that a number of people in the audience always applaud it.

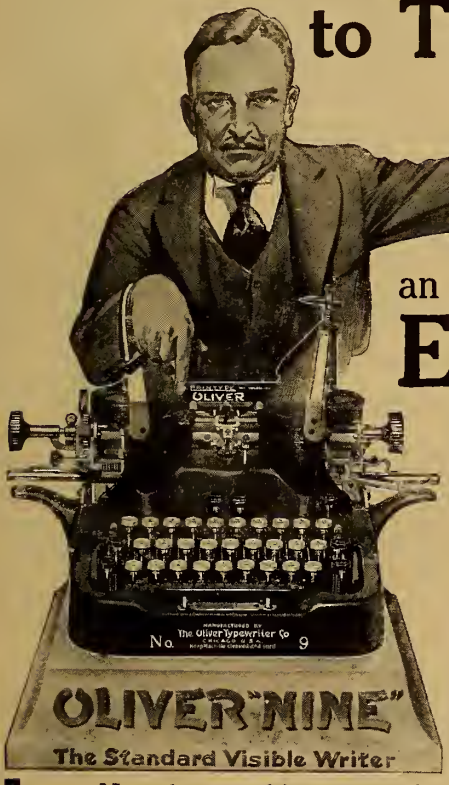
Gertrude H.—I believe James Cruze is with Lasky, and Marguerite Snow is with Metro. I was pleased to hear from you. Yes, he has beautiful teeth—perhaps that's why he laughs so much.

Becky, Rochester.—Hazel Buckham was Captain Jenny in "Captain Jenny."

Gladys N.—I got your note signed "R. S. V. P." Joseph Kaufman directed "The Great Divide," and he is Ethel Clayton's husband. I didn't see the picture, so cannot tell you about the staircase. I enjoyed your interesting letter.

THEY HAVE BEEN GUNNING FOR CHARLIE CHAPLIN, AND AT LAST HE HAS BEEN CAPTURED

This Free Book Has Brought Riches to Thousands



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No other machine on earth—not even our previous models—has this new Bi-Manual Shift that *multiplies speed and makes touch writing 100% easier.*

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Never a standard typewriter built before with touch so light. It saves 5 tons of pound-energy in a single day's writing.

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Investigation costs nothing. But the delay of a day may let someone else get the vacancy where you live. Send no money—just your name for "Opportunity" Book. Mail the coupon today.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
1260 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Send free, postpaid, **"Opportunity Book"** and Oliver agency offer.

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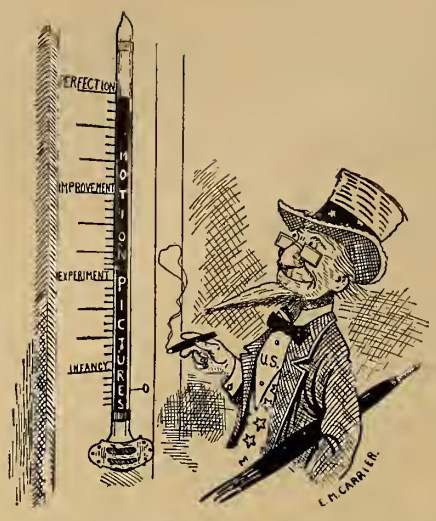


"SHE'S CLIMBIN' "

WILLIAM F. H.—There are several books on the Motion Picture industry. We sell Talbot's "How Motion Pictures Are Made," $1.65; "Cinematography," $1.10; Hulfish's "Motion Picture Work," $3; we dont handle Robert Grau's, but it is published at $5; then there are a lot of books on scenario writing. See ads.

LEONARD B., FAYETTE.—Of course your letter meets with approval. Glad you are saving your money, but be careful how you spend it. One may be learned yet unwise.

LITTLE RAWLINSON.—Edward Carewe was George in "Cora" (Metro). Frank Elliott was Allan Wilson in "The High Road" (Metro). Harry Morey, Peggy Blake, L. Rogers Lytton and George Cooper in "The Woman in the Box" (Vitagraph).

SOMEBODY—Sends me an unsigned note stating that the Bible contains 3,565,480 letters, 733,746 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. Thanks. It is quite certain that sooner or later somebody would ask me some such a question as this, and now he will be saved that trouble, and I will be saved the trouble of making the count.

H. M.—The reason you have not been getting answers is because you do not sign your name and address. H. M. is not sufficient. Be sure to put your questions first.

LOQUACIOUS EDNA.—Gladden James was Bream in "To Cherish and Protect." Just a little truth in that vile report. Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth.

J. D. W.—Wilmuth Merkyl was Stannard in "The Price." James Cooley was Dr. Bristol. You say you hope you shall never meet me, because "The mirage is always enchanting." You know it is easier to get married than to stay so, yet you are going to try it?

M. D. C.—Lasky did not furnish us with the cast for "The Ragamuffin." Haven't the name of the child. Sorry.

ULAH C.—Olive Johnson is with L-Ko. Marguerite Gibson is with Horsley.

C. M. S.—You must write direct to the Circulation Dept. about your Magazines, or enclose a separate letter to them. Charles Richman was in "The Man from Home," and Chester Barnett in "The Man from Mississippi."

CLARISSE B.—Have a heart, Clarisse. It would take me a week to copy all the names of the players in Moving Pictures, and you want the company each is with and the address! Calvin Thomas was the little boy in "The Money Master."

R. H., PROVIDENCE.—Lewis Cody opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Mating." You are trying to make an epoch out of an event.

HELEN G., TITUSVILLE.—So you want me to ask Earle Williams if he remembers shaking hands with a girl from "National Arts Seminary" at Washington. Avast! Now suppose *you* ask him.

KATHRY C.—You might write to Grace Cunard. I guess she will answer. I think that the players are just as much stuck on themselves as the fans are stuck on them. If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us no harm.

"WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE"

With That New Frock
YOU WILL NEED
DELATONE

SO LONG AS FASHION DECREES sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves the woman of refinement requires Delatone for the removal of hair from under the arms.

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn.

Removes Objectionable Hair From Face, Neck or Arms

You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone.

Expert beauty specialists recommend Delatone as a most satisfactory depilatory powder. After application, the skin is clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY, 339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. DA, Chicago, Ill.

DOROTHY KELLY ERNEST TRUEX

SCENE FROM "ARTIE, THE MILLIONAIRE" (PAGE 56)

CAROLYN T., ALBANY.—You refer to Robert Vaughn. I suppose I must explain again why wheels sometimes appear to turn backward in the pictures, but it will take considerable space.

JOHN S.—You want to get something new. "Best Yet" has become a proverb. That's what I hear every month. George Larkin is with Gaumont. Your figures are all right, but you forget that doubling the diameter of a pipe increases its capacity four times.

MADELINE D.—Thanks for all you say about our advertisements.

CHARLES, TROY.—The coupons counted for ten votes, and each player was allowed to vote once a month. I really am sorry you have had to complain so much. Seems that everything went against you.

DAGMAR C.—When you call a person a pig, do you know that you flatter him? It shows that you dont know your Noah's Ark. The pig tries to be respectable as we are, but we wont let him be so. He's fond of dainty food; we give him the worst of the left-overs. He likes a nice clean pen; we persist in throwing all the dirty stuff into it. And do we ever give him a chance for a bath or a grooming? Not unless piggeries have changed a whole lot since I was a farmer's boy. We sell "The Life of Earle Williams."

LADY BALTIMORE.—Yes; Rose Melville is doing Sis Hopkins for the Kalem Company. Try Essanay. Producing the goods is child's play; making people believe in them is a science.

OLA H.—Inez Bauer and Robert Ellis in "The Glory of Youth" (Kalem). Mary Miles Minter in "Man Servant" (Kalem). Haven't seen that song that Warren Kerrigan's mother wrote to Mary Pickford. Tell us about it.

MAE G., SAN FRANCISCO.—What are you trying to do—propose to me? Alas, alas! That's it—where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be found out.

MAX W.—You ask an awful question when you ask who are the greatest actor and actress in the world—too much for me. Henry King was Jack in "Should a Wife Forgive?"

EMIL K.—I agree with you, and I will take your tip. Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe between 1577 and 1580.

REX.—L. D. Maloney opposite Helen Holmes in "A Desperate Leap." Carolyn Birch in "On the Turn of a Card" (Vitagraph). Yes, the Magazine pays for verses and drawings that we use.

DOROTHY E.; VIOLET G. D.; GENE C.; BASHFUL SIXTEEN; VERONA M.; RUTH W. B.; MISS K.; L. L. S., NEWARK; LITTLE TOMBOY; SARA K., GALVESTON, IND.; FORGET-ME-NOT; ANNA H.; ALAMO S. A.; INQUISITIVE R.; H. M. H.; WILLIAM P.; STELLA B.; W. S.; EARL S.; EARLE'S ADMIRER; LUCILLE O.; LILLIAN S.; EDWARD G. H.; DIMPLES; HELEN G.; ANONA R., and PAUL DE B.—Your questions have all been answered somewhere in these columns.

GRACE VAN LOON.—Your pome was so exquisite that I shed many briny tears over it. Why dont you compete in our Limerick Contest? We give $10 (good dollars) away every month. Essanay is an extension of S & A—S standing for Spoor and A standing for Anderson. The name will remain the same even if Mr. Anderson has sold out his interest in the company and sought pastures new. Kalem is an extension of three letters, K for Kleine, L for Long and M for Marion. They simply put vowels between and made a pretty name. Mr. Kleine sold out long ago, and Mr. Long recently died.

"W-w-what's that?"
"Oh! That's the Answer Man going to lunch."

A New Popularity Contest!

And It Will Be the Greatest Ever Conducted by Any Publication

Picture players come and go. New faces are constantly appearing among the great players of the day, and many of those who were popular a few years ago are now little known.

Which ones are the most popular today? We are desirous of knowing, and we are going to let you decide, thru the medium of the oldest, largest, best and most representative publication in the world.

The Great Popularity Contest for the Players

will give you an opportunity to vote for your favorite. It will give you an opportunity to show your apprcciation for that player who has afforded you the most enjoyment, and this kind of appreciation is equivalent to applause.

Thirty-six Prizes to Players

Thirty-six prizes will be given to those players who receive the most votes, and you will surely want to see your favorite among the winners.

How Votes Will Be Counted

Each issue of the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**, beginning with this one, will contain a coupon which, when properly filled out and mailed to us, will count 10 votes. Each issue of the **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**, beginning with the May number, will contain a coupon good for 25 votes. A year's subscription to the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** will count 100 votes and a year's subscription to the **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** 150 votes.

Special Prizes to Readers

A cash bonus, divided into first, second and third prizes, will be given to those who send in the most subscriptions to either the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** or **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** and the most votes during each month. If you desire to become a special solicitor, write today for particulars.

Further announcement as to the time of the closing of this contest and as to the prizes will be made in the next issue of this magazine.

Begin voting now by sending in the coupon which you find in this issue or your subscription to the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** or **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.**

Cut this coupon out and mail to the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other mail to the same address.

GREAT POPULARITY CONTEST

conducted by the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.**

I desire to cast my vote for

.....as my favorite player.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

10 Votes

Note.—In sending in subscriptions, write on a separate slip of paper the name of the player for whom you wish to vote. No coupon is necessary.

BEATRICE R.—You ask if Olga Petrova is married. How dare you? You ask what queen was crowned, with all due ceremony, after her death. Inez de Castro, queen of Pedro I of Portugal, 1350. It has not been done in photoplay, I believe. Hal Clarendon with Universal.

JOHN TIN.—There are still many books that have not been done in pictures. The author should secure the copyright rights. Carl Harbaugh was Prince Valonoff in "The Serpent" (Fox). So your manager is trying to suit himself instead of the public. That's often the case, but he will be a big loser in the end.

HIGH SCHOOL MARY.—Henry Walthall was born in Shelby County, Alabama, in 1880. Harold Lockwood in Brooklyn.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—I dont see why we cant have more one- and two-reel plays, but just at present features are all the rage. No to your last.

I. M. A. B.—You say that you have a friend who wants to subscribe to this Magazine, but he expects it at half price, because he has only one eye. It cant be did; he should read the Magazine thru twice. No, I have never been to Tampa.

B. Z. BUDDEY.—Yes, he is the same Arthur Hoops. Victor Moore with Lasky.

M. M., ALBERTA.—Thanks muchly for your generous fee. No, we will not publish either of those plays you mention. We usually fictionize plays that have not yet been shown in theaters. Harold Lockwood with Metro; dont know what branch as yet. That is his correct name. Metro's address is 1465 Broadway, New York. May Allison also with Metro.

DYALL, DIXIE.—They are not the same Lasky. So you took your spite out on me. Go right ahead; a good many of them do. Take care of your pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves—and of you.

F. E. M., BAYONNE.—Short "e" in Metro. So Edison is your favorite company. You mustn't mind those little family jars. They are not half so bad as family jugs.

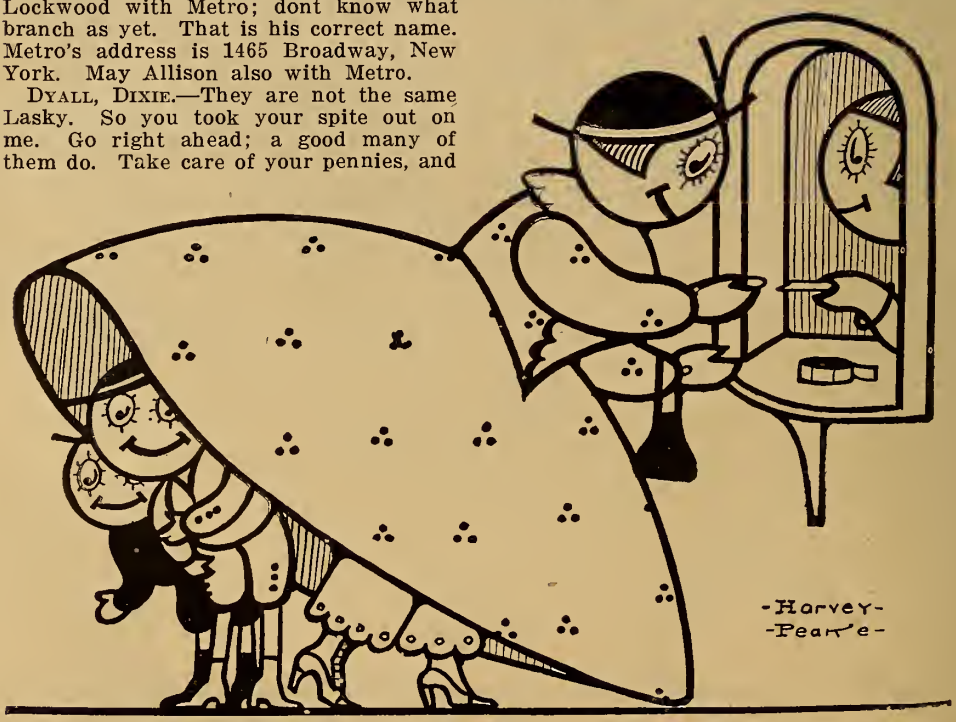
OLGA, 17.—Lewis Stone was Woods in "Honor's Altar." Charles Clary was Warren in "The Black List." You see I am still true to you, Olga, for while I must admit I have had several proposals, none have been accepted yet. This is leap year and I tremble!

SUBURBANITES.—I believe Julian Eltinge has appeared for Selig. The Motion Picture Board of Trade dinner you refer to was given at the Hotel Biltmore on January 27th. J. Stuart Blackton presided, and President Wilson made a speech.

JOSEPHINE R.—Brinsley Shaw is with Universal. We announced in the CLASSIC the death of Arthur Johnson. The news came too late to catch the Magazine.

LOQUACIOUS EDNA.—Minta Durfee in "Fatty's Faithful Fido." That letter you wrote to the newspaper is very fine, and I am glad you stood in favor of Moving Pictures. Daddy Manley and Ned Reardon, both of Universal, died in the month of February.

MELVA.—Yes; Anna Held in that play. So you want the Editor to use a picture of Robert Leonard soon, and you tell him to "take heed if he doesn't."



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Our business has assumed such tremendous proportions and become so important to the industry at large that we found it necessary to undergo complete reorganization in order to more fully serve the author and fulfil our obligations to the studio. The former system of conducting our business made it most difficult to render the desired service as our business increased and to the end that we should become the most important factor serving both writer and producer, and after a careful study of all existing conditions, we are now reorganized with a new system, under new management and with a broader scope.

We wish it thoroly understood that we are not a "revision company," "school" or "agent." We are the manuscript service bureau of the "Motion Picture Magazine," our influence is far-reaching and we are the real aid to the intelligent author of photoplays.

We need you, and you need us.

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Enclosed find 2-cent stamp for which you will send me descriptive information regarding your service.

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Only $2.50 a month will make you the wearer of a beautiful diamond ring. Other terms, $3.50 $4.50 and up—and middlemen's profits cut out.

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For Net Price List and Illustrated Catalog

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Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 1475 Chicago, :: Ill.

Without obligations send me your net price offer on diamonds; also send catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

ROSEMARY.—Marguerite Clark was Letty, Harold Lockwood was Arnold, James Cooley was Gerald in "Wildflower."

GRACE VAN LOON.—I am like Andrew Carnegie in that it is my ambition to die poor. I differ from George Washington in that he could not tell a lie, while I can but wont. Your notes on smiles were really clever, and you ought to put them together in a neat parcel and sell them to some magazine. Dorothy Kelly is called "Dot" at the studio, as you would have learnt had you read the last CLASSIC, which contained her chat.

IRENE, DELPHAS.—Bert Delaney was Eustace in "Mr. Muson's Will." You might write to Pearl White. You should emulate, but not envy. Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by defeat. Do you get me?

HOWARD G. T.—Hank Mann is with Keystone. He gets plenty of exercise.

MRS. E. S., WASHINGTON.—Indeed! So you liked "Landon's Legacy." William Lloyd was Wapita in "Son o' the Stars."

PETERKIN, 16.—Yours was more of a letter to the Editor. We sell the stage playing cards at 50c; "Here Lies," containing a sample scenario, at 25c, and "Primer" for 50c. The two books are for photoplay writers. This year Easter comes on April 23. That is the time when people stop fasting and live faster.

PEKO.—You say it is too bad I didn't have my department patented because Rose Tapley was trying to steal my trade. Have no fear. Eugene Pallette was with Reliance last.

FORRESTINE.—Yes, our covers are getting prettier all the time. I try to be natural, because a diamond with a flaw is better than an imitation, but some of you wont let me.

I. M. A. B.—Ben Wilson is still with Universal. I am afraid you had better ask your Sunday-school teacher that question. Jesus Christ was born 4 B. C., according to our calendar.

JOE D.—So you have discovered that Greenroom Jottings are interesting. Well! well! Lillian Gish was the leading woman in "The Birth of a Nation." Mae Marsh was little sister.

MRS. R. S. B.—You give me no clue to that film. The name of the player, please?

KENTUCKIE.—Matt Moore is with Universal. David Lythgoe was John in "The Echo" (American). Margaret Gibson was Florence in "When Love Leads" (Domino). Webster Campbell was the husband, Neva Gerber the wife and Ray Berger was Parson in "Betty's First Sponge Cake." Edward Sloman with American now.

AMO.—Royal Dresden china is not made in Dresden. It is only the name of a brand. Laura Oakley is with Rex. A super is generally a non-professional who represents a waiter, etc., called supernumeraries, supers or supes. A super who leads in the enter or exit of a company of supers is called super captain.

N. H., ASBURY PARK.—Thanks for the jokes. They were good. He is quite a *bon vivant*. Charles Stalling with Morosco.

H. A. H.—So you want the Editor to chat, interview and X-ray Robert Warwick, or your army will declare war upon us. We are for peace, so it shall be did.

SWEET WILLIAMS.—What appear to be delusions must not be discarded too freely. Astrology gave us astronomy, and alchemy gave us chemistry. Without some hypothesis to work on nothing much can be done, except occasionally by accident. Countless times has the sum of human knowledge been added to by theories that are either demonstrably false or seriously defective. In every 'ism and 'ology there is either some truth or it suggests some truth. Oh, yes, Harry Beaumont is playing leads for Essanay.

SWEET PETERS.—So you would love to read some of my letters. Come right ahead, if you will help answer them. I dont think you would want to read many as long as yours, 16 pages. Arthur Donaldson with Arrow.

CHARLES O., IDAHO.—I got your letter, all right, but you failed to enclose the stamp. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for list of film manufacturers. Alfred Hickman with Fox.

NAIDA.—I cannot tell the name of those plays from your description. You must get the name of the play. You want this type in larger point? Then I couldn't answer so many questions. Jackie Saunders with Knickerbocker.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Haven't the name of Billy in "My Best Girl." So you are only a schoolgirl. I envy you. The founder of the Order of Jesuits, or Society of Jesus, was Ignatius de Loyola, who was born in Spain, 1491.

OSCAR A.—You suggest that some company take pictures of a hand-glass factory; that they would have many thrills. Ethel Corcoran was the sister in "Rags and the Goil."

CLAIM No. 13.—So you call Edith Storey the greatest actress of the day. She is playing regularly for Vitagraph.

AMELIA T. C.—The trouble with you is that you are inclined to mistake a present pleasure for a permanent happiness. In meditating pleasures, you should always prepare to accept the after consequences. Mabel Normand is still in New York at this writing.

MAE E. P.—Thanks for your dandy letter. You should not speak of shooting stars; stars do not shoot or fall; meteors do. Margaret Joslin and Harry Todd with Universal.

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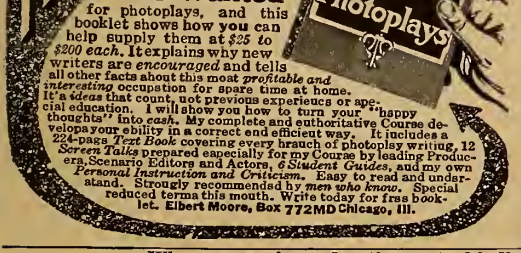

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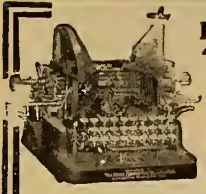

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THE ANSWER LADY

By ROSE TAPLEY

My Dear Girls and Boys—I am sitting here at my desk with about thirty stamped envelopes, and I feel that I cannot answer all of them personally, and to answer one and not all would be unfair, so I've wondered and wondered what to do about them. What do you suppose I have at last decided to do? I'm going to take them downstairs, hold them over the steam of the tea-kettle and give the proceeds to the Red Cross Fund for the poor soldiers of all nations at war, and in this way release my guilty conscience for having those stamps. I have answered you all via the Motion Picture Magazine, however, so you are really losing nothing. By the way, speaking of those stamps reminds me that some time ago I was sent a whole dollar, by a gentleman in the West, for a photo of myself, and during a slight illness which necessitated my absence from the studio for a few days, the letter became mislaid and I had no means of reaching him. Can you imagine how dishonest that gentleman must think me, and all the time I would give anything to be able to give him his picture or his dollar? You see, most of you dear boys and girls forget the fact that photos are a great expense if an actor or actress should attempt to send one at every request, but very few of you ever think of this, so you see, to receive a dollar with a request for a picture was quite unusual.

You see, I am keeping my threat to scold you sometimes, am I not? By the way, have any of you been watching for the Hearst-Vitagraph News? It ought to be very valuable to you in your school work, for news from all over the world is shown. Many of the scenes photographed by them will some day become history, and it will be fine to be able to tell your grandchildren that you had witnessed on the screen the actual events as they happened. Now dont think I am in the advertising business, because I'm not, but, really, I do feel that they will be a great help to you in many ways in your school work. Write me if they are as interesting to you as they are to me. Have any of you been reading the Motion Picture Classic? I have cut off the cover of a couple of them and have had them framed for my den because of their beauty, and I certainly admire the reading-matter within its covers. Do get one. They come out the middle of the month, I think. You see, big sister-like, when I see or hear anything which I think will be especially interesting to you, I immediately want to tell you all about it. I only wish I had the wisdom of Solomon himself, that I could answer wisely all of the many problems you bring to me,

but I shall let my love for you and my sincere interest in you all help me in my replies.

Lovingly,

SISTER ROSE.

MY DEAR LILLIAN AND HER COUSIN, M. Y. W.—I know that you are wondering why you do not hear from me in reply to your nice letter. You see the Magazine goes to press nearly a whole month before you receive it, and so my letters must be written quite a while before you read them in the Magazine. I should love to meet you both, but you see my time at the studio is not my own. I have to follow the directions of my director, and sometimes it is very annoying and inconvenient to have visitors because they interrupt the work. However, if you can come on some Saturday, and I am not working in a scene, I should be very, very happy to see you. I'm fond of girls and enjoy mothering them. I have a little daughter of my own, you see.

C. B. A., WACO, TEX.—Your letter was very interesting. It never does harm to attempt a thing, anyway, and the story you suggest might be very interesting. I cannot attempt to tell you whether it would be of value to a Moving Picture company, however. If you write it out in full and send it to a company be sure to enclose stamps for its return, and if it is not accepted by the first company, send it to another and another until it is accepted or you are convinced it has no commercial value. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will send you, on request and with 2c enclosed for postage, the names and addresses of the different Moving Picture companies.

DEAR LITTLE GIRL, PITTSBURG.—Yes, indeed, I have heard about Pearl White; in fact, had the pleasure of meeting her last summer at an affair held by the exhibitors. She is just as pretty and as charming as she appears to be on the screen. Do we powder and paint in the pictures that we all look so pretty? Indeed, some of us have to do so, and then again, some use very little make-up, altho the artificial lights used in taking the indoor scenes in the pictures require some make-up, as a rule, even when the artist is sixteen and as pretty as a picture. Let me tell you something: some of the girls are really prettier off the screen than on. You'd never know, for instance, that Lillian Walker has the most wonderful complexion and the softest baby-gold hair, as well as those fascinating dimples. Dotty Kelly is a tiny little thing, a clever artist, and has a very sweet voice, as well as decided talent.

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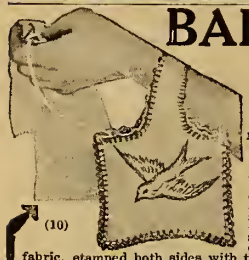

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inexperienced, must take your chance of getting into the ensemble scenes. By that, I mean scenes where a number of people are used, but where no special individual work is required, such as a scene in a restaurant where people are sitting at the tables, a crowd of people are coming out of a theater, or something of that kind. After you have become accustomed to the demands of the camera, if you have personality and appearance, you may be selected for small parts, and after a while you may get a chance at a really good part. This is a very slow process and requires time, patience and sufficient capital to enable you to live for some months, as it is almost impossible for any one to make a living out of ensemble work in the beginning.

LETTIE R.—That is right, my dear, keep right on at school and study as hard as you can, for you need a good education in any walk in life. I stay all summer at the studio, and if you come to Brooklyn I shall try to let you see the inside of the studio, altho that is stretching our rules.

MARGUERITE S., DALLAS, TEX.—I really wish you could know how much I would enjoy sending you a picture, but truly, at present I haven't one to send. I have made a hard-and-fast rule, too, not to send any photos out. Instead of spending money on pictures, I am helping some very deserving people who, I feel, need that help even more than you want the picture. I appreciate your letter and thank you for it.

ESTHER G., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—My dear girl, the request you made of Miss Dawn was rather an unusual one from a stranger, and she was probably too busy to write you. Do not fear that she was offended, but realize that she is a very busy girl. I cant answer letters except thru the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which has so kindly donated the use of some of its valuable pages to me.

DOROTHEA H., B'KLYN.—My dearest little girl: Indeed you are right as regards the life of the majority of the actresses upon the legitimate stage and the screen today. They are mostly lovable, earnest, ambitious young people who have a high ideal of their art, and live wholesome, quiet and simple lives. Keep on with your school and write me when you have completed your course there, and if you are in the same mood then, write me and I will see what I am able to do—but not until then. I love your picture, and thank you for it, my dear. I shall put it in my book of "Happy Memories."

AMANDA V., GARFIELD, ILL.—I must pass your questions on to the Answer Man, as he has all information of that kind at his disposal. Write me again, wont you?

J. M. C., Ft. Smith, Ark.—My dear boy: Your picture seems to be that of a fine, manly, young chap, and I'd advise you to never attempt the impersonation of the "weaker sex." There is absolutely no place in Moving Pictures for that kind of characterization, and I am sure when you stop to realize the stigma usually attached to young boys who attempt that kind of thing you will scorn to consider it. As for your stories, I say, "Fine." Devote your talents to the development of interesting plots and situations—stories of noble deeds well done and of wrongs avenged. The Universal is a very large company, and probably they have overlooked your pictures or you would have received them before this. You have all my good wishes for your success.

Anna F. G., Wheeling, W. Va.—Dear Girl: Your letter was very sweet, and certainly shows a fine appreciation of the good work done by the many artists engaged in acting for the screen today. I am sure they are always very grateful for a note of appreciation from their admirers, even tho it is impossible for them to attempt to answer personally the many letters they receive. Write again. I shall be very glad to hear from you, my dear.

I. M. L., Chicago, Ill.—So you met me at the M. P. Exposition at the Grand Central Palace, N. Y.? I'm afraid that I cant just place you for the moment, as I met a great many people there. You think it was nice of me to be there. I think it was very nice to be there. In the first place, we artists who indirectly receive our salaries from those exhibitors and from you, our public, who pay to see our work upon the screen, owe it to the exhibitors to do everything in our power to make their affairs a success and to show our approval and appreciation of their efforts in our behalf. Be sure you tell me who you are next time. I hope to be able to be at the next one—to be held in May, I think.

Jack L., Watonga, Okla.—My dear boy: Life out on the plains amongst the cattle and ranches may be a little monotonous at times, but it is a clean life, boy, and the man who lives so near to nature must become a big man if he will listen to the lessons to be taught for the seeking all around him. We have nothing here that can compare with your wonderful sunrises and sunsets—there are no thrills here that can touch the excitement of rounding up a herd of cattle or breaking a wild horse fresh from the ranges. You have a chance to get under the skin of a man, to know his real worth out there, but here, most of our friendships are only superficial. You have the real; dont long to barter it for the sham. Let me hear from you, sometime, that

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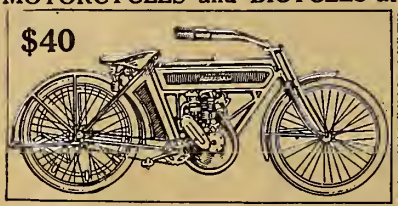

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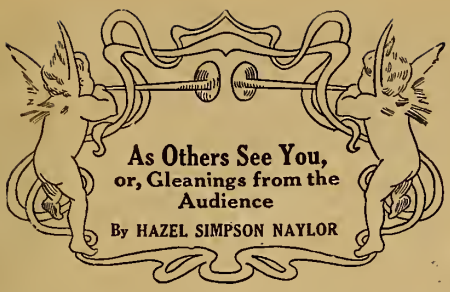
DEAR GRACIE, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I will turn your letter over to the Answer Man, and he will answer your request, I am sure.. He's an awful nice Answer Man. I'm very fond of him personally.

DEAR LITTLE NAMESAKE ROSE.—It is very difficult for a child of your age to get into the movies, but why not try the illustrators and makers of colored song slides? They are always looking for handsome children.

JACKIE J., WILD ROSE, WIS.—Bless your dear heart, that is just what I want you all to call me—your big sister. About going on the stage, I see no objections to that—if you can get a chance and can remember that all is not gold that glitters, and that there are more heartaches and disillusions on the stage than there are in any other profession in the world. Everything is rose-colored in the beginning, but underneath it all there is constant hard, discouraging work, hard travel, many hardships and lonely hours unless you are strong enough to find joy in the song of life or pleasure in studying human nature seething by you, *unseeing*—in the crowded city streets. While you are working—if you love it—it will recompense you and make you forget everything else, but when you are alone in your little hallroom with only the neighboring roofs for company, you will long for the sweet, free breath of the mountains and prairies and for mother. The cities are filled with lonely, ambitious girls from the country.

MAMIE DEAR, BIRMINGHAM.—You are still too young to think of anything but your school work. A good education is a very valuable thing and most important in any walk of life. Your letter was very interesting, but you need to give attention to your spelling. You see, big sister threatened to scold, if necessary, and I'm keeping my word, but I loved your letter and I want to hear from you again.

RUTH AND NELL, BEATRICE, NEB.—Read up on the characters, costumes and customs of the different nations of the world at different periods. Learn their manners and strive to familiarize yourself with the different periods of the world's history. See all the good pictures you can, and try to learn all that you can from them that is good, and also study them to see where the characterizations could be improved. Study the psychology of a character and learn to know the fundamental principles which underlie all real art, simplicity, sincerity and sympathy, added to a knowledge of one's subject. Technique alone never brought real greatness. One must have the soul of the thing within one.



As Others See You, or, Gleanings from the Audience

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

"SECRET LOVE," a Bluebird photoplay starring Helen Ware, was "drier than bones," and the only ray of sunshine shimmered around the curly head of Ella Hall. As my right-hand neighbor tersely put it, "I wouldn't sit thru this thing if it wasn't for that cunning little girl."

There is a little lady appearing in L-Ko films who is so excruciatingly funny that she might justly be called the feminine Charlie Chaplin. Her name is Alice Howell, and she made a tremendous hit with laugh-lovers in "Her Naughty Eyes."

A shabbily dressed man shambled out up the aisle during a performance of "Madame X," and as he shuffled along he said disgustedly, "I don't like such dirty plays." "Vulgar," you say. "Which?"

A young girl garnished with all the necessary powder, etc., attributed to her sex sat behind me during the second episode of "The Strange Case of Mary Page." Forthwith she started to criticize, and this is how she did it: "I sure do like this Mary Page stuff. Why? Well, because I met Bert the first time I saw it. I dont look at the pictures much, tho. I just sit and gaze into space and dream."

I was talking to a manager of a prominent Moving Picture theater the other day, and, among other things, he said he considered that Lasky's "The Blacklist" was the poorest photoplay he had ever shown. It may have been, but, nevertheless, Charles Clary and Blanche Sweet were mighty good.

But to enjoy a really fine movie one must see "Bullets and Brown Eyes." The scenery, the photoplay, the acting are little short of marvelous, and above everything else shines the glowing fact that the *story* is interesting. Bessie Barriscale and William Desmond were positively delightful.

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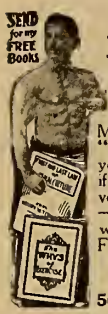

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NOTICE

TO satisfy a growing demand, the Photoplay Clearing House department of this magazine has opened a ***Technical Department*** dedicated to the service of our readers.

All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should be addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

We particularly invite the queries of churches, clubs and amateur dramatic societies. NO FEES ARE REQUIRED.

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When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"I'm trying to forget that the girl I love is to marry another," was the leader upon the screen, when a youth deftly remarked, "If he drinks a Sphinx cocktail he'll be all right."

Everybody just loved Billie Burke in "Peggy," and she *was* sweet, so far as lips, eyes, hair and posing were concerned. On the other hand, one might ask a pertinent question, "In what way did she really earn her enormous salary except in being Billie Burke?"

How many, many times one is forced to realize that "the story's the thing." "Kennedy Square" was absolutely enthralling every inch of the way. Such picturesque costumes, such lovable characters and such a story will do much to bring unbelievers in the movies into the fold. For there are many, I have discovered much to my surprise, and their main plaint seems to be that there is too much shooting—morbid stuff, with people getting killed willy-nilly—just to make everything turn out right.

"The Miracle of Life," with Margarita Fischer, was certainly out of the ordinary. It was a strong play, yet it had one inconsistency; as one woman in the audience put it, "I've seen men who have children stray from their wife, same as men who haven't."

We saw Bickle and Watson in the Kleine Komic "Getting His Goat." Less said, the better; still I must repeat the remark which broke the stillness of boredom in the theater. "How," squeaked a woman's voice, "can two people be such nuts and still live?"

Luckily the dark brown taste was relieved by a thrilling photoplay called "The Soul Market." Life behind the scenes somehow always thrills. Olga Petrova was satisfactory as the heroine, Arthur Hoops was an ideal villain, and Wilmuth Merkyl was a "winner."

From observation I should say that the whole world loves Marguerite Clark. She was as charming as ever in "Out of the Drifts," but when her director had her and William Courtleigh, Jr., dig their way thru a mountain of snow, with bare hands and feet, and Mr. Courtleigh fainted, while tiny Miss Clark was apparently as strong as ever, we had to agree with the grunted "Absolutely ridiculous" which reached our sensitive ears.

Screen Masterpieces

THIS contest has at last come to a close, and the finish was exciting if not startling. Earle Williams, who has generally been in the lead, won out by a narrow margin, for Henry Walthall came up very fast toward the end, and so did Francis Bushman, who can always be counted on to be among the leaders in any contest. Perhaps the most remarkable result was in the race between Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Geraldine Farrar for first honors among the women. But here are the figures—judge for yourselves. You will probably see many surprising things in this column. Unfortunately, we have space for only the leaders in the contest, and here they are:

Earle Williams, "The Christian"..	19,920
Henry Walthall, "Birth of a Nation"	19,760
Francis Bushman, "Graustark"....	18,240
Geraldine Farrar, "Carmen".....	17,900
Marguerite Clark, "Wildflower"...	17,530
Mary Pickford, "Tess of the Storm Country"	17,510
Henry Walthall, "Avenging Conscience"	16,480
Theda Bara, "A Fool There Was".	16,130
Francis Bushman, "Silent Voice"..	15,630
Beverly Bayne, "Graustark".....	14,910
Pearl White, "Elaine".....	14,890
Mary Pickford, "Rags".....	14,550
Mae Marsh, "Birth of a Nation"...	14,530
Edith Storey, "The Christian"....	14,440
Anita Stewart, "A Million Bid"...	14,370
Anita Stewart, "The Goddess"....	14,320
William Farnum, "The Spoilers"..	14,280
Henry Walthall, "Ghosts".....	14,260
J. Warren Kerrigan, "Samson"....	14,160
Antonio Moreno, "Island of Regeneration"	14,140
Anita Stewart, "Sins of the Mothers"	13,860
George Beban, "An Alien".....	13,520
Earle Williams, "The Juggernaut"	13,380
Marguerite Clark, "Helene of the North"	13,260
Harold Lockwood, "Wildflower"...	12,380
Mary Pickford, "Esmeralda".....	12,300
Edith Storey, "Island of Regeneration"	12,290
Cleo Madison, "Trey o' Hearts"..	11,810
Mary Pickford, "Hearts Adrift"...	11,740
Robert Warwick, "Jimmie Valentine"	9,520
Kathlyn Williams, "The Spoilers".	9,360
Grace Cunard, "Broken Coin".....	9,230

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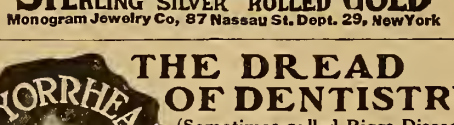

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Theda Bara, "Carmen"	9,150
Arnold Daly, "Exploits of Elaine"	9,140
Blanche Sweet, "Judith of Bethulia"	9,120
Clara K. Young, "My Official Wife"	8,990
Ella Hall, "Jewell"	8,930
Marguerite Clark, "Seven Sisters"	8,880
Francis Ford, "Broken Coin"	8,840
Harold Lockwood, "Tess of the Storm Country"	8,830
Anita Stewart, "Juggernaut"	8,820
Lillian Gish, "Birth of a Nation"	8,760
William Farnum, "Nigger"	8,660
Florence LaBadie, "Million Dollar Mystery"	8,650
Viola Dana, "The Stoning"	8,610
Marguerite Clark, "The Goose Girl"	8,560
Pauline Frederick, "The Eternal City"	8,550
Earle Williams, "Love's Sunset"	8,490
Marguerite Clark, "Crucible"	8,400
Earle Williams, "Sins of the Mothers"	8,390
Betty Nansen, "Should a Mother Tell?"	8,350
Marguerite Clark, "Gretna Green"	8,330
Earle Williams, "The Goddess"	8,320
William Farnum, "The Plunderer"	8,260
Henry Walthall, "The Raven"	6,980
Francis Bushman, "Pennington's Choice"	5,560
Crane Wilbur, "Perils of Pauline"	5,290
Mary Pickford, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow"	5,050
Norma Talmadge, "Battle Cry of Peace"	4,920
Clara Young, "Trilby"	4,790
Norma Talmadge, "A Daughter's Strange Inheritance"	4,770
Francis Bushman, "Dear Old Girl"	4,760
Mary Pickford, "Madam Butterfly"	4,680
Bessie Barriscale, "Cup of Life"	4,610
James Cruze, "Million Dollar Mystery"	4,600
Blanche Sweet, "Case of Becky"	4,600
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Marguerite Snow, "Million Dollar Mystery"	4,480
Romaine Fielding, "Eagle's Nest"	4,450
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Robert Warwick, "The Face in the Moonlight"	4,400
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Mary Pickford, "Fanchon the Cricket"	4,220
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Betty Nansen, "The Song of Hate"	4,150
William Duncan, "Chalice of Courage"	4,090
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Harry Morey, "My Official Wife"	2,820
Henry Walthall, "Temper"	2,670
Marguerite Clark, "Still Waters"	2,660

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(*Continued from page* 111)

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MY EYELASHES and EYEBROWS are BEAUTIFUL now

But they were very short and thin before I started using

NOVITA

You can see what it has done for me. NOVITA, if applied each night, will do the same for you. Easy to apply—sure in results. Not sold at druggists', but mailed on receipt of 25c coin and 2c for postage.

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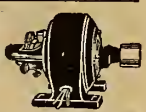

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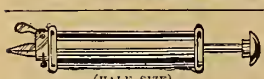

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SABO MFG. CO., 3128 West 25th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

SIS HOPKINS WRITES HOME

(*Continued from page* 129)

P. S.—When Vanderfeller played the pianno this affternoon Sudden Sam taught me the tango and all them new dances. He's a picture of gracefullness, too, only he dont keep his feet very well and he falls purty offten, but he falls more gracefully than most folks can keep there feet.

Wednesday Again.

DERE HIRAM—Gosh! I'm in a teribbel hurry. I was sweeping the porch when a boy bringed a note, and it says, DERE DARLING—I have changed our planns. We must get maried tonite. I wil. call for you in the car and we wil hurry ovver to the next village and get maried, then come back and tel the folks. Only it says it better than thet, 'cause Sudden Sam is a beootiful riter.

Now I must hurry and get my ortermobile coat and veil on 'cause I bet it's a dusty ride. I got the veil and evverything reddy now, and—gosh! there goes his horn. Now I hev to stop. I'll giv this to the hired girl to male. I know this wil be an awfull shock to you, Hiram, but I cant help it 'cause I'm in the movies now, and I got to do what they tel me or I wont get thet 2000$ dollars. I know I'll be happy with Sam, ennyway.

Good-by, SIS HOPKINS.

Thursday.

DERE HIRAM—It's all off. I'm in a wurse fix then evver. Thet note I toled you about was not ment for me at all but for the young leddy of the house. Gee! I didn't know it was Vanderfeller in the ortermobile 'cause he was in goggles and evverything. We got miles and miles down the road 'fore he had to stop to fix the car, and when I got out and we saw it wasn't either of us he got mad and I started to cry and we came rite back home.

When we got there, what do you think we found? That feller's name wasn't Vanderfeller at all. Her regular feller had been looking him upp, and he found he was a crook and a

biggamist—you know one of them fellers what aint satisfied to marry once. There was a detective there, and he arrested him. Then they found what I had dun, and they all started hugging and kissing me 'cause I had saved there Daughter from a Teribel Mistake. Then the Dirrecter sed it was all ovver. I asked Sudden Sam what he was going to do about it, and he sed Cheese it, Kid! in the next picture I may be your father, and we cant get maried now 'cause what kind of a father wud I be then?

Do you know, I think he was deceeving me all the time. Goodness knows I wudn't take him as a gift horse 'cause I got you, Hiram. Aint I? Aint I, Hiram?

Your deerest and with luv, Sis.

P. S.—They all liked me so much for what I dun they raised my wages to eight 8 dollars a week. I took it, but I guess they dont know about that 2000$ dollars 'cause Kalem didn't want to make them jelus. Now it's 2000 and 8$ dollars a week I get. You can help me spend it if you dont get jelus when you see me and Sudden Sam in this picture wich is called "A Leap Year Wooing."

"WHO SAID I DONT LOOK GOOD ON THE SCREEN?"

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STERLING SILVER ROLLED GOLD

Start a **Friendship-Maid-Link-Bracelet**, latest New York fashion. We start yours by giving you one link absolutely **FREE engraved** with **3 initials**. Your friends give or exchange others. What more **beautiful token** or **sentiment** could be expressed? Send to-day for one or more **LINKS (12c. each)** stating initials and whether **ROLLED GOLD, STERLING SILVER, BEADED** or **PLAIN** design wanted and receive links with beautiful **Black Ribbon Free** so you can start wearing **Links** at once until **Bracelet** is complete. Write to-day. Start with **Link** we give you **Free** with first **12c.** order or more.
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This book contains a **complete course** of instructions in Physical Culture for the Face. More than 90,000 persons are following these instructions to-day. They will do more to build beauty than all the paint and powder in the world, for they get right at the root of your facial defects and overcome them. **Not simple or silly.** Just physical culture applied to the facial muscles; common sense—that's all. If you want to improve your looks, send 10c for this book, to-day, at once, while it's on your mind.

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1916 Model

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12 N. Michigan Avenue, Dept. 9475, Chicago, Ill.

Patronize our advertisers, and watch your magazine grow!

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(*Continued from page* 120)

When this habit you acquire,
Later on;
Of the films you'll never tire,
Later on;
Mary Pickford, girl divine,
She will be your pick—and mine,
You'll admit she's very fine,
Later on.

You will be a "Chaplin Fan,"
Later on,
Will declare this funny man,
Later on,
Is the wonder of the age,
Say his mustache is the rage,
Marvel at his humor sage,
Later on.

"Keystone Mabel" you'll adore,
Later on;
For her pictures you'll implore,
Later on;
You will watch the light that lies
In Anita Stewart's eyes,
Oh, it will be Paradise,
Later on.

Moving Pictures will be great,
Later on;
Every night you'll "pull your freight,"
Later on;
Tho your shoulders you may shrug,
And the drama you may hug,
You will be a "Movie Bug,"
Later on.

Here's some one who does not forget old times, nor let new ones change. Loyalty, he proclaims to Mary Pickford, is his slogan:

TO MARY PICKFORD.

I saw you when the movie world was young
("The Female of the Species" was the play),
And tho no legion then your praises sung,
To me you seemed some joyous, unreal fay.

Those deep, dark places that the shadows kiss,
'Neath long, long lashes; those round arms of you;
Those curving lips; the tender, girlish bliss—
Even in that ancient time I knew.

But now a million of our hearts are thine
(Vain fool was I)—to heaven shout your fame;
But still I turn not from your much-loved shrine:
Now and then and always you're the same.

JESSE MARSHALL.
1113 So. Oakdale Ave., Medford, Oregon.

WRITE-UPS

By MARY BLANCHARD

THE newspaper critic serves two masters: the public and the amusement houses. The latter expect complimentary notices; the former, truthful reports. The amusement houses have more to say about the bread and butter of the critic than the public realizes. The result is that the average "write-up" is not a truthful review, but a complimentary notice, written with next week's advertisement well in mind.

A certain new Chaplin comedy is called "One Long Laugh." It is found to be a noisy affair, but the laughing comes from easily amused children and not from adults. A ripple of applause is said to follow a desert scene in "The Arab." The "ripple" was the creation of a press writer's active mind. The public is told that a capacity house greeted a photoplay. "Capacity house" is a much abused phrase. It too often describes a half-filled theater. There are objections to the statement that "the audience stood and vociferously applauded." The average audience thinks it has done its duty when it stands while the national anthem is played, and few plays seen outside the baseball diamond receive such a mark of popular approval as to be thus complimented. Clapping is becoming a lost art. The admission price is too low and the seats too comfortable to prompt an outward sign of an inward pleasure.

SO DO OTHERS

By A. C. WILLIAMS

A SWEDISH immigrant, applying for his naturalization papers, was asked by the judge, in the course of questioning on citizenship, who he thought was the greatest man in the United States today. The Swede pondered a moment; then: "Ay tank Charlie Chaplin."

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Give a face charm, expression, loveliness.
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If you keep the Arrow, pay the 30-day reduced price, a small amount each month while you ride. New 1916 features —motorcycle type. Wonderful bicycle value. All sizes for boys, men and women.
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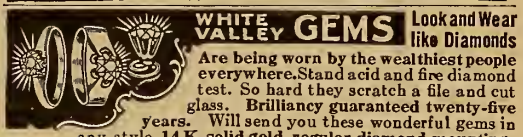
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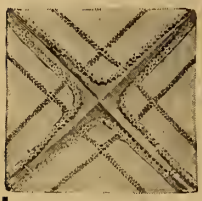

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1 Rapid Hand-Winding Tatting Shuttle
1 Complete Illustrated Instruction Chart (13)
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Keystone Gift Co., Box 327 Greenville, Pa.

THE SCIENCE OF THE HAND

(*Continued from page 55*)

They are as near a perfect type as can be found. The head-line separates from the life-line, showing independence and splendid ambition. There is a desire to work out her own destiny regardless of consequence. The head-line, slightly running to the Mount of Mars and sloping to the percussion of the hand to the Mount of Moon, designates the stimulation of intuitive powers and imaginative elements, and in a measure gives a degree of spirituality and exactness in thought to Miss Shepard's work. A disposition to overdo at times should be governed, also a tendency to severity and impulsiveness. This particular kind of a head-line makes a proficient teacher of languages, music or history. Had her head-line sloped a bit more to Luna, she would have made a great singer. The high and predominating Mounts of Jupiter and Mercury of both hands indicate that humanity and compassion are strong in her nature. The fingers separating widely as they do, denote a confiding nature and over-generosity at times. There is a danger of spending money carelessly. Miss Shepard's hands are more of the masculine type; her disposition is more like her father's than her mother's. The high Mount of Venus and the strong Mount of Moon give the power of expression. The fate-line starting in the Plane of Mars is always a good sign of future prosperity and success in study and arts. This present year will be changed for her both in business and journeys. The unsettled periods are October 23d to November 23d, and December 23d to January 28th. Miss Shepard will have many splendid opportunities to marry. There are no indications of children, unless fostered. Miss Shepard is affectionate and domestic. Miss Shepard's twenty-ninth to thirty-fourth year will be her most successful and satisfactory period. She is fond of music, dancing, outdoor sports, and is especially popular with men of individuality.

(*To be continued*)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Here is an echo of the late Great Cast Contest from Mrs. Maurice Costello:

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

On behalf of Helen I wish to thank you and her dear admirers for awarding her such a pretty prize. Helen is very fond of books, and has many of them, so the book-rack will be a very useful gift. I hope some day my daughters will serve the public in such a way that they will be remembered as Shakespeare and Longfellow are. That the names Dolores and Helen Costello will live long and leave a sweet memory after them.

Thanking you again, I am ever,

Yours,

MAE COSTELLO,

Bayshore, L. I.

Miss Lillian Clooney, of 1446 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has unwittingly become famous. Here's how and why:

A few months ago I won first prize in the limerick contest run monthly in your Magazine. Since then, I've received letters from all over the United States, and even from Hawaii and the fighting lines in France, all of which goes to prove the wide area thru which the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE circulates.

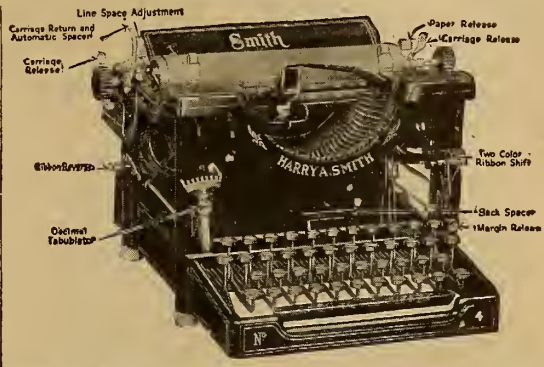
Sincerely,

LILLIAN CLOONEY.

Loretta M. Bergin, 241 West Thirteenth Street, New York, does not claim to be an astronomer, but she does claim to have discovered a wonderful new star:

I am not one of those girls who adore "pretty" men like Donald Hall and Earle Williams. I like a manly man like Henry Walthall, and I have "raved" over his acting until I could not rave any more. He is not a "matinée idol," and the girls may not go mad over him, but intellectuals that have "seen something" appreciate his work.

Now, I was not aware that Henry had an equal on the screen, but I discovered him the other night, up at the Knickerbocker Theater. His name is William Hart, and he is equally as good as my hero, Walthall. His work in the picture "The Disciple" is simply wonderful, and he has one of the greatest faces on the screen—not handsome—no, but fascinating, manly, and like the great Abraham Lincoln, the most beloved character in history. When you have gazed on him



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When the typewriter arrives deposit with the express agent $6.15 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw keep it and send me $2.00 a month until my bargain price of $34.15 is paid. If you don't want it, return it to the express agent, receive your $6.15 and return the machine to me. I will pay the return express charges. This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid $100.00 for it. It is standard. Thousands and thousands of people own and use these typewriters and think them the best ever manufactured.

The supply at this price is very limited, the price will probably be raised when my next advertisement appears, so don't delay. Fill in the coupon today—mail to me—the typewriter will be shipped promptly. There is no red tape. I employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that I retain title to the machine until the full $34.15 is paid. You cannot lose. It is the greatest typewriter opportunity you will ever have. **Do not send me one cent. Get this coupon in the mails today—sure.**

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Each card contains a portrait of a great star, including Marguerite Clark, David Warfield, Julia Marlowe, Alla Nazimova, E. H. Sothern, Willie Collier, Blanche Bates, Rose Stahl, Blanche Ring, Frank Daniels, Anna Held, Grace George, James O'Neill, Ellen Terry, Henrietta Crosman, Frances Starr, Margaret Anglin, Eddie Foy, Mrs. Fiske, Harry Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Cissy Loftus, Tyrone Powers, Henry E. Dixey, Elsie Janis, William Faversham, Dustin Farnum, Louis James, Louis Mann, Maxine Elliott, Herbert Kelcey, Henry Miller and Effie Shannon.

Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

Why not take advantage of this opportunity to make a collection of the portraits of these great stars, even if you do not want to use the cards to play with? (Please note that this set of cards has no connection with the set of Motion Picture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

for a while you can see beauty of character, of soul, which is all-important and lasting, after all.

Shame on the public, that actors like these do not win out in the contests. They do not need to be "dolled" up like chorus-men to attract; they live their parts—and, believe me, very soon you will find that a new and famous star has arisen on the screen, and his name is William Hart.

P. S.—There are four thousand people here where I work, therefore I hear all sorts of opinions, have told a great many of your Magazine and Classic, and they all agree that they are the finest.

Edward A. Lifka, 1944 Withall Avenue, St. Louis, believes in passing over the faults and looking at the good points of the people of the screen and, too, the people off the screen:

Let a lad from St. Louis voice his appreciation of the Classic. The size surely pleased me, and the contents in every way mark it as a "winner."

My interest in pictures not being as strong as it was a couple of years ago, I did not think I would care to receive any other magazine than the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, believing that the latter would answer my wants. However, since seeing the first copy of the Classic I know now that I'll need the two of them, so that I can keep in touch with the doings of all my old picture friends, those players who have contributed so freely in bringing me so many happy hours, who have opened the way for a broader outlook upon humanity, and who have turned moments of weariness into moments of peace and cheer. I shall always want to know just what they are doing, and I know the two magazines I now receive will satisfy that want.

Favorites? Well, perhaps I have been and am a little partial to several of them, some who have been my favorites for seven years, but to me all players are worthy of praise. I feel we should not condemn, because those who might not appeal to our views might be the favorites of others, and vice versa. And so, let us sing the praise of all, and instead of endeavoring to pick flaws, surely we will find more happiness in praising some little, good quality, and in being considerate we might surprise ourselves by finding a great deal of good in some player whom we felt we never could like.

I used to be "picky," but study and observation have driven away the trait of seeing the so-called errors in others, and I have learnt the real good one can know by finding the brighter spots in the characters of those on and off the screen.

With my sincerest wishes for both the

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the Classic, and every one connected with the publishing of same, not forgetting the good Answer Man, than whom no better friend ever existed.

"Jumping" is the name Alfred E. Duncan, Jr., 6391 Sherwood Road, Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa., gives to this short discourse:

In my opinion, the greatest "evil" of movies today is the restless spirit of some of the most popular players. The fans associate certain stars with certain brands of films and seem to resent the changes. For instance, witness the fate of Clara Kimball Young and Francis X. Bushman. For proof, take the recent Great Cast Contest. Miss Young was far from the lead in any one part, and immediately after Mr. Bushman left Essanay he forfeited first place to Earle Williams.

A few others who are splendid actors and owe their decreasing popularity to the fact that they did not remain with their original producers are Mary Fuller, Edwin August, Carlyle Blackwell, Gene Gauntier, Fred Mace, Crane Wilbur, the Talmadges, Helen Gardner, Florence Turner, Ethel Grandin and several others.

If you do not print this letter, please insert a line saying that I would like to correspond with a Vera Sisson admirer.

Wayne Whitely, Duluth, Minn., writes on various topical matters. His ideas and opinions have "punch":

I have been spending the evening reading the Letters to the Editor and was very much interested in them. If you will permit, I would class Henry Walthall, Henry King, Francis X. Bushman and Wallace Reid as the foremost screen actors. Richard Travers makes a fine Han'some Harry, but, of course, his stuff is all action. Henry King is like Henry Walthall—they feel their parts with such force that motion is unnecessary. Dont you think that a man who can go out in front of a blaze, a camera man and a clicking box, and really feel and experience the emotions called for and register them in such a manner that his acting goes right into the little place where the "heart-throbs" live is a greater actor by far than the man who is working in front of a breathless and sympathetic audience?

Charlie Chaplin, the nut, is also a real actor, as any one who has seen the finish of "The Tramp" will admit. Of all the features and big dramas that I have ever seen, that had the most pathetic ending. Only a few feet, but it summed up all the hopeless "good-bys" of all the ages. It would be great if you could print a "still" of that scene. It's worth painting.

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I agree with Miss Hall on the Cunard-Ford combine. *There's* a "Ford" that's all to the big noise and the blinding flash. He's lean, but oh, my! Ever notice how *sure* Miss Cunard is of her ground? She seems to be absolutely untrammeled or directed. She was fine in "The Campbells Are Coming." As a harem beauty she would have made the late Anthony Comstock whistle that weird tune. That play surely had the sweep and action, tho perhaps there was an excess of gun-smoke. They used enough ammunition to supply the French army for a month. As Penrod says, "Bing! Now you lie down'n die!"

Miss Hall views Blanche Sweet with disfavor! Um-um! Well, I'd mortgage my black-and-white vest (thum thacrifithe, Mith Hall!) for the price to see her. She has a distinctive beauty and an adorable little slump, tho she does need a little "pep." Perhaps it's because she does not get into the spirit of her parts.

I dislike Crane Wilbur fully and completely, with his mournful eyebrows, uncut hair and sunset gaze. He smacks too much of the stalking tragedian, who wears his hand thrust into his coat-front. Now dont get indignant, Miss Hilton; it's only a biased opinion.

The appearance of Valeska Suratt in "The Black Mask" as a department store manikin was an instance of the failure of stage stars to register. William Shay's work saved that picture from admission to "Flivverdom." She was a "punk" vampire, take it from a fellow who has seen the vampire in its native haunts. Any man who would steal money for her needs Matteawan, not Sing Sing. Oh, well! We all fall for it sometime!

I believe, if you conducted a voting contest on the subject, every fan in the country would vote for a return of the stars to the one-reeler, not to the exclusion of features, of course, but as it is now we dont see our favorites more than once a month. There's one ardent wish rampant in my breast, and that is that they "chop" on the serials like "The Diamond from the Sky," which is a horrible example. It is impossible for ninety per cent. of the patrons to follow the thread of the story, and they sit moodily, wondering "What's he doing that for?" That ten-thousand-dollar "switch-bait" doesn't attract one person in a hundred.

A delightful and refreshing Vitagraph comedy was "The Sort of Girl Who Came from Heaven." Earle Williams fell blissfully for Anita, but she "slid out fum undah" with his $500 ring so smoothly that the thud of his land caused him to reflect that perhaps she was "The Sort of Girl Who Came from ——."

I'm glad we're getting away from the Ford Sterling type of comedy. The unfortunate who ever imagined that a gang of helmet-concealed cops, leaping, running and falling in a pile was funny after the 200th time needs to be tied to a seat while his own stuff is run thru a couple of thousand times. But of course the Constitution forbids "cruel and unusual punishments."

Mr. (or Mrs.) Leahy struck ten on the suggestion that you run a department of intimate snapshots. We buy the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for a more intimate knowledge of the "twinkle, twinkles," and what would be more interesting than *several* papers of such? Here's a last hoarse cheer for Henry King.

After reading the stories in this magazine, ask your exhibitor to show the films on the screen. You will find that the Photoplay is doubly interesting after having read the story, and it will be delightful to see the characters you have read about MOVE!

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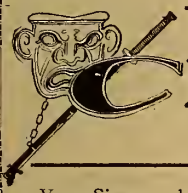
Saturday, April 15th

MARK this date down in your diary. Otherwise you may forget an engagement that will give you much pleasure. On that day, fly to the nearest newsstand and just pick out the handsomest cover that is there or that has ever been there. We will take a chance on it, because we know you will select the May MOTION PICTURE



CLASSIC

Vera Sisson, who was formerly Warren Kerrigan's leading woman, now Biograph's, is a beautiful young lady, and the lithographers have, if possible, made her still more beautiful in this wonderful cover design. This picture is bound to become famous. It is done in seven colors by the offset process, and those who have seen the original painting declare that it is nothing less than *a sensation!* So also will be the June cover of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which is painted by the same artist and printed by the same company.

They are saying that the April CLASSIC was quite the handsomest magazine on the stands, and from the way it sold we guess "they" were right. But we fully believe that the May number will be superior. "The Best Yet" was and is the motto of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and it is also the motto of the CLASSIC. And the price is only

Fifteen Cents a Copy

It is about twice the size of this magazine, and its larger page makes it possible to reproduce large pictures in all their original detail and beauty. Pictorially and artistically, it has no equals, and from a literary standpoint it has no superiors. It is interesting from cover to cover, and it will be just as much so a year from now, so we advise you to save every copy for future pleasure.

Dont forget the date when this wonderful book comes out—***Saturday, April 15th.***

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175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

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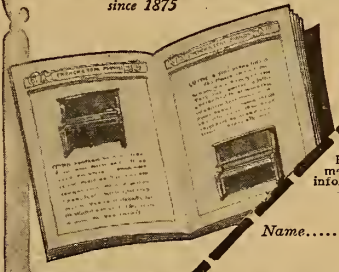

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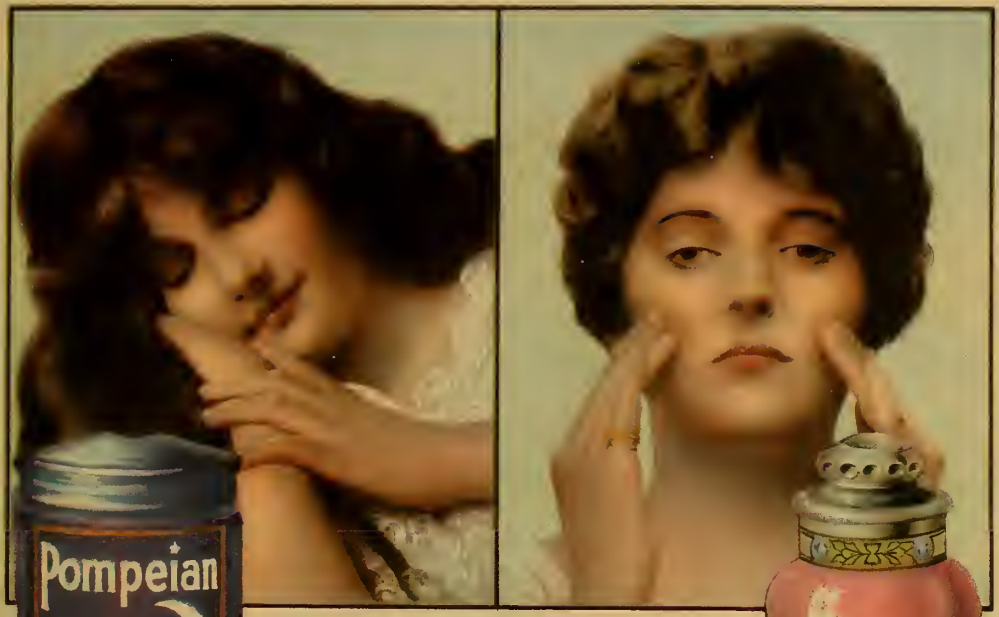

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At the Stores

Whipping winds dry out the skin. Wouldn't you delight in having the face and hands soothed and softened by a wonderfully white, smooth cream while you sleep? And then wake up to find them so velvety, and the tense, dry skin so relaxed and attractive?

Pompeian NIGHT Cream will thus improve your skin as it has for thousands of other women. Pompeian *Night* Cream *brings beauty while you sleep.* Try it to-night.

Near the end of winter your low vitality gives you a sallow, "lifeless" complexion, and makes you look older than you are.

Then why not try Pompeian *Massage* Cream? For 15 years this pink massage cream has been found especially helpful in Spring.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream youth-i-fies sallow, "lifeless" skins as it rubs in and rolls out in its own peculiar, invigorating way. "Don't envy a youthful complexion; use Pompeian *Massage* Cream and have one."

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Women write us that they have found a new beauty treatment by first cleansing and youth-i-fying the face with a massage with Pompeian *Massage* Cream and then finishing off with Pompeian *Night* Cream, which is left on the face to soothe and soften the skin while you sleep.

Falling Hair in Spring

is increased by one's low vitality, and dried-out scalp. The better the condition of the scalp the less hair you will lose. Remember, hair seldom returns. *Don't wait until too late.* Use Pompeian HAIR Massage. It is a clear, amber liquid, and has 6 finely combined ingredients that increase and preserve the attractive appearance of the hair by keeping the scalp healthy.

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